

LONDON SCENES  
AND



LONDON PEOPLE.

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Genevieve Thornton  
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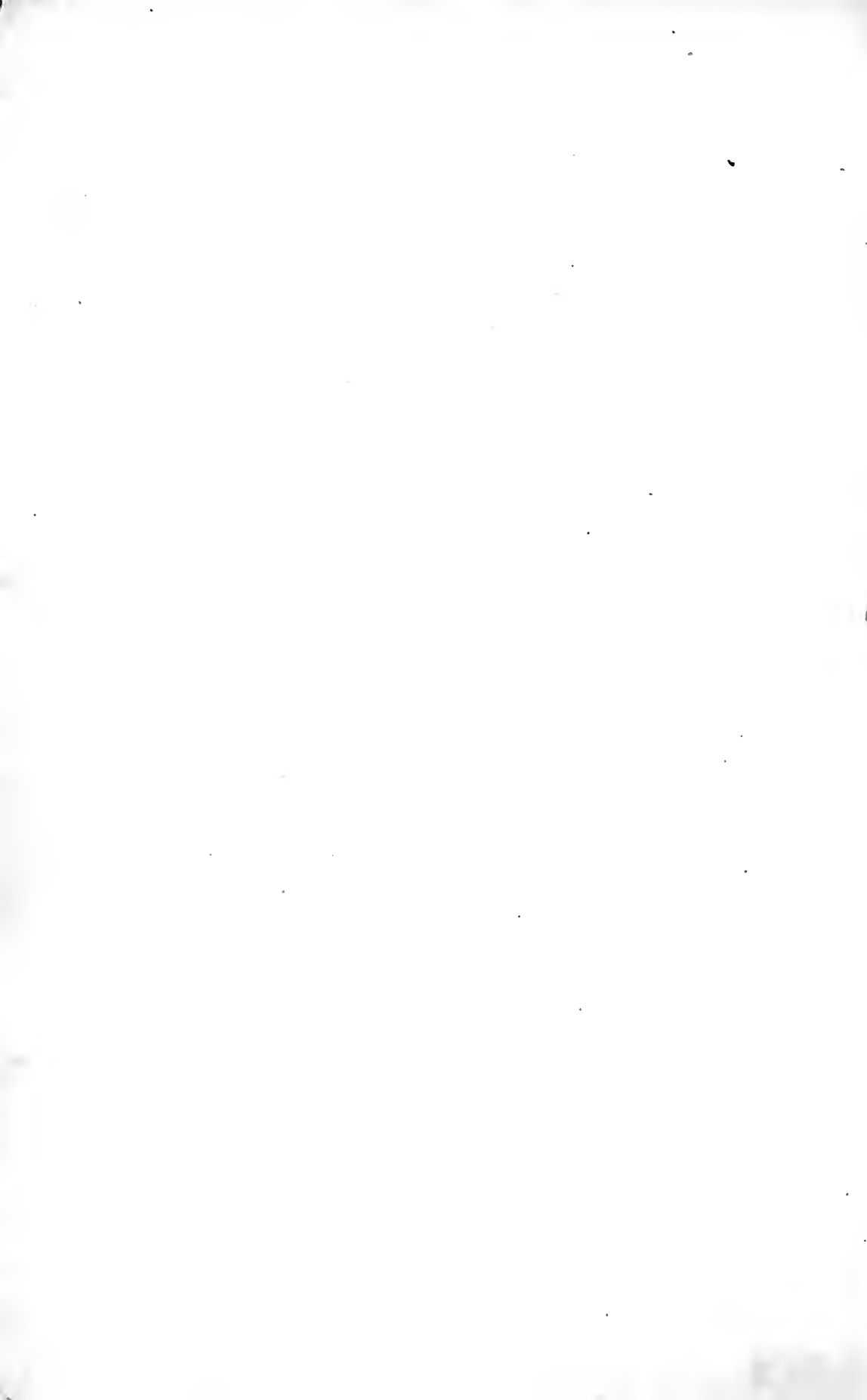
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*Mary A. Mayer*

# LONDON SCENES

AND

## LONDON PEOPLE:

ANECDOTES, REMINISCENCES, AND SKETCHES OF PLACES, PERSONAGES,  
EVENTS, CUSTOMS, AND CURIOSITIES OF LONDON CITY,  
PAST AND PRESENT.

BY "ALEPH."



LONDON:  
W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, CITY PRESS, ALDERSGATE STREET.

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## TO THE READER.

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THE "City Scraps" were first written to preserve some old-world recollections which appeared curious or interesting; they were continued because they seemed to give pleasure; and the present selection (reprinted from the columns of the *City Press*) is offered to the public as not wholly undeserving of notice.

ALEPH.



## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

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THIS volume of "London Scenes and London People" is reprinted from the columns of the *City Press* newspaper. The habitual readers of that journal will not need to be informed of the circumstances under which the volume has been produced, or of the reason for its publication.

But as it will fall into the hands of many readers who are not acquainted with those circumstances, a few words by way of preface seem to be required.

The writer of these papers has found an agreeable recreation in contributing to the *City Press* his own personal recollections of scenes and events and characters illustrative of the past and present life of London City. These reminiscences have been occasionally varied with criticisms of ancient customs, descriptions of relics and memorabilia, and historical pictures touched with colours borrowed from incidents of the passing hour, as well as from memorials little known, and traditions all but forgotten.

The genial tone of the communications, and the curious and ofttimes unique items of information conveyed, speedily acquired for them a wide popularity, and "Aleph" became a favourite with the citizens as the *genius loci* to their own local paper.

It would have been poor policy to allow so valuable a contributor to bring his chosen task to a close in haste. Accordingly "Aleph" was persuaded to continue his lucubrations, and, under the head of "City Scraps," these papers have appeared in the *City Press* up to this time; and as "Aleph's" budget is believed to be inexhaustible, it is hoped they may be continued for many years to come.

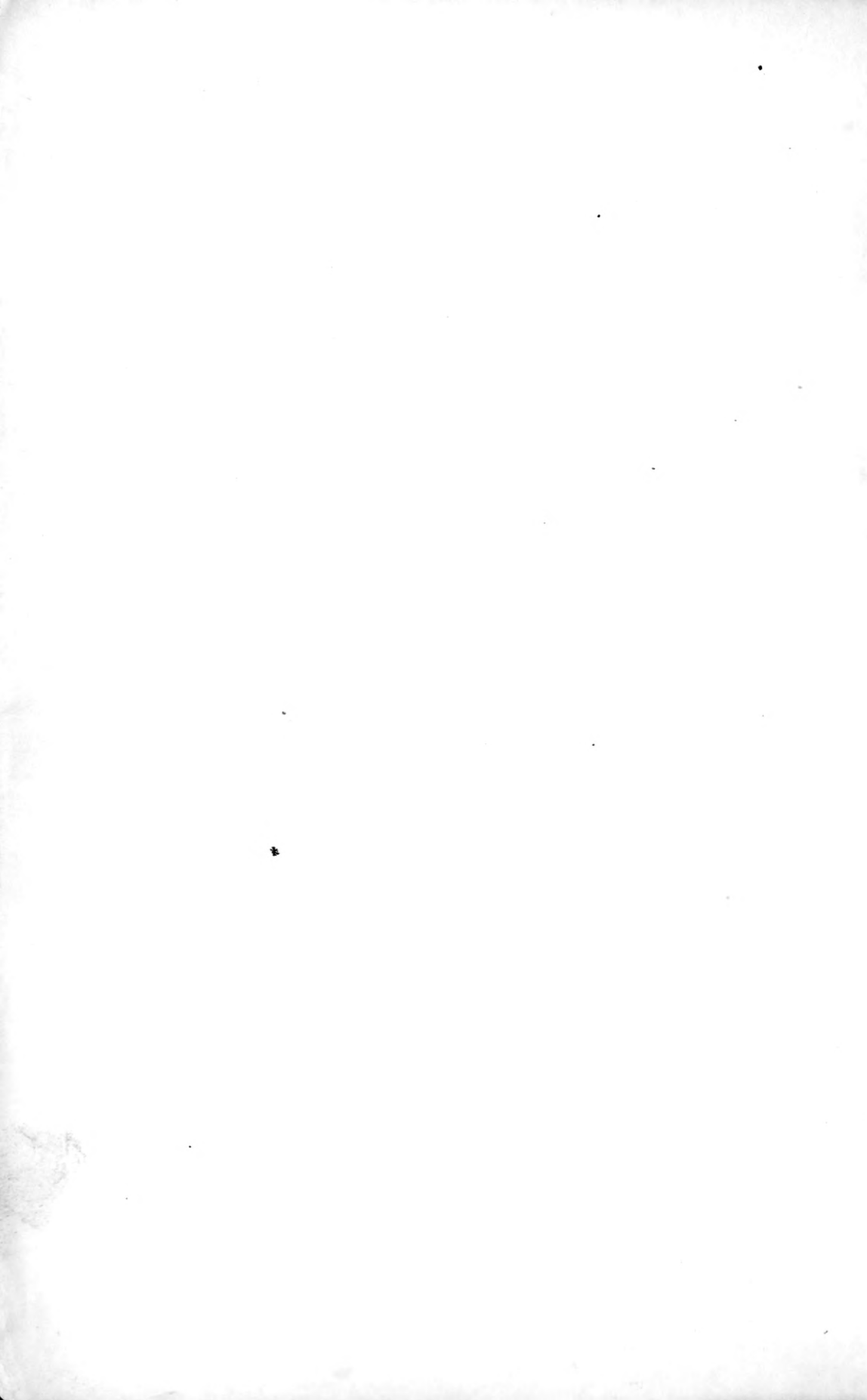
Contributions possessing so many points of permanent interest, appear to some disadvantage in an ephemeral publication. To make amends for this it was purposed to publish a selection of papers in a volume, suitable for a place in the library of the antiquarian, and the lover of local gossip, and, in fact, to enable the "general reader" to taste of the intellectual fare which had been enjoyed exclusively by the readers of the *City Press*.

A selection has been made accordingly, and here it is. To the mass of readers it will have all the novelty and attraction of an original work; and it must submit to criticism on its merit alone as a literary performance. It has at least a good omen of success, for long before the printing was completed, a sufficient number of sub-



scribers had been registered to exhaust an ordinary edition of a work of this class. To those readers of the *City Press* whose names are included in the list of subscribers, the publisher tenders his sincere thanks for the generous way in which they subscribed for copies before the work had been sent to press.

CITY PRESS,  
*Lady Day*, 1863.



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BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.

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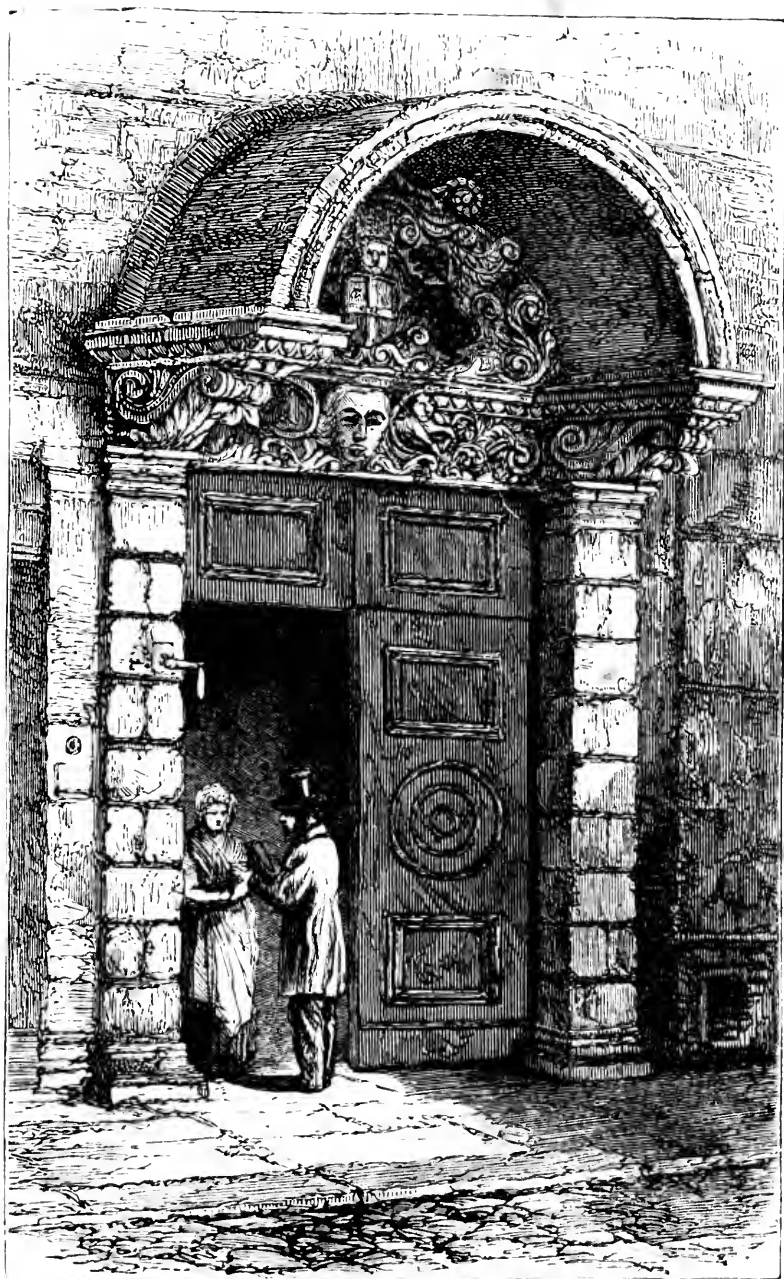
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BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.



# LONDON SCENES AND LONDON PEOPLE.

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A VISIT TO

## BARBER-SURGEONS' HALL.

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IN Aldersgate-street, the nobles of the Plantagenets and Tudors often had palaces; we frequently stumble on the remains of such in odd nooks and corners; and in this vulgar neighbourhood, Milton, one of the mightiest pillars of our country's glory, kept a boarding-school, for the pupils of which his tractate on Education was doubtless written. Turn to the left, into Falcon-square, and you will come to Monkwell-street, a narrow, dull, and primitive-looking spot, where, at the first glance, the houses and their inmates seem in a deep sleep, all is so quiet. About the centre, still to the left, you will find a curious heavy wooden doorway, surmounted by a strange grotesque head, with opening mouth and staring eyes, and the protruding face of some nondescript creature on each side. Over these queer masks there is a rude coat-of-arms, with a crest; in one of the quarterings three razors appear, and the motto recommends "Trust in God." Well, this is the entrance to Barber-Surgeons' Hall. The present building was erected

by Inigo Jones, in 1671, but there had been a former hall on the same spot, which claimed to have been coeval with Edward IV. A wide gulf now separates barbers and surgeons, but originally all medical skill was confined to the clergy, and as they required lay assistants for manual operations, they naturally enough employed the barbers, who were trusted by them in their own work, and readily gained sufficient knowledge to carry out the directions they received. The pole, which even now, in country places, projects over the shaver's shop-door, indicated at first that persons might be bled there, as the patient, when phlebotomy was performed, grasped a tall rod to keep the arm steady. Of course clever men soon appeared amongst the barbers, and in no long time they begun to practise as medical men, on the whole no doubt with advantage to the humbler classes; their right to do so was quickly recognized by custom, and Henry VIII. granted them a charter of incorporation, which for several centuries was the sole document which made their occupation legal. On entering from Monkwell-street the building shows signs of neglect and disrepair; and first you come into a rather spacious hall, which is not often used, and, though elegant in its proportions, is bare and dirty. Quitting this you enter an inner hall, probably sixty feet long by thirty wide, full of objects of the highest interest. There are several windows at the back, but the light is principally derived from a circular lantern in the centre, and this is a singularly beautiful specimen of the architect's talent. It is very lofty, and is encrusted at every point with exquisitely delicate carvings of fruit and flowers in every possible variety, "not done in plaster," said our cicerone, "but cut out of the solid wood." The walls are covered with extremely fine original paintings, and they look wonderfully fresh and well preserved, scarcely any of them showing the slightest appearance of decay. The work which instantly

arrests the attention is Holbein's marvellous picture of Henry VIII. presenting a charter to the Company of Barber-Surgeons. There is a very admirable engraving from it, executed more than a century since, at the expense of the Corporation ; but it by no means gives a sufficient idea of the great merit of the piece. In length ten or eleven feet ; in height five or six,—a sheet of oak panel, hardly at all cracked, and the colours as fresh and brilliant as if but recently laid on, it gives a most vivid presentment of eighteen kneeling figures, all in their faculty robes and bareheaded, except five, who wear close velvet caps ; thirteen of the number are without beards. All these heads are portraits, and on the shoulder of each individual is his name at full. The features are amazingly various, and in the majority exceedingly intellectual ; it would not be easy to find eighteen better specimens in our present College of Physicians. They must have been men of mark. One of them, Dr. Butts, is introduced in Shakespeare's play of Henry VIII. ; another, Dr. Chambers (we think), is known to have attended Queen Anne Boleyn in her confinement with Elizabeth, and the names of most of them may be met with in old medical writings. The portrait of Dr. Penn was greatly admired by the late Sir Robert Peel, who, we were assured by the attendants, used to come to the Hall every month or two to look at it, and once offered the company £2,000 for this portrait, if they would permit him to cut it from the picture, he undertaking also to make good the damage, and supply its loss. At one of his visits he said (so asserts the man who does the talk here) that he should like to sleep on the table in the Hall, that he might have the pleasure of looking at the picture on waking in the morning. In the centre, on a chair of state, somewhat raised, sits the terrible Tudor, grand and grim, covered with his royal robes, holding the charter in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other ; he

wears a bonnet-shaped crown, indulges in a very independent sort of straddle, and is looking away from the humble recipients of the intended gift with a cool air of warning, as much as to say, "Take care, and behave prettily, or I may make some of you shorter by the head." Prince Albert visited this noble Holbein more than once. At his desire it was sent to Buckingham Palace, and remained there a month; but when the directors of the Manchester Exhibition desired the loan of it they were refused. As doubts were entertained that it would be damaged by remaining in the City, a Royal Commission inspected it, and specimens of colours were hung in the Hall for several months, with a view to ascertain whether the atmosphere was unfavourable to them, but no change took place, and Dean Milman, with his coadjutors, expressed their conviction that its removal was not desirable. It is pretended that King Henry never sat for any other portrait, and that those of him at Hampton Court are merely copies. They certainly resemble it in every respect. The present College of Surgeons have a copy of this picture, and many years ago they contested the legal right to the original but without success. The other paintings well deserve notice; two, certainly, are Vandyke's. 1st. A whole length of the Countess of Richmond, in a standing position, resting her right hand on a lamb. This is a beautiful work of art; the face is expressive of unaffected goodness, and the attitude graceful without stiffness. She is robed in white satin, and so admirably is the fabric imitated, that you half believe it may be grasped. There is a copy of this portrait at Hampton Court. 2nd. A likeness of Inigo Jones, very fine and highly characteristic. Over the entrance to the Hall there is a bronzed bust of Jones, which is connected with a rather discreditable story. It seems this bust, not many years since, was found in a lumber closet. It was of white marble, and the sagacious

master of the day gave orders that it should be bronzed. There is a doubtful sketch of a head, as it is thought, of Linnæus, and by whatever artist painted, its merit is of no common order. Also portraits of Charles II. and Queen Anne, both benefactors of the Company; of Henry Johnson, a favourite of the merry monarch; and of Thomas Lisle, King's Barber in 1622; the latter a most solemn and imposing-looking personage, who might well pass for the prime minister. These are the paintings that will best reward attention, but there are others in the Hall of no mean merit. Across the principal entrance there stands a very curious two-leaved screen; originally it had four compartments; two are lost or have been destroyed. It exhibits the arms of the Company, and is elaborately wrought over with innumerable artistic emblems, fruit, flowers, fantastic ornaments, and gilding. The whole work is so highly estimated that it was recently exhibited at Manchester. Its history is a strange one. Once on a time a notable felon was hanged, and his corpse handed over to the barber-surgeons for dissection; the operator fancied the heart still pulsated, used means for resuscitation, and succeeded. The man was kept hidden for a long while, and then sent abroad at the Company's expense. He ultimately became rich, and in gratitude sent them this screen.

My visit to the Hall was on a Court day, and I had an opportunity of seeing the plate. There are some interesting pieces:—

A drinking-cup and cover, in silver gilt, the gift of Henry VIII., very beautifully chased.

A similar cup, in silver, still more elaborately worked, the gift of Charles II.

A dish, or bowl, very large, with a flowered edge, not remarkable for elegance, the gift of Queen Anne.

An oblong dish, with a well centre, said to have been used for lather when people of rank were shaved.

Two velvet caps, in fligree silver bands, worn on state occasions by the master and his deputy, they being privileged by charter to be covered in the presence of the sovereign.

Before leaving we were invited to drink out of one of the royal cups, and chose—in the mere hope that Queen Catherine or Queen Anne Boleyn might have used it—King Henry's.

We were informed that whoever drank from these cups was expected to empty them, whatever was put in; nor did we think this a hardship, as the wine was excellent old sherry. We had never raised such a beaker to our lips before. The fashioner must have been dead more than three centuries. Bright eyes have oft been reflected in that cup—beauty, rank, and wisdom have oft breathed words of hospitable kindness over it. What and where are they now? Dust, and for ever divorced from this “mortal coil.” But we gulped down these saddening thoughts with the good wine, and gave, as briskly as we could, “Prosperity to the Worshipful Company of Barber-Surgeons.”

## A VISIT TO THE TOMBS OF WELLINGTON AND NELSON.

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My visits to the City are "few and far between," yet I seldom tread the old familiar streets without turning aside into St. Paul's-churchyard, partly for another glance at Wren's masterwork, but especially to descend to the crypt, being a great deal addicted to hero-worship at such tombs as those of Wellington and Nelson. It was well done to open these solemn chambers to the public. It must always generate a wholesome feeling, even in the minds most given to worldly vanities, to pass a few minutes with the dead, particularly, when, as here, the treasured dust is that of our greatest public men. Even when there is a crowd—not uncommon now—the crypt is hushed and still, a peculiarly impressive silence broods over this last home of the Iron Duke and the illustrious Admiral. During a recent visit, some downright roughs—an old sailor and several maimed soldiers—were present; and it was an affecting thing to notice that the moment they came near either sarcophagus, every hat and cap was reverently removed. The sailor evinced deep interest in the honours of the mighty sea captain, and deliberately polishing his spectacles, painfully spelt through every letter of the inscription; while the ancient soldiers, crowding round

the massive granite coffin of the Duke, seemed to grow taller, while enjoying the symbols of his glory. Dimness and indistinctness are fitting adjuncts of the sepulchre; the light should not be glaring, a kind of half veil should hover around us, and admit of only confused perceptions till the objects grow plain from examination. Nothing could have been better arranged than the modern tomb—gaudiness and glitter are wholly shut out; all is so substantial, that it may endure for centuries without the slightest approach of decay; even the gas jets from the granite candelabra remind us of the ever-burning lights in old world catacombs—clear and bright, but steady; the flame varies not, the solemn brilliancy seems incapable of change. Not many feet from this grand monument the remains of Wellington's old comrade, General Picton, have recently been interred. Some fifty years since that gallant warrior was accused of an act of cruelty to a slave in the West India island of which he was the governor. The clamour was great—the popular indignation extreme. There is now good reason to believe that the charge was erroneous. The bitterness of his opponents gradually subsided, and his glorious death on the field of honour justly entitles him to the gratitude of his country. His remains rested for many years in an obscure grave; it was only just to transfer them to this national temple, and deposit them at the feet of his leader.

We cannot praise the miserable economy which has left Nelson's sarcophagus almost in the dark. A single and very inappropriate lamp is the sole indicator of the spot. The visitor must grope his way to it, and is forced to guess at rather than read the inscription. Surely gas is not so costly as to deter the authorities from paying as much respect to the Admiral as the Field-Marshal. If the victory of Waterloo was decisive and wonderful, was that at Trafalgar less so? On the off-days the public pay



sixpence each for admission to the crypt. John Bull would rather constantly pay his penny, than leave the ashes of his naval pet without a decent supply of light. The inscriptions on these monuments are in excellent taste. Great men ordinarily sleep on their marble beds, under an absolute cloud of fulsome eulogium; nor is the bombast of praise always expressed in our vernacular tongue—such poor flattery is often set forth in the dead languages, and according to Addison is not understood above once in a twelvemonth; but the simple words, “Horatio, Viscount Nelson,” “Arthur, Duke of Wellington,” comprehended and appreciated by all, carry in them history enough for every Englishman. At the Exchange, and in Cheapside, the names “Wellington,” “Peel,” are quite sufficient for fame, and in them naked suggestiveness becomes sublime. When Nelson left our shores on his last expedition he was heard to say, “Victory, or Westminster Abbey;” and an illustrious writer, not long departed, declared that he thought six feet of earth within its hallowed precincts was the noblest reward of genius and patriotism. Yet, is it not a still higher distinction, in the case of Wellington and Nelson, to have made the vast Cathedral their resting-place, and to people with undying memories a building scarcely second to the mighty pile erected by Michael Angelo? True, Reynolds, Lawrence, Fuseli were buried here, and all lovers of art know how to honour them. But of what do the millions of London think in connexion with St. Paul’s Crypt, but Wellington and Nelson? Ascending to the area of the Cathedral, I found the workmen busy in removing the hoarding from a fine marble statue of Sir Charles Napier. The critics say it is but a copy of that in bronze at Charing Cross; if so, the material employed has made a strange difference. The hero in metal seems a failure, equally deficient in expression and individuality, while the marble duplicate is commendable as a likeness—

grand and impressive! How lamentable it is that there should be so much marble here, and so little sculpture! The statues of Astley Cooper, Dr. Babington, and some half-dozen others, do honour to the eminent men they represent; but the monumental groups, with the exception of those commemorative of Abercromby, Cornwallis, and Nelson, are really disgraceful specimens of art poverty. The few good ones too, including a bishop in his robes, are so obscured by dirt and dust that the merit they really possess is difficult to detect. Could not the Dean and Chapter appoint a stone-cleaner or two, and show their faith in the proverb that "Cleanliness is next to godliness?"

Much has been said lately about the gilding of the dome; and what has been done is certainly an improvement, and, we trust, should only be viewed as an instalment of what may be looked for. The removal of the organ opens more fully the grand proportions of the building, and every approximation to the original plan is a benefit; but the general aspect of the building gives a painful idea of carelessness and neglect. We have not too many noble buildings, and therefore ought to be more careful of those we possess. The resumption of the special services is highly honourable to all parties concerned. The crowds who assemble every succeeding Sunday, and the interest they excite, are strong evidences of their utility; while the spectacle presented when the Cathedral is seen by artificial light should be seen to be understood. Neither readers nor preachers can be perfectly heard throughout the vast area; but when Dean Milman, in the surpassing freshness of his great age, ascends the lectory, every word is audible; while the Bishop of Oxford combines with smooth, flowing, impressive eloquence a distinctness of utterance which permeates the whole building, and reaches every hearer.





GUILDHALL PIGEON-COT.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE

## THE PIGEONS OF GUILDHALL.

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THE audacity of London sparrows has often been noticed; how they seek their rations in the busiest thoroughfares, and find them under the horses' feet; how nicely they thread their way amongst waggons, omnibuses, and pedestrians, growing fat on Ludgate-hill, and securing a vested interest in the "Vale of Cheapside." Bold little marauders they certainly are; and if industry in one's vocation gives a fair title to success, no other two-legged creature has a better claim than the London sparrow.

There is, however, another winged colony in the centre of the metropolis which well deserves attention. The most incurious of observers must, when he crosses Guildhall-yard, open his eyes wonderingly at the incessant gyrations of the pigeons. Where do they come from? Who can they belong to? What strange combination of circumstances can have induced them to seek a *habitat* here? Difficult problems, no doubt, yet probably explicable after this fashion. Some worthy citizen of bygone days, when London tradesfolks lived in London, must have been an inveterate pigeon-fancier, found his family increase on his hands, but could not muster courage to thin his bird-house; and dying without making a provision for the pigeons in his will, left them to forage on the public. They had been hatched and bred in the neighbourhood of

Guildhall, found the yard with its quadrangular sides vastly convenient; voted in full session, *nemine contradicente*, that there was "no place like home," and resolved to seek protection under the august shadow of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council. The plan succeeded marvellously; the spot was a sort of quiet oasis in the centre of business turmoil. The officials of the place, surprised at first, soon grew pleased with their presence, and finding that they could live and grow fat without any assistance, in addition to the possible occurrence of occasional pigeon-pies or roasts, suffered them to remain wholly unmolested. We cannot pretend to say when this treaty of mutual benefits was first executed; but the feathered parties to it soon multiplied amazingly. Roofs, parapets, water-pipes, convenient blocks of chimneys, all found inhabitants not contemplated by the builder; and at early morning, before the Hall received its legal occupants, the broad pavement was often quite darkened by these graceful birds, and the flap of wings as they rose into the air on any sudden alarm was really quite startling. It is strange to find in some of the most crowded streets of the City an old tree or two, in solitary greenness, reading a silent homily on the departed traders of years long past; but it was yet more strange to meet with myriads of pigeons forming part of the *omnium gatherum* of a mighty metropolis, and hopping about as fearlessly amidst big-wigs and merchants as they could have done in a country farm-yard. Perhaps I shall be reminded that in a famed locality, scarcely out of sight, there have flourished from time immemorial two families even more remarkable—the bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange. Another time, our love of natural history may lead us to discourse of them too, especially as we have heard it is not unusual to get pigeoned there.

The increase of our dove commonwealth was so great

that not long since it was thought that they must be thinned; a judgment was passed against them, and an incredible number of savoury pies was the result. Still many members of the martyred family remained; they scorned to migrate from their old quarters, and the flapping of wings is again heard in Guildhall-yard. Sorry should we be that it should ever entirely cease; even commercial princes may part their rights of property with such respectable pigeons, whose sagacity in choosing a residence cannot be too highly praised. About ten years since I had to watch during a summer night at a house in King-street, within sight of Guildhall, and one of my amusements was to look from an upper window and scrutinise the long narrow strip of sky overhead, for indications of the approaching day. The street was deserted, the last members of the night cabstand were gone, the shuttered warehouse fronts looked as dead and silent as if they were never to be opened again; occasionally a policeman, an unwilling somnambulist, yawned along the pavement; even the lamps seemed half asleep; no doubt a star, a very small one, did twinkle now and then, but seven-eighths of the night, to speak in City phrase, had slipped by, and the grey dawn began to break. I had seen but very little of the pigeons up to that time, and was quite unprepared to find that the earliest welcome to the morning would be given by them. Gazing intently on the parapets of the opposite houses, for want of a more agreeable object, I fancied, as the light grew stronger, that there was a stir on the roofs, and that the chimney-pots were beginning to move. Presently a busy little head peeped over the wall, seeming to say, "Is it day, I wonder?" and then the happy creature began dressing its bright plumage, and obviously preparing for flight. By this, my forward pigeon's companions were up and stirring, and the light glancing on their delicately tinted feathers made them shine as if their wings were cut

out of precious stones. Hopping, chirping, and crooning their matin hymn, the merry flock seemed to rejoice in renewed existence; making short circles in the air, the whirr of their wings giving out a monotonous kind of music; then rising high, and indulging in bolder flights, their beautiful plumes steeped in the gorgeous lustre of the first sunbeams, appeared to reflect back the brightness they received. Alighting for a moment on the walls, they indulged in a kind of jerking march, like a company of riflemen imperfectly drilled, then off anew to the blue heaven, not yet obscured by coal smoke, to revel in a quiet air bath. As the ancient mariner blessed the water snakes, because of their exceeding loveliness, so I was fain to bless the pigeons, and to wish myself half as happy. As it became broad day my pigeons began to quit King-street, and, being curious, I watched their flight into the Guildhall-yard, where, joining a yet larger portion of this Bird Republic, their proceedings took a more orderly form, and each new flight was marked by some settled purpose. Who can doubt that they have a language peculiar to themselves? Who can hesitate to believe that every beast and bird knows how to make itself understood by its companions? There is praise in the song of the feathered choristers—praise in the lowing of cattle—praise in the bleating of sheep—praise in the lion's roar, when "he seeks his meat from God." Should we not recognise every living creature as a pensioner on the same bounty by which we too are fed? Should we not be kind and forbearing to all these lower heirs of life? "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." A Mahometan accounts it criminal to hurt, without an absolute necessity, even the lowest animal. In Turkish towns hospitals are common for dumb creatures, and without establishing asylums for blind and lame dogs and horses, we should not be the worse for occasionally imitating the Mussulman's hu-



manity. Cherish your Guildhall pigeons, Mr. John Bull. It is pleasant to notice that there actually is a "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs," at Islington. When it first opened there was a disposition to laugh, but subscribers were found and the asylum flourishes. I once saw a good-natured Master Bull scattering handfuls of oats amongst the birds; when the feed commenced there might have been a dozen, but in a few minutes the whole square was in a violent state of excitement—wings fluttered, beaks pecked at intrusive heads, and the grain disappeared in no time. Should Mr. Bull scatter his sovereigns in a similar manner, the struggle would be just as wild among more intellectual bipeds.

## LONDON BRIDGE.



It would be difficult to find a more interesting fabric in our mighty City than London Bridge—a main artery of communication with the suburban and outlying districts. The few acres immediately around concentrate an endless amount of historical and antiquarian treasures. It commands a striking view of one of the most remarkable fortresses in the world, “Julius Cæsar’s ill-erected Tower.” The Monument—Pope’s “tall bully”—is within a stone’s cast, and jostling these silent witnesses of the conquering Romans and the Merry Monarch, rises the Custom House, and in it the long array of docks, rich in the accumulated tributes of the universe. Heavy on its dark waters float the merchant fleets of all nations, pushing their way over the encumbered river; a constant procession of steamers, vomiting liquid charcoal from their sooty funnels, struggle forward to the freer expanse beyond. The highway spread across its lofty arches—a fitting backbone for the modern Nineveh—with its triple row of omnibuses, carts, carriages, and on either side a dense mass of human beings in restless strife, is never vacant for a single moment, day or night. From early morning to midday, the struggling slaves of Mammon are engaged in busy transit, some carrying to London supplies for its myriad wants, others laden with luxuries for the extra-mural

population; some in breathless haste seeking the railway terminus, others from the provinces anticipating gain or pleasure in a visit to Vanity Fair; many with eyes and faces from which all human sympathies seem expunged—with the greed of gold burnt into every feature, and others worn with age or toil, stamped with the broad arrow of disappointment or despair. As the afternoon passes and the shadows grow deeper, there is a slight lull on the bridge—you have more chance of escaping some unlucky wheel in traversing the roadway, and the pedestrian's share of the pavement is more defined; yet, if you are wise, look to your pockets, and do not venture to peep over the balustrades without a protecting grip at your handkerchief. As if by a magic touch, the gas columns burst into brightness, and the eager tongues of fire are reflected in the dark waters below. As the night advances the passing vehicles are fewer, the rows of foot-passengers grow thinner, and it is less dangerous to pause and look about you. How white and spectral the Monument grows in the moonlight, as if the ghosts of all who perished in the great fire were assembled to spell out the record of that terrible event! If there is much wind, how oddly the vessels in the pool rock hither and thither, like drowsy wassailers nodding over their cups! If your nerves are weak, do not look too narrowly into the recesses as you pass. Yes, each stone bench has its occupants; there women and children crouch together, seeking on those hard pillows a short oblivion from pain, remorse, or hunger. Tread lightly—'twould be cruelty to awake them; though, perhaps, that other more profound sleep, death, would be better for most of them. The clocks are striking one, and they are so numerous, that it will be some minutes before the last peal dies out; but still the bridge is not vacant; belated passengers still cross and re-cross, and now and then a suspicious-looking cart,

with a policeman in its shadow, rumbles over. Presently the market vans will begin to arrive, and it will not be long before vehicles and pedestrians will gather towards the terminus. Thus the day of twenty-four hours is filled up here. Business keeps constant watch and ward; and if he has a partner, judge for yourself whether we should call him Industry or Care.

Probably the first bridge over the Thames, at Lud's town, was formed of boats for the Roman legionaries; but there was certainly a wooden bridge across the river at this spot in 1014, an epoch fifty-six years preceding the Norman conquest. If the old Saxons who traversed it could now look up, what a changed world they would find. Perhaps they hooked salmon at the foot of the worm-eaten piers, or cooled their burly limbs in the solitary stream which now washes the Custom House stairs. Peter Coleman's stone bridge was opened in 1209—a curious fabric with houses on each side, which were destroyed by fire in 1212; the rest of the structure escaped, and the dwellings were soon replaced. There were houses on this bridge so late as the time of Charles II., and during the Great Plague gates were erected at either side, with a military guard at each, so that no resident or stranger could pass in or out till he had explained his business. Shortly after this period the bridge residences were swept away; but the foundations of the ancient structure remained up to the building of the present noble fabric. I have a perfect recollection of Old London Bridge. It was unsightly, weather-worn, and decayed. The arches were dangerously narrow, so that a wherry in shooting the centre one (for the side arches were seldom used) incurred a great risk of being swamped. The span of the arches had been gradually narrowed by means of stonework added to strengthen them, as from the great age of the piers they were justly thought insecure. Londoners of that day

pronounced the number of vessels in the Pool “prodigious,” but it must be owned they were very few in comparison with the fleets of 1860. You descended from Gracechurch-street to the bridge by the almost sheer fall of Fish-street Hill, and then had to climb the steep angular curve to the crown of the centre arch—an operation far from pleasant for a foot passenger, but both toilsome and painful for horses. The mighty pillar to the left of Fish-street Hill looked odd and ugly enough as you passed, threatening to topple over and crush both houses and bridge in one common ruin. The extreme narrowness of the foot and carriage-way occasioned inextricable confusion, passengers and vehicles being often locked together, and sadly imperilled for half the day. No doubt in the busier hours dead locks do even now occur, but they seldom last more than a few minutes, and the police arrangements prevent danger. 1800, however, had some advantage over 1860. The Thames was comparatively pure—the water was drinkable—fish might be caught in the stream, where now nothing but whitebait can exist. Gas-washings, and the tribute of a thousand foul sewers, have ejected the fish and poisoned the water. Which of our readers can hope to see the main-drainage scheme completed, the Thames restored to its normal condition, and flowing proudly between its goodly embankments?\*

The first stone of New London Bridge—and there is none finer in Europe—was laid June 15th, 1825, and opened by William IV. in 1831. Built entirely of massive granite, and with all the advantages of careful and skilful

\* We live very fast now. It is scarcely two years since the above observation was written, and yet there is every prospect that in another year the vast main-drainage scheme will have become a reality—all honour to the Metropolitan Board and their accomplished engineer, Mr. Bazalgette.

labour, directed by an accomplished architect, we may reasonably hope that our posterity for many generations will employ it for the increasing locomotive necessities of commercial London, and that the visit of Lord Macaulay's meditative New Zealander to its ruins may be indefinitely deferred.

## THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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OUR first Exchange was founded September 7, 1567, not at the cost of the City or the nation, but through the munificence of that princely merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham. Previous to that period no public building in London could be pointed out as “a place where merchants most do congregate,” though the yearly increasing commerce of the rising metropolis must long have made such an ambulatory desirable for the busy enterprise of trading Europe. Anterior to the Wars of the Roses, in the reign of Edward III. especially, England had extensive commercial relations with most of her neighbours, exporting her staple raw material—wool, and importing Flemish manufactures and French wines to a great extent. Indeed, the wines of the south of France were then the common drink of her people—the favourite beverage of the million—beer being then completely unknown. Possibly the next generation, should the new Commercial Treaty flourish, may see a revival of the old taste. The misery and depopulation occasioned by the wars of the two royal houses almost annihilated the growing trade of the country, and much is due to the wise and pacific Henry VII., whose wholesome laws and paternal care for his subjects aroused once more their dormant energies, and excited anew their love for traffic, which was ultimately

to be the source of their wealth and glory. During the reign of Henry VIII., the treasures of his economical father were scattered with a profuse hand. Commerce evidently increased, and no better proof is needed of the riches of the people generally than the gorgeous display made by that monarch in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. That prosperity was checked by the fierce outbreak of dissensions on the subject of religion, and although they finally ushered in our blessed Reformation, the unsettled times of Edward VI. and Queen Mary, with the burnings in Smithfield and at Oxford, afforded no encouragement for the peaceful arts of life. Foreign nations feared to trust us with their wealth, and our native products were scantily produced and tardily sold. Mutual distrust kept those apart who had the strongest interest in confidential intercourse.

The Flemings and Lombards—many of them, no doubt, Jews—were our earliest financiers, and, notwithstanding the cruelty and injustice experienced by the latter, they tenaciously retained their connexion with a market which they had found so profitable. Probably, an open space where the Exchange now stands was the ordinary meeting-place of these industrious strangers, and thus the citizens found neutral ground for their merchandize. Trade recovered all its old vigour in the opening days of Queen Elizabeth, and a Pactolian stream began to flow through a City where the noblest commercial emporium in the world was to be established. Private liberality was prompt to provide a home for the buyers and sellers of the whole earth. It is a praiseworthy peculiarity of England that individual enterprise or liberality does for us what on the Continent is the work of governments. We owe nearly all our great societies and noblest achievements in science and art to private persons—either alone or in combination—the national exchequer being seldom



or ever drawn upon for the cost. Hence, cathedrals, bridges, railways, hospitals,—and hence our Royal Exchange. Queen Elizabeth knew how to tickle the organ of self-esteem; she knighted Gresham, and paid him a royal visit on the opening of the building, in 1570. Nor did he confine his liberality to this noble structure; still the Gresham Lecture exists—though we fear not now so useful as it should be. The Gresham Lectures were for a long time delivered exclusively in Latin, then the sole language of learned men; and though at present a translation is afterwards given, the discourses are of so dry and unpopular a character, that they attract a very small audience; and being delivered in the afternoon, as if to make the hearers as few as possible, are of little benefit, except to the lecturers themselves, who earn their stipends very easily. In little over a century, Gresham's Exchange was destroyed in the great fire. That century had produced vast changes: the last lingering lights of chivalry had died out—monarchy had perished—the stern rule of Cromwell had crushed the spirit of the royalists; he, in turn, had passed away, and kingly rule was restored in the person of Charles II., by whom the first stone of the new building was laid, with much pomp, August 23, 1667. It was completed and opened for business in 1669. With this structure I was familiar; often walking and wondering in its fine area—for the long ranges of kings and queens which adorned the quadrangle were well calculated to arrest a boy's attention—and for the purposes intended it was really much superior to Mr. Tite's commercial palace. My visits were usually paid early in the day, when the space was nearly vacant, though here and there a bearded foreigner or two strolled, in evident expectancy of some friendly trader; or you might meet a London merchant in earnest discourse with a Hebrew bill-broker or Dutch importer. Some of the stony Plantagenets,

leaning on their swords in stern silence, quite awed me; and I used to feel it a relief to turn to the statue of the Merry Monarch in the centre, about whom there was little of majesty save his wig. Only two of these royal effigies were saved from the fire in 1838—Elizabeth and Charles II. They, very properly, are preserved in the new Exchange, the first stone of which was laid by Prince Albert, in 1842, and which was opened by Queen Victoria, October 28, 1844.

The destruction of the second Exchange was, doubtless, owing to carelessness as to flues or stoves in some out-building, for it was surrounded on all sides by small shops, a very unsightly arrangement, still perpetuated in the modern building. The sole inducement for this sad breach of proper caution and sin against good taste must have been to secure an increase of income in the shape of rental. Much the finest part of the modern structure is the portico; the columnar entrance is really grand, and the inscription over the whole, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," is quite sublime;\* but the interior is bare, cold, and ineffective. The marble statue of our gracious Queen, weather-stained and dirty as it is, amounts to absolute caricature, while the frescoes recently added at a large outlay, as a roofing to the colonnade, are pretty, bright-coloured patterns, but have no meaning, and in our damp climate will soon grow as dull and dirty as the Queen's statue. It would add materially to the comfort and usefulness of the present Exchange if the central area were roofed with glass. We have many cold, wet, or windy days, when it must need considerable courage to pass an hour within so exposed a space. When persons are chilly or wet, they

\* An inscription was suggested by Prince Albert, but the words were chosen by Dean Milman.

very often become ill-tempered and irritable, so that physical discomfort frequently leads to quarrels or something worse. At the inch-of-candle sales at Garraway's, the buyers were made liberal in their biddings with hot coffee and muffins, sound port, sherry, and even punch. A reasonable provision for warmth would not be thrown away here, but would infinitely improve our commercial relations. I once entered the old building at High Change, about four o'clock, just as Mr. Beadle was giving warning with his bell that the gates would soon close. It was a warm, pleasant afternoon, and though the crowd evinced eagerness and anxiety, a good-humoured sympathy appeared to pervade them all. These men, thought I, are unpretending benefactors of the whole human race, and bargains made for individual profit only, are, in fact, carried out for the good of mankind. On the contrary, one dismally damp, blowing day in November, I passed through the gates, behind the Duke's statue, and found a few miscellaneous groups of sour, jaundiced, irritable-looking folks, biting and tearing one another about various cross-grained speculations, which seemed likely to give plenty of work to the lawyers, and no end of vexation to all parties concerned. A glass roof would not be an antidote to bad bargains, but it would diminish the dread of an inflamed mucous membrane, and exclude

"The blust'ring East,  
Neither good for man nor beast."

It is a surprising thing that in London town, where notoriously there is so much money and so much patriotism, there should be such insuperable tardiness in making any change, however desirable. The model of a queer iron cage, intended to be glazed and erected midway over the Exchange area, had been obstructing the pavement

for some months at my last visit, and will possibly remain there till it is carbonised; yet everybody admits the area ought to be covered over. Why this vacillation? Do our modern Greshams wait for a third conflagration to make the necessary change?

While the fire was raging at the Exchange in 1838—and the whole basement was a blazing mass from end to end—the tall clock tower remained upright, and the hands of the dial continued to revolve. Suddenly, while the vast crowd were intently gazing, the fine ring of bells broke into the three-quarter chime (and ominously as it seemed) of “There’s nae luck about the house.” Then the flames began to climb the tower; and, swaying backwards and forwards for a few moments, it fell into the fiery abyss. Yet the vane and its grasshopper were saved from destruction, and were placed next day in a stonemason’s yard, close to the dragon and vane from Bow Church steeple, then under repair. An ancient chronicle contained the following sinister rhyme:—

“When the Exchange grasshopper and dragon from Bow  
Shall meet,—in London there shall be much woe.”

When this improbable meeting occurred, certain eastern sages were troubled, and pulled amazingly long faces: happily, the mystic creatures met in peace. The grasshopper has returned to his tower, the dragon to his steeple, and London still flourishes.

## HIS LORDSHIP'S STATE COACH.

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ALDERMEN were first elected in 1242. The citizens paid 500 marks for the right of having their Mayor sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer; some lands in the Strand, held of the Crown by a farrier, were made over to the Corporation, and hence arises the annual rent of six horse-shoes and nails tendered by the sheriffs, 1251. The title of Lord Mayor was first given to the chief magistrate, 1354; but then, and long after, London was comparatively a small and unimportant city, capable of being overawed by the Governor of the Tower, where the sovereigns commonly kept their court. The dates of the following facts also prove that the metropolis was then little more than semi-enclosed:—A watch for public protection was originally appointed in 1253 (how unsafe must the residences of the citizens have been formerly!). In 1306, the use of sea-coal was prohibited in London and the suburbs, and the streets were without lights at night so late as 1415, in which year the clumsy contrivance of hanging lanthorns at long intervals in thronged thoroughfares, began to be resorted to. The luxury of close carriages was quite unknown till long after. Delicate ladies rode on very awkwardly-saddled nags; and not unfrequently the pillion on which a queen or princess sat was placed behind some armed knight, who occupied the forward seat. This

arrangement was partly made for the safety of the fair rider; but doubtless before the sixteenth century, women, both in town and country, often rode astride. The early Lord Mayors, though chosen to their office on account of commercial eminence, were generally well up in soldiering. The Sir William Walworth who slew Wat Tyler knew well how to use his weapon; and Whittington had not passed all his time in fondling cats, but was recommended to Edward III. by his martial qualities. In those days, and for ages after, the City kings figured in the civic processions on horseback. The men in armour were something more than shams, and the banners of the various companies had not unfrequently been borne in battle-fields. When an English monarch made a continental raid, he not only summoned his knights and yeomen to do him suit and service, but he called on his good cousin, the Lord Mayor, to help him with bows and spears, ships and cannon; and in many instances the London autocrat left civil business for awhile to follow in the perilous path of his liege. Litters carried by servitors, or drawn by horses, are mentioned early in our history; and coaches having some slight affinity to those now in use were known in Paris late in the fifteenth century, but they were not introduced here until 1585. Queen Bess went on horseback to her coronation, as she also did in her journey to Tilbury Fort, to put herself at the head of her army, when the kingdom was threatened by the Spanish armada. Her coaching days did not begin before the last years of her reign, when she was heavy with dismal memories, and was soon to descend mourning to the grave. The Lord Mayors of James I., Charles I., and the Commonwealth, were too much engrossed with more manly pursuits to think of adopting the enervating idleness of France, and in all probability continued to ride on White Surrey or Black Emperor in the yearly November pageant; but with the

Restoration and Charles II. came the fashions and refinements (so called) of Louis XIV., and even Englishmen were content to trust themselves to four wheels and harnessed greys. Majesty began to loll in a state coach and eight—even country knights and squires had coaches and four; and “my Lord Mayor” could not visit the Exchequer in a less distinguished conveyance than that of his sovereign. What a wonderful piece of machinery is the City State Coach! Certainly nothing on wheels can equal or surpass it, save our gracious Victoria’s gilt and enamelled tub, with its eight magnificent creams, or high-prancing blacks, that seem to disdain the ground they tread. For my own part, I rather prefer the civic moveable throne, though that may be owing, in some degree, to my having seen it before my eyes were dazzled by the royal vehicle. I was about nine years old when, from a window on Ludgate-hill, I watched the ponderous Mayoral coach, grand and wide, with six footmen standing on the foot-board, rejoicing in bouquets as big as their heads, and canes four feet high, dragged slowly up the hill by a team of beribboned horses, which, as they snorted along, seemed fully conscious of the precious freight in the rear. Cinderella’s carriage never could boast so goodly a whip; his full face, of a dusky or purple red, swelled out on each side like the breast of a pouting pigeon, his three-cornered hat almost hidden by wide gold lace, the flowers in his vest full-blown and jolly like himself, his whip covered with blue ribbons, rising and falling at intervals merely for form—such horses were not made to be flogged. Coachee’s box was rather a throne than a seat. Then a dozen gorgeous walking footmen on either hand, grave marshalmen, treading gingerly, as if they had corns, and City officers in scarlet, playing at soldiers, but looking anything but soldierly; two trumpeters before and behind, blowing an occasional blast, which might be interpreted

into "See, the conquering hero comes;" men, boys, and stray women, on the crowded pavements, shouting "Hurrah!" and the windows and house-tops, right and left, bright with elegant ladies, superbly dressed, or adventurous bipeds among the chimneys, all swelled the advancing pomp. How that odd old coach swayed to and fro, with its dignified, elderly gentlemen and rubicund Lord Mayor, rejoicing in countless turtle feeds—for, reader, it was Sir William Curtis! Did ever ovation or triumph of Roman general yield greater enjoyment than this slow-coach airing in a damp winter afternoon? It was near half-past four o'clock, and it was growing dusk, yet the panels, with their lustrous gilded Cupids and heraldic animals—not to be found in any natural history—came out brilliantly in the waning light. As the ark of copper, plate-glass, and enamel crept slowly up the incline, a luckless sweeper boy (in those days such dwarfed lads were forced to climb chimneys) sidled up to one of the fore-horses, and sought to detach a pink bow from his mane. The creature felt his honours diminishing, and turned to snap at Blackee; the sweep screamed—the horse neighed—the mob shouted; and Sir William turned on his pivot cushion to learn what the noise meant; and thus we were enabled to gaze on a Lord Mayor's face. In sooth, he was a goodly gentleman, burly, and with three fingers' depth of fat on his portly person, yet every feature evinced kindness and benevolence of no common order. He was the poor man's friend, the munificent paymaster of the industrious, the widow and the orphan's constant helper. He might be fond of a good dinner and old wine—what then? Are not our tastes similar? I fancy the City state coach has rumbled from Guildhall to Westminster on about 150 November days. Are the years of the Corporation numbered? If a new Civic Reform Bill becomes law, will it be consigned to disuse and dust, and kept as a



relic of old London, or broken up as mere worn-out frippery? Alas for the Ark of bygone coachmakers, there is sadness in the idea that we may soon see it for the last time! My boyish heart would scarcely beat for awe, when, peeping into its mystic depths, I first descried sword-bearers and mace-bearers, velvets, furs, scarlet, and gold chains—such wonderful gold chains!—and the great man himself, full blown, and bowed down under such proud distinctions. Did he ever forget my Lady Mayoress, in her comparatively humble carriage? True, my awe of the spectacle has passed away, and the scene might now rather excite risibility, so I do not hanker after the “show” now, though of course a ticket for the dinner has its value. How many City heroes have rested on those soft, broad cushions! Let me enumerate a few from the accession of George III., 1762:—William Beckford, who dared to reply on an ungracious royal speech, has his rude patriotism commemorated on a monument in Guildhall, and was elected Mayor a second time, 1770. John Wilkes, 1774-5; the audacious tribune of the people; wild, reckless, and profane, yet an accomplished gentleman, who might truly say, “I am the ugliest fellow in England, yet give me half an hour in advance of the smartest beau in Great Britain, and I will undertake to gain the preference of the prettiest woman in the land.” Demagogue Sawbridge, 1776. John Boydell, 1791; a liberal encourager of artists; the publisher of a very noble edition of Shakspeare, for the embellishment of which he caused a gallery of original illustrations to be painted. Thomas Skinner, 1795—one of many instances in which determined perseverance has raised a poor, friendless youth to the highest distinction. Sir William Staines, 1800; a wise and upright magistrate. Matthew Wood, 1817; Queen Caroline’s patron—sad that royalty should need such patronage. John Atkins, 1819; once a tidewaiter at the Custom House—all honour to him!

—high places well earned, by persons of humble origin, become still more ennobled. Robert Waithman, 1824; how dingy the obelisk near his old drapery store looks! Sir John Key, 1830—"Donkey Key" he was once called—and though twice Mayor, went out of life like an expiring candle snuff. Sir Francis Graham Moon, 1855; a worthy printseller, long denominated "The Man in the Moon;" David Salomons, a gentleman of the Hebrew nation, who so justly acquired the veneration of his fellow-citizens, and by his admirable conduct in the civic chair conducted mainly to the removal of Jewish disabilities; and last, though by no means least, twice Lord Mayor Cubitt, favourite of all.

Our list of City grandees might easily be lengthened, for London merchants may well compete in reputation with the proudest magnates of Venice, Genoa, or Amsterdam, in their palmiest ages. Well, those were all tenants-at-will of the civic state coach; they have vacated its luxurious settees for ever, and a few lines in London chronicles is their sole remaining inheritance. The coach itself will be laid by soon; either its occupation, like Othello's, will be "gone," or Time will drive his scythe through the panels, and make a wreck of its senile splendour. Will not all the gentlemen's carriages, cabs, Hansoms, and bankrupt omnibuses, while they bewail their own fate, mourn for this coach of coaches, this marvel of a vehicle—A 1 among four-wheelers—part and parcel of London town's constitutional glories—the sun of November fogs—the fossil focus of "the light of other days"?

## OLD MOORFIELDS.

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WHILE the ancient convent which once occupied the south side of Moorfields, adjoining to London-wall, then a substantial defence to the City, flourished, it was in quite a country situation, opening into and forming a portion of those fair, green, well-wooded acres which for several ages were called Finsbury-fields—the favourite resort of holiday-making citizens, and the scene especially of those manly games of archery which contributed so much to establish the fame of English bowmen over Europe. Cripplegate, immediately adjacent, was jealously guarded, and strangers desiring to pass, even at midday, were closely questioned as to their business; and even apprentices and traders, however well known, were expected to pass in or out at fixed hours. The gate derived its name from the crowd of beggars, halt and maimed, who crowded around it to supplicate alms from passengers, and especially from visitors to the convent. During the wars of the Roses, as York or Lancaster was in the ascendant, a military guard kept this entrance to the City, its vicinity to the Tower making it doubly important. The London of that day was the joint residence of courtiers, soldiers, and merchants. Towards the west, its utmost limit was Old Bourn Bridge, and, eastward, all was rural beyond the White Chapel. The population was walled round, the metropolis was contained in a dense, unwholesome cluster of wooden tenements, save that a few noble ecclesiastical

structures, or palatial residences, dotted the mass of meaner dwellings, at long distances. No doubt butts were often set up in Moorfields for City games; crowds of outlying country-folks mixed with the traders, their wives, and servitors; while from the heavy horn windows of the convent, fair sisters, gazing unseen on the show, might have yearned to re-enter the world they had quitted for ever. When Henry VIII., in his tyrannical cupidity, dissolved the religious societies, on the plea of their ill-government, but in reality that he might appropriate their wealth, he ordained that the convent in Moorfields should be used as a lunatic hospital. This was in 1546. It was rebuilt in 1675, but under the name of Bethlehem Hospital. It continued to be an asylum for the most wretched class of human sufferers up to 1814, when the new and capacious building in St. George's Fields was opened. It was a low, dark, dismal-looking pile, enclosed by heavy gates and walls, and surrounded by mean, squalid houses and shops.

"'Tis said, and I believe the tale," that the ravings and shrieks of the unhappy inmates might often be heard by persons outside. Madhouses, in those days, were managed in the worst possible manner, a lunatic being treated like a wild beast, whipped, chained, fed on the coarsest food, confined naked to a bed of straw, and, having once passed the threshold of his prison, seldom or ever returning to the society of his fellow-beings.

"All hope abandon he who enters here,"

the inscription over the entrance of Dante's hell, would have been equally appropriate for these abodes of unmitigated misery. No better proof as to the improvement in modern times of our kindlier feelings can be given than the change as to the treatment of lunatics. The sufferer from diseased brain, melancholia, or mania,

is now certain to receive, and particularly at Hanley or Colney Hatch—though they are pauper asylums—the tenderest treatment, directed by skilful hands; and, in no small proportion of cases, patients recover and are restored to their friends.

When I remember Moorfields first, it was a large, open, quadrangular space, shut in by the Pavement to the east, the hospital and its outbuildings to the south, and lines of shops without fronts, occupied chiefly by dealers in old furniture, to the east and north. Most of these shops were covered in by screens of canvas or rough boards, so as to form an apology for a piazza; and, if you were bold enough, in wet weather you might take refuge under them, but it was at the imminent risk of your purse or your handkerchief. As Field-lane was the favourite market for wearing apparel, at a low charge, so these stores afforded an endless choice of decayed upholstery to poorer purchasers;—a broken-down four-poster or a rickety tent bedstead might be secured at almost any price. “No reasonable offer was refused.” It was interesting to inspect the articles exposed for sale,—here a cracked mirror in its dingy frame; a set of hair-seated chairs, the horse-hair protruding; a tall, stiff, upright easy chair, without a bottom; a cupboard, with one shelf left of three, and with half a door; here a black oak chest, groaning to be scraped, so thick with ancient dust that it might have been the den of some unclean animal in Noah’s Ark; a washhand-stand, with a broken basin; a hall clock-case, with a pendulum, but no dial; and other hopelessly invalidated household necessities, too numerous to mention. These miscellaneous treasures were guarded by swarthy men and women of Israel, who paraded in front of their narrow dominions all the working-day; and if you did but pause for an instant, you must expect to be dragged into some hideous Babel of frowzy chattels, and made a

purchaser in spite of yourself. Escaping from this uncomfortable mart to the hospital footway, a strange sense of utter desertion and solitude came over you; long gloomy lines of cells, strongly barred, and obscured with the accumulated dust—silent as the grave, unless fancy brought sounds of woe to your ears—rose before you; and there on each side of the principal entrance were the wonderful effigies of raving and moping madness, chiselled by the elder Cibber. How those stone faces and eyes glared! How sternly the razor must have swept over those bare heads! How listless and dead were those limbs, bound with inexorable fetters, while the iron of despair had pierced the hearts of the prisoned maniacs! Those terrible presentments of physical anguish were till lately preserved in the entrance of the new hospital, but a rumour went the round of the press that they were about to be removed—we hope not.\*

The Pavement—so called, no doubt, as the only firm pathway in the neighbourhood—was edged with some fifty or sixty brick houses, with very unpretentious shops attached—bakers, butchers, ale and spirit stores, and the like, with a chapel in the centre; the whole giving no promise of the gay and tempting shop windows blazing with gas, so soon to be substituted. Yet most of the buildings are unaltered even now; only the facia has been “improved and beautified.”

How, you will ask, was the central space of Old Moorfields employed in its chrysalis state? Various. In the days of Wesley and Whitefield it was the favourite haunt of open-air preachers. Both those remarkable men chose the spot for their London lectures; and they often gathered audiences of a fabulous number—the prints of the period

\* This presentiment proved correct, and these two remarkable statues may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where they are infinitely less appropriate than in their old home.

say of 20,000, 30,000, and even 50,000. They had begun to preach in the churches, but it was alleged the vast crowds made that practice dangerous, and they extemporised pulpits under the blue vault of heaven. The Tabernacle, not far distant, was the result of this movement. These singular gatherings were before my time.

In 1812, and long after, carpet-beating was the chief use of the dry or sloppy area (according to the season). Poles, with ropes stretched across, were placed at intervals, and sturdy arms brandishing stout sticks were incessantly assaulting Turkey, Kidderminster, and Brussels floor-covers; and beating out such clouds of dust, that as you passed it was expedient to hold your cambric or bandana over mouth and nostrils. Then you had, in fair time, those humble incentives to gambling which, for a penny, offer a chance of winning a tin box or a wooden apple. Five uprights are stuck in deep holes; you stand a few yards off, supplied with short sticks, and if you can knock away box or apple without its lapsing into the hole, it becomes your property, and the gain may be about twopence if you have any use for the prize. I confess to trying my luck, but never won anything. Then there were cricket and trap-ball of an evening, and the game of hoop for active lads, who could hide so cleverly among the shop bulks, and all without fear of beadle or police. Those days are gone; the open space is filled in with a strange conglomeration of buildings, public and private—the London Institution, a Catholic cathedral, a Scotch church, a Seceding ditto, the Ophthalmic Hospital, Finsbury-circus, and dwellings of all sizes, accommodating a mixed population, varying in position from extreme poverty to wealth. Is the change for the better?—a difficult question. Lackington's grand book-store was a pleasant object, and the institution library is valuable—but where are the readers? We rejoice that there is no madhouse, but we regret the meeting-place of the winds in Old Moorfields.

## THE WASTE PLACES OF LONDON.

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PROBABLY the site of Cornhill, the Exchange, and the Bank of England is the most valuable bit of *terra firma* in the world; and this is true, whether we consider the riches heaped together within so small a space, or its actual value as so much land. The purchase of a single ground-rent on Cornhill would represent a tolerably large fortune. The price paid for the spot on which Sarl's plate and jewellery warehouse stands was not much short of £20,000, and Savory's new shop was built on a slip of ground almost as costly. Sites in the Poultry and Cheapside are also very valuable; and yet, nearly within seeing distance of Sir Robert Peel's statue, there are three large open spaces which have been left waste and unprofitable, and that not accidentally or for a short period, but for several years. The carriage-way in Farringdon-street is now of a noble width, but the shops and houses on either side still partake of the meanness and squalor of old Fleet Market—than which, perhaps, no worse eyesore ever existed in the centre of a great city. It was a collection of dirty hovels, covered over and forming a dismal piazza the whole length of the street—then known as the Market. The strange colony of shops thus obtained formed a double row of at least a quarter of a mile in extent; they no doubt represented a considerable money value, but were



certainly offensive to all the senses, and singularly unfit for a market, the footway between them being narrow and ill-paved, while almost constantly the centre was polluted with blood and filth. A large proportion of the shops were kept by butchers, and the carcasses or joints exposed for sale were often of very inferior quality. There were potato salesmen, seedsmen, vendors of sausages and red overgrown pork, interspersed with stalls for stale cabbages, dealers in leeches, a small coalman or two, and miscellaneous stores for old clothes and crockery. In hot weather the reek and smell constantly given off by the heterogeneous articles mingled together in disgusting confusion were really unbearable; yet for a long course of years it passed without the least notice, though undoubtedly very damaging to the public health. On the east side of the market, nearest to Ludgate-hill, stood the lofty, dreary-looking wall of the Fleet Prison, the sole entrance being through a wretched sort of lattice door, defended by a barrier, through which it was far easier to pass in than out. A little to the left there was a heavily-barred but unglazed window, at which, during the whole day, miserable prisoners stood, repeating the monotonous chant, "Pray remember us poor debtors;" for in those days men might be thrown into gaol to perish of hunger but for the charity of the passers-by. Afterwards, the creditor was compelled to make an allowance of sixpence per day to the debtor he kept imprisoned; but such a stipend to the reckless spendthrifts who were incarcerated was rather a mockery than a provision. Shortly after the removal of the market, the gradual amelioration of the laws as to debt made it possible to break up a prison where all classes were confounded in one dismal dwelling, and the inmates, though not called criminals, were exposed to the worst privations. We have all heard of Fleet marriages. Down to the middle of George III.'s reign, dissolute,

degraded clergymen plied the matrimonial trade on this spot, touting for customers in the most unblushing manner. Couples, whether simple or wicked, mere children or tottering under the weight of years, were united for half-a-crown and a gill of spirits; unless when the parties were known to be rich, and then the smart-money was correspondingly increased.

During the last days of the Fleet Prison I traversed it from end to end several times—a strange, wild network of half-lighted passages, cells rather than rooms, and narrow strips of exercising ground, the high walls serving the prisoners for games at fives or racquets. Few or none of the inmates seemed ashamed or sorry at their position—drunkenness or worse vice met you at every turn; swearing and blasphemy appeared to be the vernacular tongue of the place. At length the prison was removed; not a vestige of the building remained except the outer wall; a wide gap was made towards the Old Bailey; and speculation was on tiptoe as to what would be the future use of this valuable site. The wise men of the east began to deliberate. “What shall we do with it?” was the question. They “resolved and re-resolved,” but came to no conclusion. More than twenty years have passed, and yet this “peculiarly eligible piece of land” has not been made available. This is No. 1 of the waste places of London. About once every two years there is a rumour that its destination is settled—a railway terminus is suggested, or a great Manchester warehouse, or a joint-stock bank, or an assurance office, and then comes a dead calm again, and the matter is forgotten. Might not the Corporation enliven this curiously quiet recess in the thronged traffic of the City by allowing squatters during pleasure?

Waste-place No. 2—and it is even more remarkable—is the wide roadway from Holborn Bridge to Coppice-row, meant to have been a continuation of Farringdon-street.

The idea of such a fine and useful opening to relieve and shorten public traffic was originally broached when Fleet Market was abolished, and commendable activity was shown in getting rid of numerous impediments to the work; but the moment these exertions were successful enough to make the thing practicable, and a beginning was actually made, an odd sort of inertia came over the "heads of the people," and the question was again asked, to be repeated *ad nauseam*, "What shall we do with it?" Much good arose out of this project. It was indispensable that Field-lane, with one of the foulest neighbourhoods in or out of London, should be swept away, and thus we have been relieved from a den of the veriest filth and most flagrant vice. As block after block of these foul tenements were levelled, the light broke in upon spots which it had hardly ever visited before, and the sun and the blue sky were seen by many eyes almost for the first time. I was of an inquisitive disposition, and more than once penetrated Field-lane, though never after dark—that would have been too daring. The entrance to this lawless region was at the foot of Holborn-hill. You turned down by a projecting grocer's shop, and found yourself between rows of windowless shops, flaunting with ill-matched articles of clothing—coats, bonnets, gowns, though the grand staple was pocket handkerchiefs, especially bandanas, evidently a recent tribute to the light-fingered tribe plying in the City. It was only prudent in taking this walk to keep a hand in each pocket, or to hold your cambric to your mouth, for the moment a stranger was espied, a whole pack of vagabonds were in full pursuit. The proprietors of these marts were invariably of the Hebrew race; spoiling the Egyptians was evidently held to be a duty, and for a visitor to escape without a penalty was thought quite criminal. Perhaps the immunity I experienced was owing to my having so little to lose. As

I turned out of the lane into some branch alley, suddenly I came upon a foul iron grating, wide and partially lighted, and through the bars had a view of the Fleet-ditch, pouring its foul tributes to the Thames. It was really a sickening sight; disgusting objects in a thousand forms vexed the eye, and worried the nasal organs; yet this was once a fine clear adjunct of the river. Happily it was effectually covered over when the required space was obtained, arches were erected so as to get a good level, and an excellent road formed. The Corporation expressed their willingness to grant building leases on a fixed plan. A few houses were erected in pursuance, but then the whole scheme failed; and though public notices inviting tenders are continually exhibited, on boards which have rotted out more than once, the road, now become a great thoroughfare, remains in all its unsightly nakedness—here half-destroyed brick or wooden bulks, there a carpet-ground in a hole; a church placed apparently in the oddest manner, a Roman Catholic chapel, schools, and refuges, in admired confusion.

Why such a tempting site should continue so long unremunerative in the centre of London, while builders are found eagerly to appropriate every opening for brick and mortar in the most unpromising localities, is a profound mystery. Are the terms extravagantly high? There seems no other way of solving the difficulty. This is the more to be regretted as the completion of the street would be a great metropolitan improvement. Have your readers noticed the grand view of the dome and campaniles of St. Paul's Cathedral obtained on the decline of the new road, as soon as you turn from Exmouth-street into Coppice-row?

Waste place No. 3 will be found in the deserted plain of Smithfield. The pens and enclosures for beasts, sheep, and pigs remain in *statu quo*, but the rude genius of the

place has departed,—the bank shutters are closed—the public-houses look empty and forlorn—the hospital is terribly cut down in the item of its accidents; and could kind-hearted Minstrel Rahere see the queer angular building which has succeeded his Spital, he would look for the line of beauty in vain. “What shall we do with it?” is in this instance too a hard problem. The administrators at St. Bartholomew’s want a garden for the patients; the Corporation are clamorous for a dead meat market; and the Government oscillates between the two. Meantime, a vast extent of ground is worse than useless; the inhabitants of Cow-cross and Long-lane grow melancholy; anything—even a new Cock-lane ghost—would be an agreeable novelty; a mad bull or two would be thought a treat, and they would rejoice on waking some Monday morning to find it high market again.\*

\* Waste place No. 2 is at present looking up. No street has been found possible above ground, but a railway is progressing in the depths below. The dead meat market, only anticipated for waste place No. 3, will soon become a fact. The glories of Warwick-lane and Newgate Market are departing, and we may say to the carcase dealers, “Rest, perturbed spirits!”

## PETER STOKES, THE FLYING PIEMAN OF HOLBORN HILL.

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DURING the early years of Louis XVI. a very remarkable hawker of savoury patties might be almost constantly seen in the streets of Paris; noble by birth, reckless extravagance had reduced him to poverty while he was yet in the prime of life, but his dress was still fastidiously elegant, and while standing, basket in hand, on the steps of the Palais Royal, he wore round his neck the decoration of the order of St. Croix. Sterne had seen him, and declares that his manners and address were those of a man of high rank. That author, too, in his "Sentimental Journey," recites a beautiful story of a young nobleman, who being in pecuniary distress, determined to seek fortune as a merchant in the colonies, and realising large wealth, returned to his native district, and publicly demanded from the chief magistrate a sword of honour which he had left in his keeping. When narrowly examining the blade he noticed a spot of rust, and a tear involuntarily fell upon it as he said, "I shall find some means to get it off."

The narrative appeals strongly to our sympathies, and my recollections of Peter Stokes, though in many respects ludicrous, are not without pathos.

When I was a youngster, the steep roadway from Hatton Garden to Fleet Market was highly attractive to me on account of the Flying Pieman, though he did not vend pies, but a kind of baked plum-pudding, which he offered smoking hot. He was a slim, active, middle-sized man, probably about forty years old. He always wore a black suit, scrupulously brushed, dress coat and vest, knee breeches, stout black silk stockings, and shoes with steel buckles—then rather fashionable. His shirt, remarkably well got up, had a wide frill, surmounted by a spotless white cravat. He never wore either hat or cap; his hair, cropped very close, was plentifully powdered; and he was decorated with a delicate lawn apron which hardly reached to his knees. In his right hand he held a small circular tray or board, just large enough to receive an appetite-provoking pudding about three inches thick, which was divided into twelve slices, which he sold at a penny a slice. A broad blunt spatula, brilliantly bright, which he carried in his left hand, enabled him to dispense his sweets without ever touching them. His countenance was open and agreeable, expressive of intellect and moral excellence. Precisely as St. Andrew's clock struck twelve at noon, Peter Stokes turned out of Fetter-lane with his tempting pastry, and from that moment up to four o'clock he was incessantly occupied in a rapid transit from the lane to Ely-place, thence to Thavies-inn, and across to Field-lane, or from Hatton Garden to Fleet Market, never pausing longer than would enable him to deliver a slice of pudding to some expectant customer, and shouting without pause, "Buy, buy, buy," adroitly darting from side to side, never lingering till the road was clear, but piloting his way between carts, waggons, and coaches, and proffering his pudding to all passers, with the not unmusical accompaniment of "Buy, buy, buy." If any peripatetic pilgrim felt his longing for a slice overcome him, as Peter flashed

between a dray and a gentleman's carriage, his penny must be ready and held up, or the man would be a hundred yards off in a few seconds. His board was often cleared in a single run between the Garden and the Market. The ringing syllables, "Buy, buy, buy," were repeated unconsciously over a clean tray, and he would dive out of sight for a fresh supply before you quite understood where he was. On a fine day he could dispose of fifty rounds of pudding between twelve and four o'clock. Nor were his customers exclusively children or idlers; well-to-do City magnates would stop and discuss a slice. It was credibly reported that Alderman Harmer, going to his office, felt hungry, and paid his penny. Peter was a great favourite with ladies. If they were able to resist the appetising odour of the pudding, they could not possibly refrain from patronising his silken calves and bright buckles. A common councilman's widow was so smitten with his genteelly powdered pate that she invested twopence in his plums, but, when she expected thanks, heard nothing but "Buy, buy, buy," several streets off. From Michaelmas to Christmas, and from the New Year to Lady Day were the times of his briskest trade. He seldom came abroad in a confirmed wet day, and never when it rained "cats and dogs;" but in wholesome, frosty seasons, or even in foggy November mornings, he was always busy, his bright spatula and smoking board peering through the mist, or alluring through the freezing air, to the never-ceasing tune of "Buy, buy, buy." In general, the glow of satisfied industry lit up his face; but occasionally a solemn, cogitative expression stole over his features, and the redness and moisture of his eyelids indicated the presence of tears; but this was unusual, and they were dashed away in a moment. Neither wife nor child ever appeared in the street with him. Was he a bachelor? You shall hear.



Peter Stokes was by profession a portrait-painter, and, it was believed, possessed considerable talent. When a very young man he married—"all for love." Children came fast, and sitters slow. The first were costly to clothe, but he never murmured; the second were hard to please, and paid indifferently. At the end of five years Mrs. Stokes had but one gown, and that had been frequently mended—a proof of "poverty prepense,"—while the little Stokeses were not always satisfied with their scanty meals. Papa was ready to give them his easel to eat, but then an artist's tools are not digestible. One day he was drawing a Hebe, when he heard Peter the younger wailing in the kitchen; it was for bread. Visiting a pawnshop, with the picture still wet, he met, on his return, a lad selling baked potatoes at a street corner; his trade seemed brisk, and Stokes fancied he might prosper in a similar fashion; and so, swallowing his pride and taking counsel with Mrs. Stokes, he thought a spice of eccentricity would mightily increase his chance of customers; and thus he became an itinerant vendor of pudding in the day, though he still followed his art at early morning, and for several hours at night. His new trade proved a money-getting one. His small family grew remarkably neat in their dress, and mamma was exceedingly well put on; I have even heard that on gala days she wore a gold watch, and was considered quite a lady by all the mistresses and grandees of the neighbourhood. The pudding-store was in a Fetter-lane cellar, and, all honour to the faithful wife, it was made for many years by her industrious hands. After four o'clock p.m., they betook themselves to very genteel lodgings in Rathbone-place, where Stokes was himself again; resumed his palette and easel; found sitters increase as his means made them less necessary; and grew fashionable in his profession just in proportion to the public relish of his pudding.

London town is famous for its appreciation of oddities. A man may speedily grow rich if he has wit enough to find out some new path for his exertions. Addison relates that a superannuated watchman in Cheap Ward, being dropped by the civic authorities in his old age, bethought him of a singular expedient to fill his pocket. He had long kept a pet duck for his amusement, and the kindly bird used to sally out with him at night, constantly responding "quack" as he called the hour. Well, he fancied if he took his walks by day instead, in his old watch costume, crying the hour, with the accompaniment of "quack" from his bird, it might answer; nor was he wrong, for the shopkeepers laughed one and all, and he was better paid in his dotage than in his prime. I suppose that the mighty clothier, Moses, owes more of his success to the incessant dissemination of his "Book of Beauty" than to the excellence of his manufactures. Anything may be achieved by bold, unblushing, continuous advertising; only promise enough, and your public is sure to bite. In the time of Foote, the dramatist, a reckless man of fashion made a bet, for £1,000, that he would bring all the Court, not excepting the Royal Family, Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, to the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, to see a wonderful conjuror get into a quart bottle. The impending marvel was well advertised; every seat in the house was speedily taken, and it was only by a private hint that majesty was kept away on the night of performance. The company being assembled, there was a long pause. At length the audience became impatient. Excuses were made that the conjuror had not arrived, but was expected every minute. At last symptoms of rioting grew apparent, upon which a gentlemanly individual in black walked on to the stage, and with infinite solemnity said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Petrowskie is unable to get into a quart bottle this

evening, but on Wednesday next, to make you amends, he will get into a pint bottle."

If a really clever man will condescend to be eccentric—physician, surgeon, or corn-cutter—preacher, barrister, or artist—he is sure to succeed with many who would have been stone deaf and sand blind to his undoubted merits. Often, too, a mere accident will give *éclat*, where talent and industry were exerted in vain. Mr. Bull is fond of being tickled, and he is not particular whether his epidermis be titillated with straws or bristles. A broad-brimmed hat may excite notice when the head it covers is overlooked. Lord Brougham's plaid trousers have been marvelled at by more than were ever amazed by his vast genius.

## LLOYD'S SOCIETY OF UNDERWRITERS.



I do not visit the City much now, though familiar with most of its ways and byways; but when I re-enter for a short time its bustling precincts, old associations take life and colour anew, and the streets and buildings assume a freshness and interest which seemed, in my case, lost for ever.

The other day, turning from the fire-office into the ambulatory of the Exchange, and in the act of deepening my conviction that it was far inferior to that of the former building, a City friend accosted me, wondering what I could want there; and kindly wishing me to make my visit profitable, asked me if I had ever been over Lloyd's, or should like to renew my acquaintance with that most remarkable establishment. It would have been against my principles to refuse a good offer—that is, when I think it so—and in a few minutes we were ascending the wide stone staircase leading to the *sanctum* of marine assurance brokers. My friend said that the stairs in question—and there are several flights—sorely annoyed some of the elder members, though they did not like to own their short-windedness, and strove to disguise it by an affectation of a mere catarrhal trouble. I could not help noticing a round, puffy-looking gentleman, who, as he toiled up the stairs,

was evidently anathematizing the architect; and, in truth, after threescore, level progress is the most agreeable.

The public are not admitted to the arcana of Lloyd's; you must be a member, or introduced by a member. If you wish to enter, and can name any initiated friend—Mr. John Jones, for instance—Mr. John Jones is loudly summoned to your aid; but without such franking you will have to return ungratified. Still, even a stranger may penetrate as far as the anteroom, where the eye is instantly attracted by two whole-length statues, representing Prince Albert and Mr. Huskisson. The royal effigy is a sad failure; the Prince is chiselled of the natural height, decked out in all the finery of a Knight of the Garter, with roses on his shoes, the ribbon above his knee, and the order on his breast, but with legs disproportionately extended, so that he might be entitled “long-shanks,” and a head disproportionately small, and almost smothered by the robes rising around it. The expression of the countenance, too, is not in the least heroic, and standing opposite the gigantic statue of Huskisson, the whole work seems singularly poor and trivial.\* The Huskisson of Lloyd's is modelled after the Dr. Johnson of St. Paul's Cathedral—vast, brawny, and muscular—naked as far as decency permits—and resembling a huge porter preparing for the bath. Why are our artists capable of such folly? What would they say should an antique statue turn up disfigured by our close-fitting and most ugly costume? Surely, as Athenians were always represented like Athenians, Englishmen should put on English habits for their marble apotheoses. The error is the more lamentable in this case, because the work other-

\* Most of the royal statues in London are poor and trivial. The Queen at the Exchange is quite a libel on Her Majesty; and this marble portrait of the Prince Consort, who we all knew and lament as an equally fine specimen of the gentleman and the prince, is altogether unworthy of him.

wise is really a noble one, and does honour to the subscribers. Close to these statues, a wide sheet of marble records in appropriate language the public spirit of the proprietors of the *Times* in prosecuting to conviction, at an immense expense, certain fraudulent City merchants—exceptions and blots in that highly honourable class. The “*Times* Testimonial” will always be read with deep interest, both as eulogistic of the press and our commercial community. A second tablet sets forth, simply but forcibly, the munificence of Mr. Citizen Lydeker, who gave his large fortune to promote the objects of the Marine Society, in succouring and educating the widows and orphans of commanders and officers in our trading navy; at a little distance, too, a diminutive mural stone represents Charity in the act of helping a friendless lad, with such attributes as to remind all visitors of the advantages conferred so liberally by the Marine Society. Long may benevolence brighten and strengthen our commercial greatness! The present home of the underwriters is admirably and conveniently arranged. I can just remember the old house—dark, dingy, and perplexing; and as some worthy merchants will never suffer their counting-houses to be cleaned out, much less whitewashed or painted, so the Lloyd’s shrine of the past seemed to rejoice in its want of comfort and convenience. The chief room now is exceedingly commodious, well lighted by several skylights—nobly set among very fine mouldings—while the walls are as pure-looking as paint can make them. The space, perhaps 80 feet by 70, is set out in ranges of double-seated boxes, with centre tables, the whole having a wide avenue in the middle. These tables are fully occupied, during business hours, by the members, either expecting calls to, or actually engaged in, professional duties. Of course, the rates of assurance on shipping and cargoes vary. Is the vessel sound, new, A 1, or old and in doubtful repair? Is it about to track a winter or a

summer sea? Then, what is your commodity—brimstone or flour, wine or sulphuric acid? On such, or similar accounts, the per centage required varies from fifteen to forty, and in extremely hazardous cases, to fifty, or even more. Nor must you expect a single underwriter to take the whole risk. You wish to insure, say £1,500, against risks at sea. Well, Mr. A. will take £100, Mr. B. £150, Mr. C. £300, and so on, till your venture is safe—a plan obviously wise, and satisfactory to all parties; for thus, while the risk diminishes on one side, the security increases on the other. Losses from the inefficiency of underwriters are exceedingly rare, nor are there many actions at law on such subjects—much fewer, indeed, than the vast interests represented would make probable. Wonderful London! illustrious merchant princes! who thus make commerce safe when it seems most dangerous, and interpose the impenetrable ægis of credit between the perils of the “great deep” and the costly freights embarked upon it.

The chief room would yield an interesting subject for an able artist; every box and table would be an excellent study, and he would not have to pay for sitters. Throw a glance along the benches. What a variety of faces! What restless energy marks some!—what indomitable perseverance others! A few look apathetic, and on a few the deep lines of disappointment may be readily traced. There is a strong light on the table to the left; how finely it brings out the countenance of the white-haired old gentleman so earnestly engaged in talk with the foreign merchant by his side! In the next box, the most remarkable head is that of a Hebrew underwriter, who is transacting business with a Portuguese captain; the bushy head of the latter sets off his bronzed, weather-beaten face to great advantage. Here may be found representatives of every trading community in the world, who, thus brought to-

gether, soon learn how to understand and sympathize, for they have a common object—gain!

Now let us step into the map-room. There are a few tables and seats in the centre, but on each side a narrow wooden stair conducts to a sort of gallery, in each of which maps and charts, hung on rolls, readily moveable at the slightest touch, are prepared to give their silently eloquent responses to all inquirers. A correspondent informs a member that the vessel he is anxious about is laid up in such a port, or may be now crossing such a gulf, or beating about on such an ocean; immediately the maps are in requisition, and the ship's exact locality is easily ascertained. Experienced underwriters can put their finger on the spot indicated in a moment, and many a merchant who has never smelt salt water is quite familiar with every point of the compass. Then we enter the reading-room—a reading-room without newspapers. You pass down the middle, having on each side long oaken sideboards, covered with rows of stout quarto books, containing letters, arranged according to the country from which they come, and all of them capable of being detached when necessary. These are reports as to the merchant marine of every nation, and especially of our own; and the incomers of a morning con over the fresh arrivals with as much eagerness as a young lady would her *billets-doux* the day after the 14th of February. There is a sort of demon-worship exceedingly prevalent, even in moral and religious quarters, and Mammon is worshipped here, by old and young, with undisguised zeal. Yet, though money is the root of all evil, its fruit is often unexceptionably good; and, while we cannot honour “Avarice, that keen, old, gentlemanly vice,” we can easily cite examples of the wealth resulting from a life's labour, or one fortunate speculation, being scattered abroad with a liberal hand. “They have dispersed, they have given to



the poor, and their praise endureth for ever." Adjoining to this room is a smaller one, in which several wind-dials are exhibited, the hands pointing hopefully or threateningly to E. or W., or N.E. or S., for each wind is desirable for some underwriters' risks. W. is just the wind for H., but it is dangerous for P. Besides these, there is a curious instrument called "The Wind Measurer," a kind of pendulum moved by outward currents of air, which indicates as it moves certain figures on the parchment-sheet over which it vibrates—on a calm day scarcely changing its position, but during heavy gales violently agitated, and perceptibly raised according to the force and direction of the wind.

Various telegraphic means of communication are at the service of the members, and in this way they can correspond with nearly the whole of Europe without leaving the building. What ingenious atoms men are, and how elaborate their wants become in a highly civilized age! We telegraph from St. Stephen's to the opera house to warn members of a division; we telegraph to the club houses to warn members when home duties demand their presence; we telegraph to and from Lloyd's to settle how much in the pound must be paid on a hogshead of claret or a bale of cotton.

Quite apart from the other sources of information, the black book occupies its own stand. Every incoming underwriter faithfully visits it every morning. It contains accounts of the loss or damage of insured vessels as far as known on each day, and you need only learn the name of the ship to ascertain whether it is entirely lost or merely damaged—*Gratitude* only signifies that ship's damage, but *The Gratitude* means its absolute loss. When I looked on this terrible book, the day's loss or damage only applied to six vessels, but in stormy weather the number rises frightfully. Judge how interesting such

a register must prove when all the members have one or more sea risks.

The news-room has a daily supply of journals, metropolitan, provincial, and European, in a variety of languages, brother Jonathan of course being duly attended to. There are also files of the more important newspapers, which extend to many years. The arrival or non-arrival of the mails is noted from hour to hour; the merchant can need no sort of useful business information that is not at his hand. Nor have the demands of the stomach been neglected. A capital luncheon-room is provided, where, at moderate prices, sandwich, chop, kidney, with the desirable accessories, may be obtained in appetizing forms. Mr. Gladstone's wine licence will be a boon, for then, in addition, hock, claret, or champagne will be attainable. The economical might surely have their beer permitted on the same terms. Why should the licensed victuallers be more protected than other traders?

The members of Lloyd's, as might be expected, are very numerous, though great care is taken to exclude all but responsible people. The election is by ballot; the names of candidates are exposed in the anteroom for a fortnight previous, and each must have the recommendation of two known members. The Committee are chosen for three years, and the qualification is six years of membership. To show how unselfishly these directors work, we may mention that at a meeting reported in the *Times* (March 29) we find the following munificent grants were made:—£25 for the Mariners' Benevolent Society, £25 for the Lifeboat Society, £30 for rewards to seamen meritoriously active in cases of shipwrecks, besides a number of good-conduct medals, both in gold and silver.

To speak of Lloyd's is to suggest a thousand interesting topics, and prove the policy, usefulness, and benevolence of such a society; but ample reason has been

given for our faith in this really noble City institution. How many must it save from ruin by its implied invitations to timely providence, and how greatly do the charities of its members, individually and collectively, lessen the dreary mass of human misery! If you have a tale of sorrow to tell, to alleviate which you solicit pecuniary aid, do you not first visit, almost as a matter of course, Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange?

## MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORK.

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VERY few of our readers have heard of Mrs. Salmon, the Tussaud of bygone days. Her waxen wonders, once universally admired, and produced at a cost of £500, were ultimately sold by auction for £50. Possibly some further particulars on the subject may not be without interest. I first noticed the toy-shop in Fleet-street where the museum in question was located in 1805. It had been popular for many years, and all country cousins expected to be treated to it. Of course, in the days before railroads, arrivals from the provinces were rare, and a Yorkshire bumpkin, or a genuine Welshman, was a thing to stare at; yet in a city like London, though its inhabitants were then under a million, there would be numerous idle or inquisitive folks, to whom a sight was quite a boon; and the "waxwork" was thought to be a really flourishing concern. Mrs. Salmon was a remarkable woman for that period, and though almost uneducated, her natural abilities were excellent. It occurred to her, when her worldly means were small—for she had been left a widow, and executrix to the poorest of properties, which must have been quickly eaten up if not improved—that there was an opening for some novelty of a generally attractive character. She made and sold toys, and had considerable



MRS SALMON'S WAX WORKS.



EXETER CHANGE.



skill in modelling ; might she not fashion a group of life-sized dolls—give them heads and faces resembling living people, and invite the public to visit her quiet folks, where, for a low fee, they could be introduced to court ladies and gentlemen, and even to royalty itself, without trouble, or the fear of being turned back as intruders ?

She selected the place for her exhibition with great judgment, installing her handiwork in an old pile of buildings possessing the accommodation of large rooms, close to one of the entrances of the Temple, and since known, in the occupation of an enterprising wig-maker, as the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, the exterior being curiously repaired and beautified. The house was unquestionably ancient, but early in the century its claims to antiquity were not so lofty, and now the glory seems wholly eclipsed, for the frontage has shrunk to one-half, in order to admit a prim modern erection. Here then, certainly as early as 1787, Mrs. Salmon set up her tent. Londoners were not nearly so exacting in those days, and criticism had not cut its teeth. It might say ill-natured things, but it was quite as likely to praise the most rubbishy production as the most elaborate. A mere stone-cutter was allowed to chip busts ; West was declared the *beau-idéal* of a painter ; the finest work of Reynolds was not more valued in the market than one of these meagre efforts.

Mrs. Salmon furnished her shop with a tempting assortment of toys—Dutch, English, and French ; Punch and Judy invited customers ; cricket-bats and chess-boards allured old and young ; while for her exhibition, which occupied the first and second floors, she practised a very ingenious sort of advertisement, though far less costly than modern appeals for patronage in the world's journal. She expended all her talent in constructing two admirable effigies of a beefeater and a match-woman, who on alter-

nate days kept guard at her door, offering to passing pedestrians highly eulogistic programmes of the wonderful waxwork collection upstairs. I was but a child when I first passed ; it was on a Monday, and Monday was devoted to the touting of Mrs. Matches. There she stood, a truly venerable-looking old body, supported on crutches, clad in a plain but clean gingham gown, with a book-muslin apron, mittens up to her elbows, a basket with matches in one hand, bills in the other, her bonnet (wide fronts were then in vogue) thrown back so as to draw attention to her head and face. The forehead was hung with a profusion of white horsehair ringlets, the grey eyes were as bright as glass could make them, the cheeks were rosy with carmine, and the lips had a dash of indigo—the whole in strange contrast with the yellowish paleness of the wax. I was astounded, and stood stock still, at the risk of being pushed down and trampled under foot. Of course, she was a real flesh-and-blood beggar-woman, but how stony still she stood—why did not she ask for a halfpenny? Why did she continually stare over the way? I could not see anything remarkable in that direction, yet still she stared. Moving on towards Bridge-street, the fascination of that persistent stare drew me back again ; would she be gone? No, there she was ; might I give her a halfpenny? I was too shy to take such a liberty, and once more looked homeward, but the old woman haunted me. Why did she stand at that door? Was the demand for matches so great in that neighbourhood? I passed the toy-shop again, but it was on a Tuesday, and Mr. Beefeater was on duty. A broad burly figure, à la Holbein, truncheon in hand, sword at waist, a ruff round his neck, a velvet cap with a black feather, a well-laced scarlet surtout, shoes with roses for buckles ; very red in the face, staring like the match-woman ; but, nevertheless, as I fancied, regarding me with a malicious eye. I felt rather afraid, and wished myself

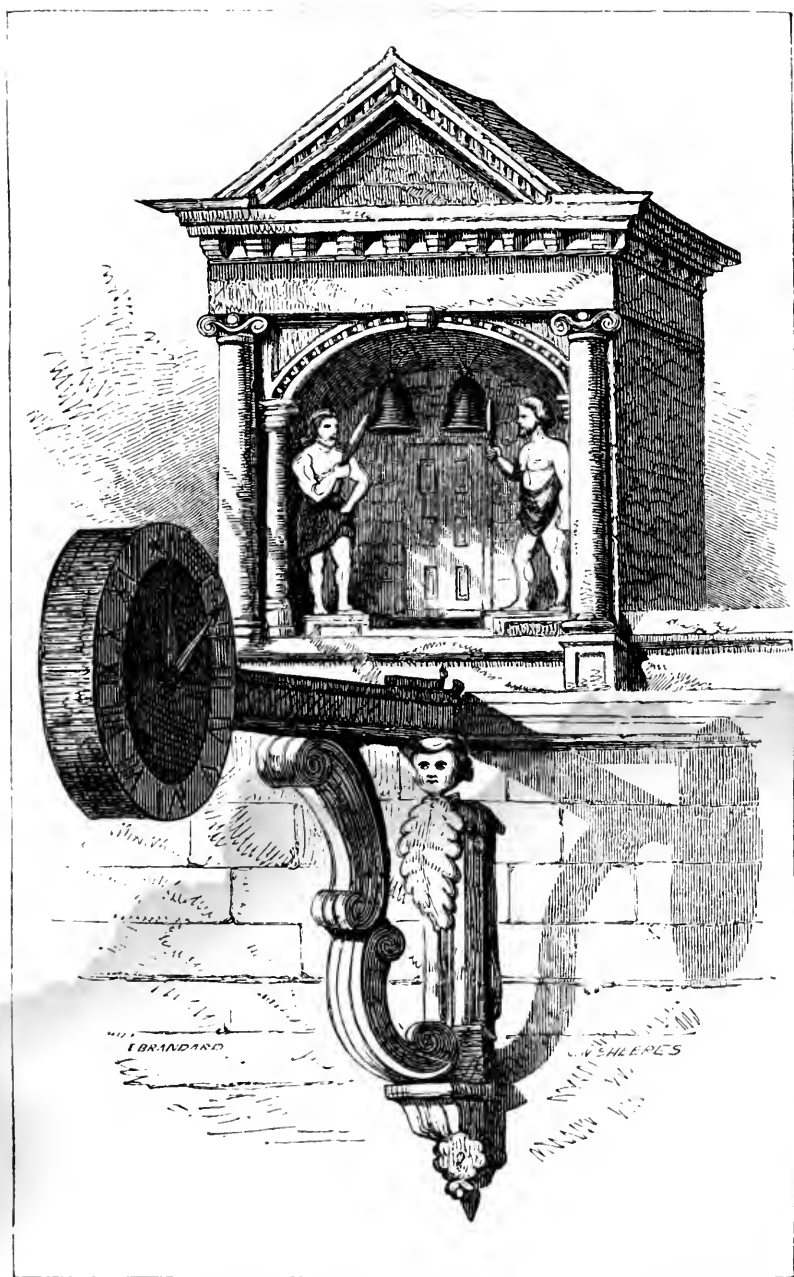


safely past so truculent an official. Those figures often formed part of my dreams ; and when, two years afterwards, I comprehended that they were dolls on a large scale, I could hardly get rid of my original fancies. Over the door was this intimation, "Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork, admission 6*d*." What a treat it would be to go upstairs ! If the beefeater and his wife were such wonders, how surprising must be the indoor curiosities ! When it was settled that sister and I should have a holiday to see the show, my delight was irrepressible. Still this was somewhat damped when we found the exhibition was given by lamplight ; indeed there was something dreamy in leaving the street to stumble up the darkened stairs, and find yourself all of a sudden groping about among a congregation of dead-alive ladies and gentlemen, who did not seem at all disposed to welcome you. Room I. rejoiced in some very august presences—King George, Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Duke of York, and other smaller Georgian scions, all as fine as velvet, false stones, and tinsel could make them. Mr. Pitt supported royalty on the one side, and Mr. Fox on the other. These in their turn were set off by General Wolfe, Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Devonshire, Abercromby, and Admiral Nelson. The likenesses were warranted, but we could not help thinking that there was a strong family resemblance in the whole party. Theodore, King of Corsica, riveted our attention, however, for he wore a beard (beards were novelties then), and looked fiercer than anybody else. Room II. contained various celebrities of that period, as Dr. Dodd, General Pichegru, John P. Kemble as Rolla, and Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catherine ; liberty Wilkes, with a cracked nose ; Mr. Incledon singing "The Storm" without notes, and Braham warbling a duet with Signora Storace. Rather incongruously, several bishops, with Whitefield and Wesley, were placed in juxtaposition with such suspicious

characters as Dick Turpin and the old Duke of Queensberry. Room III. represented quite a pastoral scene—shepherds and shepherdesses with lambs, and a goat or two, making violent love, in a mode scarcely proper, according to our politer notions. In the centre of this room there was a miniature wax man-of-war sailing on a sea of crown glass, and just over it waved a union jack of alarming dimensions—no doubt, as a proof of the proprietor's loyalty. Possibly this miscellaneous stock in trade might have cost Mrs. Salmon £500; but then it must have brought her a much larger sum; and when the auction took place, such perishable commodities were dear at any price. The public gradually began to credit itself with a taste, grew supercilious, and despised stuffed images with waxen masks. The treasury grew empty, and neither Mr. Beefeater nor the lady on crutches could replenish it. Even so the wonders of Baker-street will fade out, and some future register of antiquated wonders may hazard an inquiry about Madame Tussaud and her exhibition. The Mrs. Salmon of my bygone days, however, is still fresh in memory—the dust has not gathered over her quiet gentilities—the wax has not contracted a bilious hue—the tinsel and the carmine are as bright as possible—and, as I make a telescope of the long vista of years, the beefeater and the match-woman continue real and lifelike.\*

\* Certainly the late Madame Tussaud was a woman of genius. The name is still retained; but if there be such a personage at present, she can only be a degenerate scion of the illustrious inventor of the "Chamber of Horrors." How unfortunate that this gifted fashioner of waxen celebrities did not flourish in the days of Turpin and Eighteen-String Jack, those illustrious *beau-idéals* of classical highwaymen; for then we should have possessed indubitable representations of the chivalric heroes of the road who terrified our grandpas and delighted their beautiful daughters.





GIANTS AT OLD ST. DUNSTAN'S.

## THE GIANTS AT OLD ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET.

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ALAS, for the departing sights of London town ! The City barge, and with it a full moiety of the glories of Lord Mayor's Day—has been sold by auction for £150 (cost £2,000), a wonderful bargain ; though whether in its transition state it will ply between the bridges for penny passengers, or, mindful of its old swan-hopping feats, extend its voyages to Richmond for the benefit of Cockney tourists, does not appear. Astounding degradation ! Planks hitherto unpressed but by Mayors, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Common Councillors, must now submit to liberties from clerks, warehousemen, and apprentices. Instead of moving grandly along the silent highway through a November fog, to the sound of drums and trumpets, with a dignified consciousness of its destination—the Exchequer at Westminster, it will now be freighted with pleasure-seeking Londoners, entertained by a duet between a fiddle and a concertina. Shades of civic notabilities departed, if you are ever tempted to revisit “the glimpses of the moon,” may you not be looked for in dreary mood, a ghostly company, in the state cabin of the desecrated City barge ? What may Lord Mayors in future expect ? Are they destined to perform the journey to be sworn in on the uneasy cushion of a hired cab ; or even to go on foot ? Let

us hope, at least, that whatever reforms may happen as to the outward and visible street-show, that the Guildhall banquet will still flourish, and not a single tureen of turtle be wanting to the full tale of Corporation hospitality.

Many City wonders have silently dropped into darkness. Where is the Saracen's Head, so long the glory of Snow Hill? The effigy of the Belle Sauvage, which used to blaze on Ludgate—where? The Bull and Mouth, at St. Martin's-le-Grand, remains—not the large pre-Raphaelite original, but a pun perpetrated in stone, too mystical to attract much notice. Well may we mourn over such defunct points of interest; but what are such losses to one now almost forgotten, that of the giants at old St. Dunstan's Church? We are tempted to revive their memory, that all whom it concerns may be on the alert to prevent something still more afflicting and terrible.

Gog and Magog stand in unconscious security on their pedestals—not the originals, where, as we all remember, they stood sentinels over the clock, but spitefully disposed of in corners,—a doom vexing enough to exhaust the patience of these meekest of modern giants. Surely they are not reserved to be sold by auction, though possibly that was the fate of their brother Anakim in Fleet-street. You can hardly recollect them; many years have elapsed since their final disappearance, and we must refer to the oldest inhabitant for a faithful description of them. It might have been said of the queer old church where they did duty, "St. Dunstan's stops the way." The architect, with ingenious perverseness, had made it to project so strangely from the Fetter-lane side of the street, that the road and footway were miserably narrowed, and those who paused to view the performance of the giants in muddy weather—nine-tenths of the year—were sure to carry away more than they brought; for the first four-wheeler that passed could not fail to inflict a foul aspersion of miscellaneous filth.

In the recess formed by the projection of the church a painfully elaborate statue of Queen Bess was installed—ruffled, befurbelowed, and jewelled to a most ludicrous extent, with sceptre in hand and crown on head, looking defiance at the pedestrian crowd. The royal madam for whom it was intended could scarcely have seen it, or she would never have permitted so many wrinkles on her august face. In truth, the whole figure conveyed the idea of extreme age. We think the statue is perserved somewhere about the new church. The giants stood in front of the building, about 30 feet from the road, on a covered platform, each wielding a club—the bell being hung between them, which at the quarters, as well as whole hours, they struck, but so indolently, that spectators often complained that they were not well up to their work. The mechanism, too, was rough and clumsy. You could not help noticing the metal cord inserted in the club, to which its motion was due, the tall fellows who appeared to hold it being evidently a mere sham. Gog and Magog are giants in full dress. The pair at St. Dunstan's were nude almost to impropriety; their aprons were exceedingly narrow, and a rough, straggling, uncombed "fell of hair" formed the sole covering for the rest of their bodies. The strong men of Guildhall might pass muster at a royal levée, but the sons of Anak from Fleet-street could not have hoped to be endorsed by any well-principled lord-in-waiting.

That wicked wit, Peter Pindar, declares that when George III. inspected a colossal Hercules, quite guiltless of drapery, at the Royal Academy, his sense of propriety was so outraged that he exclaimed to the attendants, "The Queen—Queen's coming; clap a blanket round him!" and we think the giants in question would have required a crinoline petticoat—at least if introduced to fashionable society. In the days of their glory, however, they were

universally admired. Punch was hardly so popular, and scarce a single unit—man, woman, or child—of the living stream flowing by, failed to pause and pay them a look of recognition. Country folks and strangers to London were not content with a transient glance; they must not only gaze, but wait till the clubs were slowly upheaved and the dumb bell made vocal. Many persons made special visits to St. Dunstan's during the forenoon, from nine to twelve o'clock, as most favourable for the display of automaton power. At one or two o'clock the feat was over in a moment, but when ten, eleven, or twelve strokes were to be given, an opportunity was afforded to unravel the whole enigma, if one had faith enough to imagine any. Thus there was commonly a group of open-mouthed sight-seers, solemnly intent on the motions of those brawny arms, and mere business pedestrians were often obliged to step into the road for convenience. It is wonderful how small a matter suffices to collect a mob in our busy streets. It is related of Sheridan that he once made a wager to collect a large crowd at Charing Cross without the majority having the slightest idea why they stopped or what they were looking for. Selecting a dry day, he stood with a comrade on the kerb opposite Northumberland House, both gazing intently on the lion over the centre of the external wall. Several idlers, and there are plenty in such localities, quickly gathered round them, when Sheridan said to his friend, "I'm sure the lion moves his tail!" This marvellous announcement, whispered among the loungers, soon brought hundreds more. Sheridan and his companion presently slipped away, but a dense crowd collected, all staring at the lion, but not one in a hundred having any conception why.

The giants were less deceptive, for they were quite prepared to raise their clubs when the strokes were due; and parties who had no particular business on hand often



tarried for a second performance, unless discomfited by the earnest of a mud-bath. Of course such a gathering was dear to the hearts of the light-fingered gentry—"Take care of your pockets" was a necessary warning to all visitors at St. Dunstan's clock levée.

The church was scarce twenty doors from the waxwork, and the open-air exhibition was hardly inferior in attraction. Certainly my own opinion on first acquaintance was in favour of the Beefeater and his lady, not to speak of the splendid specimens upstairs; but then taste varies, and cheapness is not to be despised. Much of the charm in a show arises from the temper of the spectator, and the homeliest novelties will occasionally please when gewgaws of an elaborate sort are slighted. The finest statues of Phidias never gave greater delight to an educated admirer than a Dutch doll to the childish visitor of a toy-shop. Beauty exists as much in the eye as in the object, and the "Yorkshire-man just come to town" may have viewed the St. Dunstan's giants with as much unfeigned delight as could be felt by the pale student of the Elgin marbles.\*

\* Should any zealous antiquarian be anxious about the fate of the departed giants, we are happy to inform him that on their exit from Fleet-street they were most hospitably received by the late Marquis of Hertford, at his princely mansion in the Regent's Park, where they probably still do duty as guardians of the stable clock.

## TEMPLE BAR.



THIS heavy, unsightly gate, equally without the grace of the Grecian style or the gravity of the Gothic, was erected in 1672, only twenty-three years after the judicial murder of Charles I., and twenty years previous to the abdication of James II. A barrier, however, stood on the same spot many centuries earlier, probably from the original shutting in of London proper with gates and bars, the narrowness of the roadway being selected or specially prepared with a view to the facility it would afford to its defenders. Even when the present gate was set up, there was little between it and Westminster but open spaces. Portions of the ancient palace of the Somersets, the royal domain of the Savoy, and Buckingham House, with their extensive courtyards, occupied the intervening ground, but there were no continued lines of houses, no streets of shops, the "Strand" being still what its name implies — merely the river boundary. Looking back to the middle of the sixteenth century, all beyond the point in question was country, dotted at intervals with the residences of nobility, until you reached Charing Cross—a beautiful memorial erected by Edward I., on the spot where the body of his beloved queen rested the night previous to the interment in the Abbey. A straggling village took the same name; but

wide pasture and corn lands spread around the grand old palace of the Tudors.

London in those disturbed periods of our history was often the prey of factions within, or reduced to a state of siege from without. The trained bands and the civic authorities were far from enjoying a sinecure in the exercise of their functions. Sometimes an unruly gathering of apprentices broke into actual riot, alleging their violated privileges in excuse, or as the avowed partizans of a popular leader who might call in question the government of "our lord the king"; or a wild array of country folks, goaded to madness by some new grievance, invaded the City precincts, and headed by daring demagogues, as in the case of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, brought sword, fire, and rapine wherever they came. In addition to the security sought from the walls and gates of the metropolis, every street was provided, at short distances, with strong chains and posts, and in this manner the inbreak of unwelcome visitors was frequently checked. Thus the Earl of Essex, when he rose against Elizabeth, with a few desperate partizans, was brought to a standstill, and forced to a surrender by the citizens, who, from the necessities of those troublesome times, were, from their habits, capable of becoming excellent extemporary soldiers. Our Plantagenet and Tudor sovereigns almost constantly kept their court in the Tower, which often formed, to the same king, both a palace and a prison. Hence the keeping of the barriers was of great importance; and when any alarm of danger admitted of preparation for defence, the gates could soon be rendered capable of sustaining violent attacks for many days, and not unfrequently of wholly repulsing them. Before the general employment of gunpowder, it was far from easy, even for practised men-at-arms, to force an entrance through a narrow iron-plated door, commanded on all sides by sturdy defenders, showering down every

species of offensive missile, meeting battle-axe with battle-axe, and sword with sword. In Holinshed, Speed, and all our local chroniclers, repeated mention is made of such contests, and feats of heroic daring and endurance are alluded to, which fully prove that the world-wide character of Englishmen for gallantry and fidelity are not things of mere modern growth. Defoe, in his "True-born Englishman," alleges that our citizens are a mongrel breed, the offshoots of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, and he says it reproachfully; but is it not allowable to speak of our origin with pride, and do we not embody the virtues of all those nations? Julius Cæsar bore witness to the courage of our Briton progenitors:—

"When trenched with gashes deep and wide  
Each dying warrior firmly cried,  
'Oh, native land, I die for thee,  
Thy shrines, thy hearths, and liberty!'"

The Grand Monarque found a hero in Marlborough, and the star of Napoleon paled before the martial genius of Wellington.

A commonplace pedestrian, standing a-gaze at Temple Bar, finds little or nothing to excite his imagination; but a patriot or a poet feels his fancy kindling in the contemplation, and infuses vitality into those wormeaten stones. How suggestive they are! Over this very roadway, and under an arch with the same span as this—though the entrance was narrower—how many strange pageants, or stern, gloomy processions passed;—chivalrous champions of the cross returning from the Holy Land to their gorgeous house—the Temple; long trains of monks, with Wolsey in all his legatine glory, red-hatted and red-slippered, a haughty cardinal nigh to the popedom; Bolingbroke on his proud charger, and the faded Rose of York in sorrow and degradation; the crowned amazon,

Elizabeth, on her velvet crupper, tending to Old St. Paul's, to return thanks with her people for the discomfiture of the Armada; and the unhappy Stuart, rejected and scorned by the citizens, returning to Whitehall dissatisfied with his present prospects and dreading the future. Does any reader feel a craving for such stormy times? Let him recollect that no man's life was safe then. How many traitors' heads (so-called) have formed a ghastly ornament for that dismal gate! Hung—drawn—quartered—beheaded—disembowelled—what fearful significance is there in those words! The bravest, wisest, best of Englishmen—Surrey, More, Russell—perished on the scaffold; nor was this the fate of men only. Woman, in her beauty and innocence, died the same terrible death; woman, with her crown of grey hairs, experienced a similar foul dishonour. On spikes fixed over Temple Bar, London Bridge, and, indeed, over most buildings in the vicinity of great thoroughfares, the heads and members of the victims were placed *in terrorem*. There they mouldered slowly away, in sun and rain—the passers-by becoming so used to the horrid spectacle that it ceased to excite the smallest surprise, except that when there had been a recent sufferer, the curious stopped to ask, “What new head is that?” How familiar such sights were we may guess from Pepys, who, in his quaint journalizing, notices without the slightest comment indicating annoyance that this or that fresh head had mounted guard for the admonition of the public. Cruelty in a government and a people invariably go together; when kings and judges make light of human life, subjects quickly learn to regard the most barbarous punishments without the least concern. The Temple Bar of our day has now been standing almost two centuries. The mad, rollicking, royal buffoon, Charles II., has often passed through it, with Nell Gwynne or the shameless duchess, to revel at Guildhall with Mayors who, in their cups, thought

themselves as good as kings; James II. to his first and last civic banquet—an idol then, but soon to be a deposed exile; cold Dutch William, with his undaughterly Mary, and his foreign guards, amidst the ill-suppressed murmurs of his new subjects; “Good Queen Anne”—why was she so misnamed? can goodness consist in mere selfishness, or passive submission to the rule of subordinates?—the Georges; the hard, ignorant, unloveable Elector; George II., a graceless son, a bad husband, a licentious man, a weak king, sacrificing to the indulgence of pitiful appetites the best interests of his people; Caroline, his noble-minded queen, stooping too much to the vile tastes of her consort, but in most essential particulars illustrious on the throne and amiable in her more private life; the father of George III., Frederick, Prince of Wales, as weak and wicked as any of his ancestors, of whom Horace Walpole preserved and perhaps wrote the following epitaph:—

“ Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
I'd much rather.  
Had it been his mother,  
Better than another.  
Had it been his sister,  
Nobody would have missed her.  
Had it been his brother,  
Less mourned for than t'other.  
Had it been the whole generation,  
So much better for the nation.  
But since 'tis only Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead,  
There's no more to be said !”

George III., with numerous faults, but great excellencies—a religious man, an anxious parent, a firm-minded ruler, incapable of swerving a hair's breadth from what he believed to be right, honoured by his subjects living, and

mourned by them dead; snuffy Charlotte—such was the unkind epithet applied to a woman who, more than any of our queens, gave an example of high-toned morality to the Court. The wretched Caroline of Brunswick, she, too, threaded this gate in an open barouche, attired in white (was it emblematical of innocence?), on her way to the Cathedral, to give thanks for the failure of the Bill of Pains and Penalties; “the fair-haired daughter of the Isles,” Princess Charlotte, with her newly-wedded lord, Leopold, amidst the genuine enthusiasm of the citizens—how soon to be followed by their deep grief at her untimely death! A short interval, and then came the “dandy of sixty,” George IV., deafened by shouts of “Queen, queen,” “Where’s your wife?” and similar marks of contempt, and yet the most gifted of the Brunswicks, and possessed of qualities which, under happier circumstances, must have made him a truly great sovereign. Last through these gates, on a raw, foggy November day, came “Victoria our Queen,” a fair young girl, yet in her teens, to “sit above the salt” with the Lord Mayor. Every heart loved her then, and may we not justly add that all love and honour her now? Though we have seen a Princess Royal of her house pass in wedded state along the same road since that memorable day, which of us does not sincerely wish that she may long wear the crown which she becomes so well—that her mourning spirit may yet taste of peace, if not of joy; and that in her declining years—still very distant let us hope—she may realize the poet’s beautiful vision, and appear to her admiring subjects

“More bright, more glorious ere her race is run?”

The mutilation of State criminals, and the exposition in public places of their heads and limbs, was practised quite to the middle of the eighteenth century. Savage executions which would have disgraced the most barbarous

condition of society were comparatively common among intelligent and highly cultivated Englishmen; so difficult is it to abolish old modes of punishment, however much they may outrage our common humanity. In 1715, after Mar's rebellion, several of the Jacobite leaders were decapitated, and their heads exposed at Temple Bar. In 1745, the final effort of the young Chevalier, which ended so bloodily at Culloden, was followed by various executions, and among others of Balmerino and Lord Lovat, whose heads were disposed of in a similar manner, and the remains of these unhappy men remained for many years exposed in the chief thoroughfare of London, to awe or disgust the passengers. So late as 1772, Dr. Johnson, walking with Oliver Goldsmith through Temple Bar, looking up, remarked that perhaps it was a wonder his own head did not figure there, since he, too, was a Jacobite. I can just remember the execution, with all the savage inflictions on the senseless carcase, of Colonel Despard, who was convicted of endeavouring to seduce the soldiery to revolt, though the whole plot afforded strong evidence of insanity. Much more recently, Thistlewood, Ings, and the other Cato-street conspirators, were first hanged, then cut down alive (such was the sentence), their heads severed from their bodies, and while the bleeding ball, held by the hair, was shown to the mob, the executioner exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!" Since then there has been no execution for treason, and the Draconian portion of our criminal code appears to have fallen into desuetude; for whereas twelve and even twenty victims were once usual on the monthly hanging day, so many are not now put to death over the whole country in a whole year. A happy change, surely; the ministers of justice should be "sacrificers, not butchers," and when human life must be taken to vindicate the majesty of the law, let the awful deed be performed for example, and not



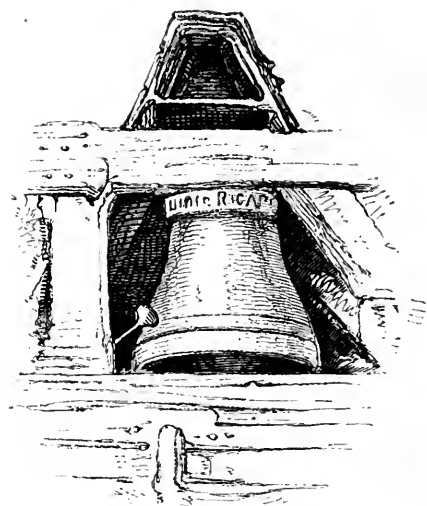
for vengeance—let the sword that falls on the culprit be wielded of necessity, and not in anger.

Of course the timber frame-work and doors of Temple Bar have often been renewed since its erection in 1672. After the victory at Tráfalgar, when it was settled that the corpse of the heroic admiral should be interred under the dome of St. Paul's, the City magnates resolving that the Bar must be closed on the advancing funeral procession, it became necessary to hang new doors; the old pair had not been shut for a long series of years, and were literally rotting from the hinges. They then remained untouched for upwards of forty years, but had again to be repaired before the sepulchral glories ordained to honour the burial of our mighty Iron Duke could claim and receive admission with due ceremony. The plumes and ornaments of the funeral car rose so far above the coffin, that some pantomime trickery had to be tolerated—the trophies were made moveable, and were drawn down to enable the car to pass through the gate. An arrangement too of odd theatrical finery covered and heightened the arch, so as to give it a far more pretentious appearance than usual. How long it takes to make a just taste national! How seldom elaborate out-of-door exhibitions, so rare in London, are allowed to assume the simple impressiveness which the bringing together of immense masses would at once give! On the day of the Wellington funeral probably a million of people were in the streets, and every unit of that mighty gathering was unfeignedly anxious to do honour to the departed hero. Yet those who saw the procession pass through Temple Bar must have had their gravity very uncomfortably disturbed by the miserable attempt at incongruous display there hazarded. Indeed, it was scarcely less absurd than the non-action of the machinery intended to raise the coffin from the car to the entrance of the Cathedral. That difficulty sur-

mounted (but it took nearly an hour) all that followed was solemn and often sublime. The burning cressets, hung in what seemed to be boundless space around the dome—the fitful organ-burst—the awful choral service—and the vast assemblage of the noble in rank and illustrious in mental greatness—the occasion and its moral influence, constituted a whole of unequalled grandeur. Such a spectacle cannot be realised again in our age. Coronations since that of George IV. have been given with “maimed rites,” and we must wait till we lose another field-marshal like him of Waterloo before public gratitude can assume a similar shape.

Within the last twenty or thirty years the civic authorities have frequently deliberated as to the wisdom of entirely removing Temple Bar, and in 1856 it was loudly declared that the old gate was to be levelled, and a commodious roadway obtained. These determinations, if ever made, led to no change. The ancient metropolitan barrier continues intact, and while the various memories and associations connected with it crowd around us, while we own that such a main artery of traffic as Fleet-street needs a wider outlet, we can hardly desire it to be provided by the removal of Temple Bar.





OLD BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.



LONDON STONE.

## LONDON STONE.

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“CURSED be he that removeth the old landmarks,” is the solemn warning of the great Hebrew legislator, and their importance in the primitive days, when neither surveying nor map-making were among the necessary arts, may be easily understood. The Assyrian, keeping flocks on the vast plains of his native land, had no guiding points save the stars in heaven and the stones that divided pasture from pasture on earth. Sometimes, too, such memorials indicated the locality of water-springs, and to remove, or destroy them might be attended with the most fatal consequences. When Laban and Jacob parted for the last time, a stone was set up to mark their respective bounds: to overpass it would have made them enemies. In their long journeyings the patriarchs invariably piled up stones altar-wise, and often, no doubt, with a double purpose, as a mark of grateful homage to their Almighty Father, and as a sign for direction in future wanderings. Such must have been the origin of the mile-stones, which, in all countries pretending to civilisation, however imperfect, were placed along the more frequented roads, to save the traveller from mistaking his path, and to indicate opportunities for rest and refreshment. Occasionally such memorials were erected to mark the spots where important events had occurred; the separating trench between neigh-

bouring nations, or the goodly river that watered more than one country, had similar rude piles of masonry raised, to settle where the territorial possessions of different sovereigns commenced or terminated. Thus our ideas of boundary stones rise in importance from various considerations, which, at first, did not appear obvious, and we find that it was perfectly reasonable to invest them with a sacred character. Even religious ceremonies were employed to consecrate them and protect them from the sacrilegious hand of change.

London Stone, the *lapis millaris* of our Roman conquerors, a fragment of puzzling antiquity, standing against, or rather in, the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon-street, closely adjoining to Watling-street, after repeated changes, and reduced to a mere shell of worn, wormeaten stone, must still excite the curiosity and interest of those who find in such decaying remnants of past ages a link to connect them with the present. Though now hardly noticed, it was once regarded with reverence, from a strange superstition that the fate of the City depended upon it—that the fortunes of London depended upon its preservation, as Troy on its Palladium, or the destinies of Scotland on the misshapen mass of granite let into the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey.

Since Camden's time, antiquaries have pronounced this stone a Roman milliary, or rather as the *milliarium aureum* of Britain, from which the Romans began the measurement of their military ways, as from a centre. A confirmation of this notion is thought to be gathered from the coincidence which its distance bears with the neighbouring stations marked in the "Itinerary" of Antonine. Sir Christopher Wren, however, concluded—so we read in the "Parentalia"—that, "by reason of its large foundation, it was rather some more considerable monument in the Forum, for in the adjoining ground to the south, upon

digging for cellars after the Great Fire, were discovered some tessellated pavements and other extensive remains of Roman workmanship and buildings." Probably it might have resembled the *milliarium aureum* at Constantinople, which was not in the form of a pillar, but of a roofed building, under which stood statues of Constantine and Helena, Trajan, an equestrian statue of Hadrian, a figure of Fortune, and many other decorations. "This proves that London Stone was once of great magnitude." During the confusion after the Great Fire, it was, no doubt, terribly mutilated, and lost much of its traditional grandeur. It is by no means unlikely that it was even anterior to the Roman invasion; Strype evidently believes it was—who can tell? It might have been a Druidical altar, coeval with Stonehenge. The ancestors of Carac-tacus or Boadicea might have sat enthroned upon it; King Lud, if not a myth, might have entertained King Arthur, if not equally so, before the ancient witness-stone; and its real antiquity may make the dates we possess quite modern.

Stow, speaking of Walbrook, says, "On the south side of this highe streete, neere unto the channell, is pitched upright a great stone, called London Stone, fixed in the grounde very deepe, fastened with bars of iron, and other-wise stronglie set, that if cartes do run against it through negligence the wheeles be broken, and the stone itselfe unshaken. The cause why this stone was there set, the verie time when, or other memorie thereof, is there none; but that the same has long continued there is manifest—namely, since, or rather before, the time of the Conquest; for in the ende of a fayre written gospell booke, given to Christchurch, in Canterburie, by Ethel-stane, King of the West Saxons, I find noted of lands or rents in London, belonging to the said church, whereof one parcel is described to lye neere unto London Stone." Of

later times, we read that "in the year of Christ 1135, the first of Stephen, a fire, which began in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto the London Stone, consumed all east to Ealdgate" (Aldgate). "Some have saide this Stone to have been sett as a marke in the middle of the Citie within the walls; but in truth it standeth farre nearer unto the River Thames than to the walls of the Citie. Some others have said the same to be set for the tendering and making of payments by debtors to their creditors at their appointed daies and times, till they came to be made at the Exchange. Some again have imagined it to be set up by one John or Thomas Londonstone, dwelling there against it; but more likely it is that such men have taken the name of the Stone, rather than the Stone of them, as did John at Noke, Thomas at Stile, William at Wall, &c."

Fabian, in the prologue to his chronicle, is thought by Maitland and Malcolm to allude to this old-world monument. Rome, Carthage, and Jerusalem have been cast down, with many other cities, says he, yet

"Thys so oldely founded,  
Is so surely grounded,  
That no man may confound it.  
It is so sure a stone  
That it is upon sette;  
For tho' some have it thrette  
With Manasses grym and great,  
It hurte had yt none.  
Chryste is the very stone  
That the Citie is set upon,  
Which from all his foon,  
Hath ouer preserved it.  
By means of dyvyne service,  
That in continuall wyse  
Is kept in devout guyse  
Within the mure of it."

Holinshed mentions the Stone in his account of the



insurrection of Jack Cade. "When," says he, "the rebel had forced his way into the capital, he struck his sword upon London Stone, exclaiming, 'Now is Mortimer lord of the City'"—"as if," as Pennant remarks, "that had been a customary mode of taking possession." Various other notices of the Stone will occur to readers of the old chronicles, and it is impossible to doubt that it was for many ages quite a national relic. Strype writes, "This Stone, before the Fire of London, was much worn away, and, as it were, but a stump remaining; but it is now for its preservation cased over with a new stone, handsomely wrought, cut hollow underneath so as the old stone may be seen; the new one being over it to shelter and defend the old venerable one." The inclosing stone was in shape something like a Roman altar or pedestal, which covered the antique fragment, "now not much larger than a bombshell, which might be seen through an opening in front near the top."

Up to this time the Stone stood on the south side of Cannon-street, but in December, 1742, it was removed to the kerb on the north side, exactly opposite. In 1798 it was again removed. St. Swithin's Church was about to be repaired, and some of the parishioners who had no sympathy with ancient times doomed it to final destruction as an old nuisance, when Mr. Thomas Marden, a worthy printer, of Sherborne-lane, having some reverence for the crumbling, despised fragment, prevailed on one of the churchwardens to have it fixed against the wall of the sanctuary. We trust it has now found a final resting-place, thanks to the good feeling of this excellent citizen.

Shall we venture to moralize on London Stone? Once it was, probably, the object of idolatrous reverence; then, as the centre of a great military station, venerated by legionaries, prætors, consuls, emperors. Julius Cæsar may have mused at its base; and there Septimus Severus might

have felt the first warnings of approaching death. Then, during the dark ages, a mystical stone, believed by the citizens essential to the prosperity of London; after a century or two, indebted to antiquarian zeal for its preservation; and, finally, in danger of being removed as a nuisance, and only saved to preach from the church wall on that most moving of all texts, "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

## BRITISH AND ROMAN CEMETERIES IN AND NEAR LONDON.

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IN looking over some volumes of Stow, Casaubon, and Wren, for quite a different purpose, I was much struck by the accounts given of ancient burial-places in and around the metropolis, and have here condensed the more interesting. It was one of the laws of the Twelve Tables that no Roman should be buried within the City; it would have shown our legislative wisdom had we followed the example of that wonderful people much earlier. Latimer, however, in a sermon at Paul's Cross, recommended that intramural interments should be forbidden by law.

When established in London, a portion of ground at the eastern quarter was set apart by them as a cemetery. This was first shown in the reign of Elizabeth, when some excavations were made in Spitalfields. These discoveries are recorded by Stow. "On the east side of the graveyard of St. Mary Spittle lieth a large field, originally called Solesworth, which, in 1576, was broken up for brick clay, when many urns were found full of ashes and burnt bones of men (Romans no doubt) who dwelt here." Burning was their customary mode of disposing of the dead. In each urn was deposited a single piece of copper money, with the name of the reigning Emperor, as Claudius, Vespasian, Nero, and others. Urns of white earth were also met with, having long necks and handles. They were empty,

but had evidently contained some liquid which had long since soaked through. With these were phials and glasses, very finely wrought, some of crystal, all having water in them, nothing differing in clearness, taste, or smell from common spring water. Some of the glasses contained oil, others were thought to have been filled with balm; many of these were broken when taken up. Besides these, dishes and cups of a bright red colour, and bearing a high polish, like coral, were discovered. At the bottom of each were Roman letters printed. There were also lamps of red and white earth, wrought with various figures about them, one especially of Pallas. "I kept," says Stow, "one urn with the ashes and bones; one pot of white earth, in the shape of a hare squatted upon her legs, and between her ears is the mouth of the pot."

In the same field many coffins were disinterred, full of human bones, probably of Britons or Saxons, dying after the Roman rule began. Numerous skulls and bones without coffins were met with. Among these were mixed "great nails of iron," each as big as a man's finger, and a quarter of a yard long. These nails produced much astonishment. Some thought the men there buried had been murdered by driving those nails into their heads—an unlikely thing, since a smaller nail would have been as effectual. "To set down what I know of this, I saw a skeleton, the head lying north and the feet south, and hard by many such nails. Doubtless they were coffin nails, which was a trough cut out of some great tree, covered with a plank, fastened down with such nails, for round the broad heads of some of them was the old wood sheath turned into earth."

In the reign of James I. Casaubon speaks of the same field. "I went thither when a boy, and saw one of the graves newly opened, in which a large skull and some coins were found. The skull had been broken by the

spade, but its size being remarkable, the king was told of it, who ordered that the fragments should be put together, and then being measured the proportion equalled a bushel in the compass of it." Casaubon thought it was a giant's skull, but other antiquaries supposed it to be that of an elephant. A curious Roman ossuary, or urn, of glass, also found in Spitalfields, was presented to the Royal Society by Wren, who describes it as capacious enough to hold six quarts. "It was enriched by five parallel circles, and had a handle, with a very short neck and a wide mouth of white metal."

In 1615 a burial-place was discovered at Shadwell, when gravel was dug up for ballast. Various urns were found, a coin of Ripineus—slain about the year 237—and two coffins, one of stone, with the bones of a man, and the other of lead, ornamented with scallop shells, contained those of a woman, at whose head and feet were two urns, each of the height of three feet; and at the sides some beautiful red earthen bottles, with several lachrymatories of hexagon and octagon forms, and two ivory sceptres each eighteen inches long, the figure of a small Cupid, very elegant, as were two jet ornaments. Probably this was the grave of some native princess.

When the ground was in course of excavation for the new cathedral, Wren came upon the site of an old cemetery, of which the following notice from his own notes is given in the "Parentalia":—"Under the later graves were the burial-places of the Saxon times. They lined their graves with chalk stones, though some had coffins of solid stone. Below these were British graves, where were found ivory and boxwood pins about six inches long in great abundance. The bodies were wrapped and pinned in woollen shrouds, which soon decayed. This was at a depth of eighteen feet, and belonged to the colony when Romans and Britons lived and died together. The most remark-

able urns, lamps, lachrymatories, and sacrificial vessels, were found deep in the ground, towards the north-east corner of Cheapside. They were in general of admirable workmanship. A vessel like a basin, whereon was depicted Charon with his oar, receiving a naked ghost, a patera sacrificales, with the inscription PATER CZO. A small urn of hard earth of a leaden colour; many fragments of urns with the potters' names embossed; a sepulchral lamp, with palm branches, thought to be Christian, and two glass lachrymatories."

These relics were met with about a clay pit, sunk by the Roman potters, under the north-east angle of the modern choir.

When Bishopsgate Church (St. Botolph) was rebuilt, 1725, urns, pateræ, and various Roman antiquities, with a coin of Antoninus Pius, were found, and a vault, arched with Roman bricks, fourteen feet deep, containing two skeletons. Dr. Stukeley also saw there a Roman grave, constructed with large tiles twenty-one inches long, which preserved the corpse from the damp soil. On building the church of St. George's-in-the-East, 1715, similar discoveries were made about seven feet below the surface. Gibbs, when he built his noble church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 1722, found in digging a Roman brick arch, many "buffaloes' heads," and Sir Hans Sloane discovered there, in a stone coffin, a bell-shaped glass vase. In June, 1774, in sinking foundations for a sugar-house in the parish of St. Mary-at-Hill, two clay vessels were found under the pavement of an old cellar. They contained an abundance of silver Saxon coins, and some Norman ones, pennies of Edward the Confessor, of Harold II., and William the Conqueror; digging deeper, bones of men and children were found confused with fragments of Roman bricks and coins of Domitian in brass, thus strangely mingling together the remains of several races,

living at remote periods, and having nothing in common but this their final resting-place.

Shakspeare speaks of "sermons in stones," and surely we may gather many touching homilies among these confused sepulchres of departed nations. They were all "bone of our bone," the "kith and kin" of us Englishmen of to-day. The solemnity of a grave-yard, where "the poor inhabitants below" are of one family, speaking the same language, and bearing the same name, should surely be a corrective of the "vain pride of life"; but when Romans, Britons, Saxons, and Normans lie buried in chronological layers on the same site, as if to economise the few feet of earth needed for each, the lesson becomes awfully suggestive.

Let us imagine that another decade of centuries has rolled away, and that a moralist of the time is busied among the ruins of some metropolitan cemetery, and adds to the discoveries of Stow, Casaubon, and Wren sepulchral fragments and relics of art due to more modern ages, coins of the Georgian era inclosed in foundation vases, and marbles chiselled by the subjects of Queen Victoria. Could the stern text on human nothingness, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," be brought out more forcibly? When Virgil stood and mused on the fatal Emathian plain, fattened with the blood of slaughtered Romans, slain in the madness of civil war, his imagination in its onward course grew prophetic, and he bodied forth in his glorious poetry a period when conqueror and conquered would be forgotten, and their burial-places, deeply hidden under the accumulating earth, would be ruthlessly turned up by the plough:—

"Then, after length of time, the lab'ring swains  
Who break the turf of those unhappy plains,  
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrow take,  
And over empty helmets pass the rake—  
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,  
And mighty reliques of gigantic bones."

Our field of meditation is far wider than this. Virgil mourned over the victims of intestine war, but had no anticipation of the final ruin of imperial Rome; but we, the descendants of the Britons subdued by his countrymen, live in a city where, at every step, we find witnesses "that silently persuade us what we are," and point to the common burial-pit of Roman, Briton, Saxon, Norman—not slain by Cæsar, but by Cæsar's master—Death!



## LONDON AUCTIONS.

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FASHION influences auctions as much as costume. A century ago the City proper, then comparatively quiet and thinly inhabited, was the daily haunt of beaus and wits from the Court, and the coffee-houses were thronged with physicians and authors. Pepys and his gay companions often took their coffee (then a costly beverage) within the sound of Bow bells; and sales by auction at Garraway's frequently included books, pictures, and articles of *vertu*. Fine ladies visited the neighbourhood of 'Change, for bargains of old china, and the daintiest silks and requisites for female dress were to be met with in Cheapside. All this is changed; commerce is the great Diana of our busy citizens; business leaves no space for pleasure on the thronged pavement; ladies have become specialties, except at the Bank, when dividends are in course of payment; and the auctions are confined to estates, tea, indigo, and timber. Sotheby, Christie and Manson are the high-priests who must be retained to transfer your library or your picture gallery to the highest bidder; and their florid eloquence, modelled after George Robins, so disguises the objects of sale, that you hardly recognize your own books or paintings. When, however, the paternal acres change proprietors, or, groaning under a heavy mortgage, must be brought to the hammer, or a re-

versionary interest has to be realized, or a rich Equitable policy is to be turned into cash, you will be ill-advised if you do not send them to the Auction Mart, where, in the hands of some steady-going professor, they are sure to fetch the utmost value.

The Mart is a modern institution. When I was a young man it was my favourite haunt, for it was a capital place to study character, and penetrate some of the mysteries of our nature. Besides, I was idle then, and it looked like business to attend auctions. True, I had no biddings to offer, but those who jostled me might give me credit for the control of thousands, and the rather because I never opened my mouth. Entering the Mart from Bartholomew-lane, you find yourself in a spacious hall, plentifully furnished with advertisements of the coming sales, and especially with a programme of the day's work, full descriptions being given as to each property about to be disposed of, and the terms of sale legally defined. Two minutes before one o'clock, a bell rings, and the intending purchasers ascend a broad staircase leading to the various auction rooms. When I was a visitor, there were occasional sales of remnant china and glass, which were the only approach to fancy lots I ever met with. I bought my first tea-set there, a great bargain, and I treasure it still, as an eloquent though silent witness for the past.

One day the large room was inconveniently crowded, and not merely with amateurs, but with veritable capitalists, rich enough to subscribe for a loan or buy up a million of Exchequer bills. A noble mansion and grounds, with a well-stocked farm, and a thousand acres of excellent corn land, were to be sold. The hammer autocrat ascended his pulpit. He gave a rapid but tempting outline of the property. "And what do you say," quoth he, "for this incomparable estate? I am instructed to dispose of it all in a single lot. What will you permit me to offer for this

princely property? Gentlemen, I have practised as an auctioneer for now more than thirty years, and I am certain nothing so unique ever came into my hands. Title indisputable, mansion first-rate, grounds beautiful, farm quite a model, land wonderfully productive—what sum shall I say?" There was no reply for some minutes. Each expected bidder closed his lips with an expression of great sternness. Each pocket was buttoned closely. Who would begin? An insignificant-looking man, in a threadbare frock-coat, took courage, and in a small, squeaking voice, said, "Ten thousand pounds." "Thank you, Sir Horace. Who will mend this very inadequate bidding?" "Twelve thousand," "Fifteen thousand," "Twenty thousand," were rapidly offered, by three individuals, whose appearance to an ordinary observer was anything but promising. "Going, going, for £20,000—about a fourth of the value. Mr. Bullion, do you not bid? Such an opportunity will never occur again. Thank you, sir, £22,000. Going for £22,000. Allow me to state there is no reserve, the property must be sold." The biddings were now smaller, but they came more readily, and in about twenty minutes the sum offered was £35,050. Great excitement prevailed, whispers passed from ear to ear, the auctioneer slowly raised his hammer, while he said in a deprecating tone, "Gentlemen, it is impossible you can mean this noble estate should be sold so miserably under price. Going for £35,050." This stimulated some lingering buyers, till the sum offered rose to £38,000. "Sir, I shall be obliged to declare the property yours at this sum. I shall only wait five minutes more, that nobody may be taken by surprise. Going, for the last time, at £38,000." A sturdy, broad-backed citizen, standing in a corner, who looked anxious, but had made no offer, ventured a step in advance by bidding another £500; this led to various additional £100 biddings, and after a very smart contest,

the hammer finally fell at an offer of £40,000. "Mr. Omnium," said the auctioneer, "allow me to congratulate you on your splendid purchase, so much below the value. If you would like to sell it again when the funds are not so tight, I am satisfied it will bring you £50,000."

I have witnessed many such scenes as this, and few things prove the wealth of London more strikingly than the facility with which such costly property finds a market, unless, perhaps, the fact, that when the Indian loan for £300,000 was proposed very recently, offers for £1,300,000 were immediately obtained. Surely the dirty uncomely statue of our Queen on 'Change might be smartened up a little. What if a gilded or golden image, like that on the plain of Dura, were substituted?

The trade sales of tea, indigo, cotton, and other commodities in bulk, are dry, business transactions. None but authorized agents attend, and vast sums are transferred in an incredibly short time, in the merest *pro forma* manner; yet under this dull routine disguise, a spirit of reckless gambling frequently prevails, and dealers rush into bargains of the most perilous nature with the slightest possible consideration. So many of the citizens are located in the suburbs, that few private sales now occur; yet occasionally a faded drugget dangling from the window, ticketed with a staring auction bill, setting forth that the articles catalogued are to be sold "by order of the executor," or "of a gentleman removing," or, plainer still, "by order of the Sheriff," preclaims emphatically the final breaking up of some once happy home. Death sometimes, and extravagance oftener, lead to this unceremonious ejection of the household gods; but unpreventible misfortune is frequently the cause, and we ought never to forget the wide-spreading affliction such daily wrecks of family peace occasion. Persons who visit these auctions are content to elbow the dealers in second-rate furniture with the hope

of securing bargains. They profess little sympathy, and feel less, for the wretched beings who watch in despairing silence the dispersion of the few poor conveniences which must no longer minister to their comfort. Passing through Charterhouse-square, a few months since, I noticed the usual insignia of a sale, and entered a house filled with noisy dealers and a sprinkling of private purchasers. The furniture was lotted out, not a stick or rag omitted. The auctioneer was already in his rostrum, around which over fifty persons were grouped—some anxious about a favourite lot, some listlessly thumbing their catalogues, and a few confirmed time-killers yawning in very weariness. An elderly woman, shrugging her shoulders, whispered to her neighbour, “I always expected this; the poor gentleman was too liberal by half; I have seen him give sixpence when I only gave a halfpenny, and his wife was so fine a lady that nothing but ruin could come of it.” A man in a fustian jacket pressed forward to bid for a lot of earthenware, and, finding it gone, exclaimed, “No matter, they were too fine for me, and may be master that’s dead would have done better with meaner ware.” “Yes, truly,” drawled out a sour-looking hunchback, “he was only a beggarly placeman, and did not sweat for his bread like you and I; but pride will have its fall, that’s my comfort.” A grey-headed servant of the house mutters to himself, “You unfeeling brute!” A woman in deep mourning was in the room. It is the widow. A beautiful fancy wood writing-desk is put up. “Shall I begin with ten guineas?” says the auctioneer. The mourner offers five. Seven pounds is bid; the widow adds ten shillings, but in a few minutes it is knocked down at £8 to a stranger, and the bereaved lady leaves the room in silent sorrow. Did the careless purchaser understand the wound she had inflicted on the helpless sufferer? That desk was her husband’s gift on their marriage!

Otway has described a similar scene in the following noble lines :—

“ I passed this very moment by thy doors,  
And found them guarded by a troop of villains ;  
The sons of public rapine were destroying  
They told me, by the sentence of the law,  
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.  
Here stood a ruffian, with a horrid face,  
Lording it o’er a heap of massive plate,  
Tumbled into a heap for public sale ;  
There was another making villainous jests  
At thy undoing ; he had ta’en possession  
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments,  
Rich hangings intermixed, and wrought with gold.  
Thy very bed was violated  
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon slaves,  
And thrown amidst the common lumber !”

Very recently, a crying nuisance was tolerated in — Street ; a mock auction, to plunder the unwary, was in constant activity. A smart open shop, full of plated goods, staring jewellery, and china vases, warranted real Dresden, attracted the gaze of the country bumpkin or the loitering clerk. In each window there was an announcement of instant sale, at an immense sacrifice. Some half-dozen spectators, hired at a shilling per diem, were grouped round the auctioneer’s rostrum. The moment an unwary inquirer crossed the threshold, the imaginary sale commenced ; a pair of massive silver (so-called) candlesticks, was probably the first lot. The twelve-penny men each made an offer, and if bumpkin aforesaid ventured on the slightest advance, the precious goods were instantly knocked down to him, and of course he found, on examining his treasure, that the “massive silver candlesticks” were of common white metal, slightly washed over. Or a beautiful pearl ornament (glass beads filled with white wax) was the prize to be competed for. Some

stray clerk longed for it as a gift to his dear wife Patty, or his fair affianced one, and ventures to outbid the zealous touters who are jostling him. Down goes the hammer. "Yours, sir, and only £3 10s.," the probable value being 3s. 6d. Yet this barefaced fraud was allowed to go on under the very nose of the Lord Mayor for many months. It may be urged that simpletons so easily imposed upon deserve no protection. Certainly their folly was egregious; yet the police of a great city like London should not have winked at such tricks for a single hour.

It is not a little curious to observe that at auctions generally the most indifferent articles, whether of furniture, plate, or jewellery, will fetch a high price, while the conscientious tradesman's honest specimens of good work at a fair charge remain unpurchased. In the auction-room a spirit of competition is excited; the coolest heads grow hot when A or B engages in a contest for some lot for which he has no use, and which he would never think of buying in the ordinary way. It would be so pleasant to get the coveted cheffonier, or elegant silver waiter, which a neighbour is so anxious to possess. Indeed, lots are eagerly purchased, merely because they seem to be bargains, as if anything could be cheap which you do not want. I knew a gentleman who bought a lot of brass cannon, merely because the price was so low. He kept them in a lumber room for twenty years, and then they were sold by his executors as old metal. Another lover of bargains conceived a passion for the old masters, and secured at high prices dozens of genuine specimens of Raphael, Titian, and Rubens, all manufactured for the Wardour-street market, and scarcely worth the canvas they were painted on.

The reader smiles, and thinks it "passing strange;" but does he reflect how often he has been ensnared by the specious window-dressing of the shops about Cornhill and

Cheapside? In truth, they are auctions on a small scale, and sadly damaging to green lads sighing for knick-knacks, gold chains, so marvellously cheap—watches, at such a low figure, the fine gold entirely on the surface, and the watches hardly more trustworthy than those in gilt gingerbread, once so much in demand at Bartholomew Fair. Of course, we know there are establishments for the sale of plate, jewellery, and watches where the merest child would be certain to get the full value for his money; but there are tradesmen (do they merit the name?) who seek their profits by the open practice of deceptions gross enough to warrant a worse name, vending base metal for gold, though with the smallest mixture of the precious ore, and disgracing the City in the eyes of foreigners by selling lumps of coloured crystal for precious stones. Such dishonest shopkeepers carry on mock auctions of the most disreputable kind, and bring lasting odium on the citizens of the noblest metropolis in the world. Dealings of this sort, too, apart from their palpable dishonesty, are highly impolitic, and cannot but end in exposure and disgrace. The old style of plodding shopkeepers were not so short-sighted. If a customer came once, they wished to ensure a second visit, and this they did by serving him fairly. Of course, they must have a profit, but they did not crave 90 per cent. Robin Conscience laments the trickery of London dealers; but his account proves that the black commercial sheep of his day were absolutely blameless when contrasted with some of the unblushing tricksters who practise legerdemain behind sheets of plate-glass and in a blaze of gas.



## SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

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THE patriotism and high character of this remarkable man would have earned him distinction in whatever situation Providence might have placed him, and on the long list of our London worthies he justly occupies a very exalted place. In the estimate of great moral eminence it is too common to exclude from the trial persons whose claim to notice has been established in a life of commercial activity, as if trade were a blot on the aspirant's escutcheon; but such narrow-minded critics will do well to remember the poet's maxim—

“Honour and fame from no condition rise :

Act well your part—there all the merit lies.”

The Exchange, of which we have already spoken, is a proud monument to the liberality and public spirit of Gresham; but he had other claims to distinction, and it may be profitable to devote some space to an outline of his biography. The loving chronicler says of him, “He was the worthy descendant of the right worshipful, ancient, pious, loyal, and charitable family of Gresham, in Norfolk.”

Sir Richard, his father, and Sir John Gresham, his uncle, the former of whom was Lord Mayor in 1537, and the latter in 1547, were both first-class merchants, and were often consulted by the Government, on account of

their knowledge of national interests as regarded commerce. Sir Richard was once agent for Henry VIII. on the Continent, and to him the citizens owed the first suggestion of a bourse or exchange, which was eventually carried out by his illustrious son. We give a letter on the subject from Sir Richard Gresham to Sir Thomas Audeley, then (1531) Lord Privy Seal:—"The last yere I shewyd your lordship a platte, that was drawn out for to make a goodly burse in Lombard-streete, for merchantes to repaire unto. I doo suppose yt wylle coste two thousand pounds and more, whyche shall be very beautyfulle to the Citty, and also for the honour of our soveraigne Lord the King. And if you send letters from His Highness to Sir George Moneux, who owneth certaine houses in Lombard-streete, commanding him to sell them to the Citty at cost price; for without them the sayd burse cannot bee made. If they be gotten, I doubt not but to gather one thousand pounds towards the building, or ever I depart out of my office of Sheriff."

The work, however, was to be executed by his munificent heir. On its completion in 1570, it was visited by Queen Elizabeth, who, being infinitely pleased, commanded her heralds, by sound of trumpet, to name it the Royal Exchange, "so to be called perpetually, and no otherwise." There is a romantic tradition as to the feast given by the great merchant on this occasion. The Queen went to his house, with all her Court. A right sumptuous banquet was provided, during which Sir Thomas drank to Her Majesty's health in rich wine, into which a precious pearl, previously pulverised, had been thrown. Thus, in a play of the period (1623), Gresham, who is one of the characters, says in not very elegant verse,—

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one slap goes;  
Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks this pearle  
Unto his Queen and Mistress. Pledge it, Lords."

The tradition goes on to assure us that the pearl, which, on account of its vast value, had been refused by several persons of the first quality, was purchased by Sir Thomas of a foreign dealer. Such wild gallantry, though a fashionable form of flattery in those days—as witness Sir Walter Raleigh converting his velvet cloak into a carpet for royalty, and the self-devoting language constantly used by Elizabeth's courtiers—is not at all in keeping with Gresham's steady-going character, who well understood what a large amount of good might be wrought by the reasonable use of £1,500. To a citizen-worshipper of Queen Bess, Cleopatra's method of consuming precious stones would scarcely have occurred; the golden statue on the plain of Dura would have been more likely to excite imitation.

Gresham was a sort of Middle-Age Rothschild, swaying markets and loans, and every variety of monetary profit, with a monarchical hand; wood, salt, silk, the precious metals, diamonds, and exquisitely wrought Italian plate, these were the pawns he shifted incessantly on his commercial chess-board, and abounding profit rewarded all his speculations. Yet the rigid justice of his dealings is never questioned by the only scandal-mongers of the fifteenth century—messieurs the chroniclers—who, while they wondered at, and perhaps envied his wealth, extolled in the same breath his untiring benevolence, and added to his more imposing titles that of the “Poor Man's Friend.”

Gresham's lease of life was not a long one; probably he was worn-out by constant occupation. Arithmetical processes, spread over many years, are found to damage the brain more speedily than even constant literary or scientific employments. Nothing is more frequent, in our own day, than to find eager and fortunate traders brought to a standstill in a moment by a softening of the cerebral

mass. The mischief is of rather slow growth. At first, failures of memory are considered accidental; the problem has to be worked a second time, and all seems correct enough. At length incapacity becomes too plain to admit of explanation, and the sufferer either dies suddenly or drags on an unenviable existence, in a dreary, half-imbecile condition. In some moment of retirement—but whether with failing powers, who can tell?—Sir Thomas was minded to draw his last will and testament. He gave all his interest in the Exchange, and his dwelling-house, after his wife's death, jointly, for ever, to the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company, upon trust, that, among other conditions, they should provide seven persons, unmarried, to deliver public lectures, gratuitously, on the seven liberal sciences—viz., divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, physic, and rhetoric, within his own mansion in Bishopsgate, which, with all the appurtenances and gardens, was to be appropriated to the use of the said professors, “for them and every of them, there to inhabite, study, and dailie to read the said severall lectures.”

There was something awfully sudden in the death of Sir Thomas. On the 21st of November, 1579, being then in his sixty-first year, Hollinshed informs us that, “Coming from the Exchange to his house, a very short distance, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, he suddenly fell down in his kitchen, and, being taken up, was found speechless, and presentlie dead.” Such admonitions of the frailty of life are terrible to survivors; but with the preparedness of firm religious hope, if we are happy enough to attain it, it can be no calamity to the individual who thus passes away without any painful anticipations.

Lady Gresham survived her husband till November, 1596, and in the following year seven professors were

appointed in pursuance of the will, distinct apartments being assigned to each in the late mansion. It is uncertain when the earliest lectures were delivered, but it could not have been later than Michaelmas term, 1598. From Ward's biography, however, we learn that his design was known in 1574, when he received a letter from the Senate of the University of Cambridge, couched in elegant Latin, acquainting him with a report they had heard, "That he had promised the Lady Burghley both to found and endow a *College* for the Seven Liberal Sciences, and to dissuade him from choosing London for such a purpose, lest it should prove prejudicial to the two Universities, and that he would select Oxford, since he was himself bred at Cambridge, which might presume to his superior regard on that account." It was no small merit to originate a design for a London University so many generations previous to the actual foundation of such a school, of which Gresham's was the worthy forerunner.

The appellation of "Gresham College" was given to the building from its occupation by the lecturers. Among the rules established by the trustees, it was ordered that the professors should have a "common table" within the house, and for more comeliness, read their discourses, as at the Universities, "in such *hoods* and *habits* as fit their degree." The situation of the dwelling (then quite in the country), the spaciousness of the fabric, extending westward from Bishopsgate-street into Broad-street, with the eight almshouses situated at the back, the accommodation for separate apartments of the learned men, and other rooms for ordinary use, the open courts and covered walks, with the several offices, stables, and gardens, seemed all as well suited for such an intention, as if Sir Thomas had it in view when he built the house. For a while the College flourished exceedingly; many eminent scholars were in-

duced to take office there, and the first meetings of the philosophers who ultimately formed the Royal Society were held there in 1645. Their pursuits were rudely interrupted by the tocsin of civil discord, and on the death of Cromwell, in 1665, the house was occupied as a military barrack, all the professors, except one, being forced to leave it. Bishop Spratt, writing to Wren, says:—"This day I went to visit Gresham College, but found the place in such a nasty condition, so defiled, and the smells so infernal, that if you should now come to make use of your tube, it would be like Dives looking out of hell into heaven. Dr. Goddard, of all your colleagues, keeps possession, which he never could be able to do had he not before prepared his nose for camp perfumes by his voyage into Scotland, and had he not such excellent restoratives in his cellars."

The lectures were resumed at the Restoration, and the Royal Society, incorporated 1662, assembled here regularly until the Great Fire, 1666, when the College, which had escaped the flames, was employed, during several years, as a sort of chamber "for carrying on the trade and transacting the public affairs of the City." At this time the Royal Society met in Arundel-street, but in 1673 they returned to their old quarters, where they continued till 1710. Gresham House was, doubtless, originally a noble specimen of domestic architecture. Stow thus speaks of it:—"At Bishopsgate are some fayre houses for men of worship—namely, one most spacious of all thereabouts, builded of bricks and timber, by Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, who deceased in the yeare 1579, and was buried in St. Helen's Church, under a fayre monument, by him prepared in his life. Hee appointed by his testament this house to be made a Colledge of Readers."

During the City occupation, according to Ward, "The lodgings of the divinity and law professors were given to

the Lord Mayor and the Mercers' Company, and the rest of the apartments (except the astronomer's lodgings) with the reading hall, for the City courts and officers. In the south and west galleries, and in the piazza, small shops were erected, for the Exchange tenants, and the quadrangle was allotted for the regular meetings of the merchants. Sheds were also set up in every available place for the accommodation of the citizens driven from house and home by the Great Fire.

The final removal of the Royal Society sadly damaged the College, which was thus deprived of the use of a valuable museum and library. Dissensions arose between the professors and trustees; the institution declined in usefulness. The buildings were allowed to fall into decay, and at last became unfit for habitation; the site was becoming valuable, and the trustees hankered to appropriate it on a pecuniary score. In 1704 an Act of Parliament was sought with this view, but without success; though in 1768 an Act was procured, allowing the site of Gresham College to the Commissioners of Excise, to build a new Excise Office on the space. This desecration was quickly consummated, and the benevolent founder's schemes for the advancement of learning were wholly ignored.

According to the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, the Corporation was to pay £50 per annum to the four professors of divinity, astronomy, geometry, and music, while the Mercers' Company were to pay annually £50 each to the professors of law, physic, and rhetoric. The lecturers, expelled from their home, must have found their stipends very inadequate; but in 1768 a lecture hall was given to them within the Exchange, and their salaries were increased to £100 a year each, the addition being made in lieu of the apartments provided at the College. They were also allowed to marry. The lectureships have now

dwindled into mere sinecures, and are of little use in promoting the diffusion of sound knowledge. The public are invited to attend, and, as the professors are talented men, this seems a boon; but it rarely happens that a visitor is induced to go a second time. The lectures are often spiritless and formal, evidently treated as mere task-work, and not at all likely now to endanger the prosperity of Oxford or Cambridge. The discourses are only read in term time—first in Latin, at twelve o'clock at noon; and again, at one o'clock, in English. The reading occupies from forty minutes to an hour. The doors open as the clock strikes, and should there not be three persons waiting for admission, the doors are instantly shut again, and no lecture is given on that day. Even previous to the final ejection from Gresham's mansion, the College had fallen into disrepute, and was irreverently denominated in the *London Spy*, "Wiseacres' Hall."

There is a small engraving of the house, which gives a clear idea of the place. The view looks eastward; the distant buildings communicate with Bishopsgate-street. Among these was the reading hall. On the south and north of the quadrangle, which was about a hundred feet square, were piazzas, and over one of these was a long gallery, with a projecting window at the western end. There were eight almshouses in front, distinguished by doorways with porches, and over these, looking west, was a second gallery. This side was 200 feet in length, and opened in the direction of Broad-street. In the print alluded to, an open archway is shown (which led to the stables), and on which two persons are represented, one kneeling, his sword on the ground, and his arms thrown up; the other threatening him with a drawn sword. They represent Mead and Woodward, both physicians, the last of whom was a professor in the College. Dr. Woodward had done or said something offensive to Dr.



Mead, who resolved to have amends, and meeting Woodward as he was returning to the College, drew upon him. They fought. Mead getting the better, commanded him to beg his life, but Woodward answered, "No, doctor, that I will not—till I am your patient." He yielded, however, and gave up his sword. Strange that so pitiful a quarrel should have been thus perpetuated.

A parting glance at Gresham leads us to his shop in Lombard-street, nearly opposite the Post Office, and now the site of a banking-house, where the great merchant's original sign, a grasshopper, might once be seen. It was taken away by a partner of the firm, and is now thought to be lost or destroyed. We regret so precious a relic was not preserved. Men like Gresham are always rare, and as one of the benevolent heroes of a remote age we can hardly venerate him too much. Sometimes, when we lived in the City, and traversed the streets and ways about Bishopsgate and the Exchange, in our reveries, as we walked over the silent pavement, a sheet of moonlight bringing out sharply Sir Thomas from his dark niche, or throwing its silvery lustre over the portly modern pile which has superseded his palatial home, seemed to bring back Gresham and his times in all their old-world interest. Our readers will think us visionaries; but at such moments the Tudor terrors and splendours, Bluff Hal, and Queen Bess, with butterfly courtiers, mailed knights, fair women, rich merchants, and thriving tradesmen, all troop around, while we seem wending our way to Gresham Court, with a special invitation to supper at eight precisely.

## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

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LONDON is rich in schools of a superior character. A very new foundation, the City School, has already gained the distinction of educating some highly accomplished pupils; and the kingdom can produce no temples of learning which surpass Merchant Taylors' School, St. Paul's School, and Christ's Hospital. The records of them are all enriched with many names illustrious for erudition and talent of a high order; and each of the learned professions has derived advantage from the admirable system of instruction to which the acolytes of each are submitted. Dean Colet's School and that of the Merchant Taylors are almost wholly devoted to the classics; but the City of London School and (during the last century or more) Christ's Hospital, give, with a thorough introduction to the dead languages, much information as to more practical knowledge, thus fitting the scholar for the ordinary business and occupations of life, as well as for the studious application called for at Oxford and Cambridge.

Christ's Hospital is essentially a school for the children of the poor. Founded by the princely benevolence of a youthful king, it was intended to be dedicated wholly to charitable purposes; yet we seldom or ever connect a Blue-coat Boy with the idea of poverty; and while a parish school, with its pewter badge, is necessarily asso-

ciated with images of destitution and want, we are not at all surprised to find yellow-stockinged and bareheaded tyroes from Newgate-street walking unabashed with gaily-dressed ladies, or riding in the carriages of the rich. No doubt the children of the very poor obtain presentations occasionally, but a far larger number are disposed of in well-to-do families, where the cost of education would not be burdensome. Sometimes such a provision makes glad the heart of a scantily provided widow, who rejoices in such a prospect for her well-born son; and sometimes the gift is conferred on the orphan, whose parents thought of nothing less than that their noble boy should be indebted for instruction to King Edward's bounty. Too often, however, the "children's bread" is mistakenly carried to homes where there is no lack, and lads assume the blue coat whose well-to-do or wealthy parent should blush at thus diverting from its right channel the munificent provision set apart for the really needy. I could speak of such cases coming within my own knowledge. Some check to the abuse is sadly wanted: why should the rich elbow the poor out of their own hospital?

A religious house of mendicant Grey Friars, who came from Italy in 1224, were the original occupants of Christ's Hospital. Its site was once "a voyd plot of ground neere to St. Nicholas' Shambles," given to the friars by a charitable mercer, John Ewin, where they erected "very beautiful buildings, partly at the charges of Ewin," who ultimately was glad to retreat from the world, and join the order as a lay brother. A noble church and various other buildings were soon annexed to the primitive institution, and it became one of the many flourishing conventual establishments in London. In 1429, the executors of Richard Whittington added a library, 109 feet in length, and 36 feet broad. It "was all seeled with wainscot, having twenty-eight desks, and eight double settles of

wainscot." It was soon supplied with books which cost the then large sum of £556 10s. The founders "bare four hundred pounds." The remainder was supplied by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar of the order, who commanded the works of Nicholas de Lisa to be chained to a desk in the chapel. This priory was surrendered to Henry the Eighth in 1538, when its annual value was £32 19s. 10*d*. Then the church became a warehouse for foreign goods, the splendid monuments being defaced or destroyed. Stow enumerates the remarkable persons buried here, and adds:—"All these, and fives times so many more, have been interred there, whose tombs are wholly defaced; for there were nine such of alabaster and marble environed with stickes of iron, in the quire, and one in the body of the church, also coped with iron, all pulled down, besides seven score gravestones of marble, all sold for fifty pounds by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith, and alderman of London, of late time buried there."

In Stow's list of the illustrious dead buried here, we find four queens—Margaret, second wife of Edward I., 1317; Isabel, wife of Edward II., 1358; Joan of the Tower, Queen of Scots, her daughter, 1362; and Isabel, Baroness Fitzwaren, Queen of the Isle of Man; a Duchess of Bretagne, and various great warriors, noblemen, wealthy merchants, and Lord Mayors.

The dissolution of the monasteries was a source of extreme misery to the poor, who for ages were used to receive a daily *alms-dole* at their gates; and the increasing destitution led to the first enactment of poor laws, in the reign of Elizabeth, previous to which efforts had been made to ameliorate the public calamity by founding houses of mercy for the indigent and ignorant, as well as prisons to restrain and punish the profligate. Edward VI. has justly the credit of most of these pious works. Yet his father, "Bluff Hal," began the work, in some relenting

mood, by assigning the Church of the Grey Friars and the Hospital of Bartholomew to the Mayor and Commonalty of London, "for relieving the poor." This benefaction was declared to the citizens by Bishop Ridley in a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, 1546. Soon after, by agreement with the King and the Corporation, these and several other sites of conventual buildings were consolidated into a new parish, called Christ Church, and Henry endowed the Church of the Grey Friars, under that name, with five hundred marks yearly. "At the same time," being then in extremes, "he gave them (the citizens) the Hospital of Bethelhem, with the laver of brass in the cloister, 18 foote in lengthe, and 2 foote and a halfe in depthe." The terrible monarch died in a few days after this concession; and Ridley, preaching at Westminster to the new King, so forcibly exhorted the rich and powerful to be "merciful to the poor, and travaile by some charitable way and means to comfort and relieve them, that Edward did suddenly, and of himself, send to the saide Bishop, willing him not to depart until that he had spoken with him." Stow goes on to inform us, "And so soon as the King's Majestic was at leisure, he called for him, and caused him to come unto him in a great gallery at Westminster, where there was present no more than they two persons, and made him to sit down in one chair, and he himself in another, and caused the Bishop, maugre his teeth, to be covered, and then entered into communication with him." The King earnestly inquired how he could best help the poor. Ridley was so astonished that he could not "well tell what to say," but presently suggested that the King should send a letter to the Lord Mayor, "willing him to call unto him such assistants as he should thinke meete, to consult of this matter." Edward made Ridley "tarry until the letter was written, and his hand and signet set thereto, commanding him not only to deliver the sayd

letter himself, but also to signifie unto the Mayor that it was the King's especial request that the Mayor should therein travell, and as soon as he conveniently might, give him knowledge how far he had proceeded therein." The Bishop and Sir Richard Dobbs rejoiced much over this measure.

"And the next day, being Monday, he sent for the Bishop of London, two Aldermen, and six Commoners; and after sundry meetings they agreed on a booke specifying nine sorts of poore people—poore by impotence (that is to say, the fatherless poor man's child, the aged, blind, and lame); the diseased by leprosie, dropsie, etcætera; poor by casualtie (that is to say, the wounded soldier, the decayed householder); the visited with any grievous disease; thriftlesse poor (that is to say, the riotous that consumeth all, the vagabond that will abide in no place); the idle person (as strumpets and others)."

"For these sort of poore, three severall houses were to be provided, first, for innocent and fatherlesse, which is the beggar's child, they provided the house that was the Grey Friars, and called it Christ's Hospitall, where poore children are trained up to the knowledge of God, and virtuous exercises to the overthrowe of beggary; for the second, the hospitalls of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, where are continually (at least) two hundred diseased persons, which are not only lodged and cured, but also fed and nourished; for the third, Bridewell, where the vagabond and idle strumpet is chastised and compelled to labour, to the overthrowe of the vicious life of idleness.

"They provided, too, for the honest decayed householder, that he should be relieved at home, by a weekly pension, and in like manner for the lazar, to keepe him out of the Citie, from clapping of dishes and ringing of bells, to the great trouble of the citizens and infection of many; that

they should be relieved at home by severall pensions. In this way Christ's Hospital was founded. The King readily assented to the plan, and granted a charter to carry it out. A void place was left in the patent for the amount of annual endowment, wherein Edward wrote with his owne hand, '4,000 marks by the yeare;' and then said aloud, 'Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of thy name,' after which he lived not above two daies, whose life would have been wished equall to the patriarches, if it had pleased God so to have prolonged it."

These beginnings of usefulness have been matured by the benevolence of private persons. The property of the school has so much increased that its present expenditure is between £40,000 and £50,000 yearly; but of this large sum a considerable portion is absorbed by the establishment at Hertford, which is the nursery of the noble school in London. According to Stow, the Grey Friars was made ready for the "poore fatherlesse" children in 1552, "and almost four hundred such admitted in November." "On Christmas-day, in the afternoon, while the Lord Mayor and Aldermen rode to Paul's, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence-lane and in Cheape, all in one livery of russet cotton, three hundred and forty in number, and at Easter they were in *blue*, and so have continued ever since."

A Blue-coat Boy's dress is a reminiscence of old monkish times; the coat is the ancient tunic—it fits close to the body, but has loose skirts; the vest, of *yellow*, was the sleeveless under-tunic; the girdle was a monastic appendage; the breeches are more modern; the stockings, bands, and flat cap—all are symbols of long-departed generations. A Blue never wears his cap, and wonders why we cherish the awkward fashion of wearing hats. Certainly they are inconvenient, and often trouble-

some, yet we should not like to exchange them for the pork-pie variety.

Two memorable benefactors, Sir William Chester, Alderman, and John Calthorpe, draper, "covered and vaulted the towne ditch from Aldersgate to Newgate, which befoyre was very noysome and contagious to the said hospitall."

"Also, one Richard Castell, a shoemaker, dwelling at Westminster, a man of great labour in his faculty, with his own hands, and being named the 'Cocke of Westminster,' because winter and summer he was at worke before foure of the clocke in the morning. This man God blessed and so increased for his industry that he purchased lands to the yearly value of fortie and foure pounds; and having no child, with the consent of his wife, a most vertuous woman, gave the sayd lands wholly to Christ's Hospitall, and for the succour of the miserable, sore, and sicke harboured in the other hospitalls about London."

Truly a noble benefactor!

The hospital suffered considerably in the Great Fire, and the old church was totally destroyed. The modern sanctuary was built by Wren, between 1687 and 1705. It is a fine building, and when the great gallery is filled with "Blues," the effect is very imposing. Once a year all the London scholars go in procession to the Mansion House, where each boy is treated with a bun and a glass of wine, besides the gift of a piece of silver. Once a year, too, the senior boys of the mathematical school attend at St. James's Palace, and display before the Sovereign their drawings, maps, and charts. I would much rather witness the procession of "Blues" through Cheapside than any Lord Mayor's show. The latter is a worn-out remnant of customs we now scarcely understand, while the former, though but a sober spectacle, fills the mind with pleasant



anticipations of the social triumphs of so many fine lads in youth and manhood.

Christ's Hospital is of varied structure; little remains of the ancient priory save the cloisters and buttery. After the Fire of London, the first addition of consequence was the mathematical school, founded by Charles II., 1672, for forty students of navigation. He also gave an endowment of £7,000, and a perpetual annuity of £370, for educating and placing out yearly ten boys in the sea service. In 1675, Sir Robert Clayton rebuilt the south front, at a cost of £7,000. The old hall, over the west cloister (how well I recollect it!) was erected by Sir John Frederick, in 1680. It has been replaced by a very magnificent chamber (the new hall), the first stone of which was laid in 1825, by the Duke of York. This grand fabric is in the Tudor style, and was designed by John Stow, a highly skilful architect. It stands partly on the ancient City wall, and partly on the site of the Grey Friars refectory. It is now open to Newgate-street, from which its south front is a very conspicuous object. The open arcade, on the ground story, 187 feet in length and  $16\frac{1}{2}$  feet in width, affords a shelter and recreation for the scholars in hot or wet weather. The dining hall is adorned with a splendid organ. It is 187 feet long, 51 feet wide, and 47 feet high. There are galleries for visitors at the public suppers, which afford a most interesting spectacle. They take place every Sunday from Christmas to Easter. There are five ranges of tables for the Blues, who dine here daily, the present number being more than 800. The dietary is very simple—scanty, it might be thought—but the Governors are averse to change it, as it seems conducive to health. The following bill of fare was constantly observed until the last ten years. Some amelioration has now taken place, and a "Blue-designate" need not be alarmed about the culinary department. For breakfast bread and beer is allowed (the

boys usually prefer water); for supper, bread and cheese, except on Sundays, when butter is given instead of cheese. The dinners for each day are—Sunday, roast beef; Monday, milk porridge, with bread and butter; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, rice milk, with bread and butter; Thursday, boiled beef; Friday, boiled mutton; Saturday, pea-soup, with bread and butter. The boys take their meals in a very primitive manner. They eat their meat off wooden trenchers, and take their soup from wooden bowls with wooden spoons. The beer is served in leather jacks, and is poured into small piggins for use. The boys are much given to joking on their standing bill of fare, as thus:—

Sunday—All Saints;  
Monday—All Souls;  
Tuesday—All trenchers;  
Wednesday—All bowls;  
Thursday—Tough jack;  
Friday—No better;  
Saturday—Pea-soup, with bread and butter.

Of course the sons of thriving parents manage to improve their dietary, and obtain from without supplies of more tempting viands, and especially of the materials for our now national meal—tea. The nurses are quite accessible to fees, and become exceedingly attentive to their favourite boys. When a Blue visits his home he delights in a dinner of hot or cold veal, while sweets and pastry are in great request. If it is beyond three miles, the boys may sleep at home during holidays; but if it is less than that distance, they are strictly required to sleep within the hospital.

The writing school (begun in 1694), was erected by Sir John Moore, Alderman, at his sole charge. A lavatory was built in 1819. The new grammar school was

completed in 1795, partly from money bequeathed by Mr. John Smith. The infirmary was erected in 1822, and has all proper conveniences for invalid scholars.

Christ's Hospital will now accommodate 1,000 pupils. From 130 to 150 boys are admitted annually, exclusive of ninety children received under conditions attached to the bequests of deceased patrons. A fixed routine regulates the distribution of presentations, which are often purchased or exchanged. The boys are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the classics, and Hebrew; a few, mathematics and drawing. Every boy now proceeds as far as possible in the dead languages. All leave at fifteen, except those destined for the university or for the sea service. About 200 have classical instruction at Hertford, and are transferred to London as vacancies occur. There are seven exhibitions for Cambridge, and one for Oxford; those at Cambridge have each £60 per annum (that at Pembroke Hall has been raised to £100), and the fees for degrees are defrayed by the Governors. The Oxford Exhibition is £70 a year; all fees at entrance, £20 for furnishing a room, £10 for books, and £10 for clothes—making £50 for the outfit—are paid from the hospital funds. The government of the school is vested in the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and twelve of the Common Council. Governors who have subscribed upwards of £400 assist in the general management. The treasurer, with a working committee, conducts all ordinary business. A prince of the blood royal has been for many years President of the Hospital Court.

There are some interesting portraits. Edward VI., half-length, by Holbein; Charles II., by Sir Peter Lely; James II.; Sir Richard Dobbs; and a Mr. St. Armand, grandfather of James St. Armand, Esq., who, in 1749, gave it to the charity, with the residue of his property, on condition that it should never be alienated; but if that trust

was violated, the legacy was to pass to the University of Oxford.

Strype cites the subjoined inscription, as written under the portrait of the first President :—

*Sir Richard Dobbs, Knight,*

MAIOR, ANNO 1552.

Christ's Hospital erected was, a passing deed of pity,  
 What time Sir Richard Dobbs was Maior of this most famous City :  
 Who careful was in government, and furthered much the same ;  
 Also a benefactor good, and joyed to see enframe.  
 Whose picture here his friends have put, to put each wight in mind,  
 To imitate his virtuous deeds, as God hath us assigned.

Up to the last election for President, the Lord Mayor invariably filled that office ; and when the change took place it was thought by many steady-going citizens an unwarrantable departure from ancient usage. Yet to have royalty in the chair was no mean distinction.

Among the notabilities of Christ's Hospital, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb are conspicuous. Both have left us many racy recollections of their school days, and both concur in gratefully acknowledging the benefits they received. We may, perhaps, desire that the presentations should always be given to the really deserving, still the advantages of such a noble institution in the centre of London are obvious ; and not a few of the blue-tuniced pupils, when they pass through the gates for the last time, to enter the sterner academy where experience is the head master, will surely feel deep regret as they sigh forth a final adieu ; or should the proud hopes of youth stifle such a feeling, and the future appear too bright for a single cloud, the time will certainly come when the weary combatants in life's perilous warfare, drooping in the heat of the day under a growing burden of cares, will look back with tearful eyes on the hall where they

gathered to their simple meals, the schools, the arcade, the playground—happy scenes of useful study and innocent recreation, which can “know them no more,” where their seats are filled by others, and where their carved names have grown strange to Blues who, in their turn, will treasure similar recollections and regrets.

## LOMBARD STREET.

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A LONDONER of our day, hastily traversing Lombard-street, finds little or nothing to remind him of its great antiquity. Few of the old stones remain to connect it with the Middle Ages. The churches were Wren's work after the Great Fire, and they stand at present smoke-blackened patriarchs amidst a district of puzzling lanes, courts, and alleys, where few or none of the houses still preserved date further back than the middle of the seventeenth century. This narrow street, where the tall temples of commerce almost meet at the top, and shut out the daylight, is a most important portion of the wealthiest of all the City districts. This will be readily admitted, but few are aware that it is also the site of the earliest portion of old London—of a flourishing Roman colony—of Lud's half mythical town—and, not improbably, of a settlement of bold British aborigines, whose inexpensive dwellings were framed of mud and branches of trees cut in the forests of Middlesex.

I should be in danger of losing your readers, and perhaps myself, were I to speak of the British period, for, even with the aid of William of Malmesbury, it would be groping in a fog which the genius of Milton failed to irradiate. Our beginning, therefore, shall be with the Roman period. As, in ancient times, the dead of one age is found covering another—and thus the mass of human bones gradually

raises the soil from a valley to a level, and ultimately to a positive elevation—so in London and all ancient cities, if we open the surface and descend a few feet, our picks and mattocks strike on the remains of other towns; and we are reminded that the spot has had other tenants, of races and languages quite foreign to our own.

In 1785 a new sewer was necessary in Lombard-street and Birchin-lane, when innumerable Roman antiquities were found. We shall condense an account of them from the *Archæologia*. The sewer was commenced near the Mansion House and Sherbourne-lane; at the depth of twelve feet a Roman pavement was found, “composed of small irregular bricks, in length two inches, in breadth one and a half; mostly red, but a few black and white; they were strongly cemented with a yellowish mortar, and were laid in a thick bed of cement and stones.” The breadth of this pavement was twenty feet. Near the Post Office, on the north side, “was a wall of smaller-sized Roman bricks, in which were perpendicular flues, making it probable that the Romans introduced chimneys into Britain. Opposite the Post Office was another wall, and a pavement of red bricks, much decayed. In many cases the mortar must have been mixed with powdered bricks, and was exceedingly hard. In penetrating along Lombard-street, great quantities of charred wood and wood ashes were met with. In Birchin-lane, a tessellated pavement, composed of white, black, green, and red squares, forming a very beautiful border, was laid open, but it soon dipped under the adjacent footway and houses. Fragments of pottery and earthenware were found in abundance, as well as Roman coins, pieces of glass, urns, bottles, keys, and horns or bones of various animals. Some of the pottery was of the fine coral colour called Samian, being ornamented with figures, or impressed with names and inscriptions. On one beautiful vessel of red earthenware a combat was depicted,

of naked figures, including two horsemen, very spirited in design, and in admirable taste. Other fragments represented warriors, satyrs, hares, dogs, birds, foliage, a boar's head, and much fancy ornamentation. There were vessels of coarse clay, with broad rims, which seemed to have been worn by trituration. The coins were of gold, silver, and brass. Those of the nobler metals were of Galba, Nero, Antoninus Pius, and Alexander Severus. Those of brass were of Claudius, Nerva, Vespasian, and Diocletian. Nearly 300 coins of Constantinus and Tetricus were found together near Nicholas-lane. These discoveries were all made within sixteen feet of the surface. Many similar excavations were equally successful.

Soon after the Great Fire, and more recently, richer relics have been met with in the same neighbourhood. In December, 1803, a tessellated pavement was opened in Leadenhall-street. In the centre was a highly finished figure of Bacchus, reclining on the back of a tiger; he was represented with a Roman drinking-cup in his right hand. The countenance was beautifully placid. It was a fine artistic work. The pavement was broken in raising it, but the fragments were deposited in the library of the East India House. A small urn, with part of a human jaw-bone, was found near it. Thus the whole City, but especially the immediate vicinity of Lombard-street, teems with silent but indisputable evidence of the greatness of old Rome, of its influence over our countrymen, and of the civilization our foreign conquerors brought with them. Thus does an all-wise Providence afford compensation in the most untoward events; even national slavery results in national improvement, and prepares to develop the free and glorious England of our own day.

Our knowledge of the Saxon period is not so full as might be desired, but during the reign of Edward the Confessor, the whole land being united under one monarch,



London was rich and populous; and the centre of the City, including what was soon to be styled the street of the Lombards, engrossed a large share of the wealth and commerce of the realm. Many foreign bankers had found it worth their while to traffic with the islanders, and the earliest germs of the system of credit now so marvellously extended began to fructify. Tallies were probably used instead of the precious metals in the operations of trade, but the lesson was then first taught that an exchange of surplus products was the surest and safest mode of accumulating riches.

Norman William—ought we to hate or honour him most? True, our noble Harold perished at Hastings, and his country's freedom seemed to perish with him; but it was not so. The handful of knights and gentlemen adventurers who formed the train of the Conqueror might oppress, but they could not annihilate, the Saxon people. In a few generations the many absorbed the few, and a comparatively rude nation became lastingly imbued with the refinement of Normandy—and, indeed, of France. English commerce made prodigious strides in a few years. Then the citizens ceased to be mere homely tradesmen. The mercer, the armourer, and the goldsmith rivalled in luxury the merchants who ministered to the pride of the Plantagenets; and there were cellars in Lombard-street where accumulated ingots of gold and silver, or precious heaps of platé, and inestimable collections of precious stones, foreshadowed the bullion of the Bank of England. Most of the merchants who dealt in the precious metals, and in equally precious gems, for which the taste of the times caused an immense demand, were foreigners, and many of them natives of Lombardy. The street where they trafficked soon took their name, and retains it still. It was called Lombard-street by the subjects of Henry I., Lombard-street by king Jamie, when Heriot, the royal goldsmith, dwelt there, and it bears the same denomination

in the reign of Victoria our Queen. One day Henry II. was sorely in want of a supply; he could neither wheedle nor force it from his good church dignitaries, and necessity drove him into Lombard-street. Peter de Brock, a Flemish Jew, was known to have unlimited funds, and might be induced to part with them "for a consideration"—which, in Henry's case, was certain wonderfully large pearls. His degenerate son, King John, having no pearls to pawn, but having resolved to "put money in his purse," entered the City—perhaps Lombard-street—with his men-at-arms, and bade then extract tooth after tooth from an unfortunate Hebrew's mouth, till he consented to grant him the loan required. That terrible warrior and acute politician, Edward I., needed money like his brother kings. Sometimes he made the City gold shrink under the screw of a "benevolence," and sometimes he summoned all the landholders with more than forty marks of yearly income to come and be knighted. Of course the fees were heavy. Besides which methods, he raised money on bonds as readily then in Lombard-street as modern merchants now do on Exchequer bills. Edward III. and his Black Prince dabbled in the funds. They wanted the sinews of war, and the noble merchant Whittington was a liberal money-lender. Once, when the King came to banquet with him, his reception chamber was warmed by a sandal-wood fire, in which, as a return for the honour of a royal visit, he burnt the King's unpaid bonds to the amount of 30,000 crowns.

Lombard-street did not flourish during the Wars of the Roses, but did good business under Henry VII., despite the trickery of Empson and Dudley. As for bluff Hal, while his father's money-chest was full, he lavished his gold with reckless extravagance, but as he grew older, when he could find leisure from decapitating his wives or subjects, he was a frequent borrower, and every moneyed Fleming trembled at his visits, granting loans on easy

terms, as a kind of composition for the privilege of keeping his head. Neither could good Queen Bess do without supplies, and the royal ruff was familiar enough among the bankers of Lombard-street. A mighty change was silently in progress. The Civil War shook the whole frame of society; a different and improved monetary system was soon to follow. That mighty national establishment, now known over the whole world as the Bank of England, was first set up, but comparatively on a very unpretending basis, early in the reign of William III. Kings and governments left the private bankers of Lombard-street for the wholesale dealers of the Threadneedle-street Plutonian temple. A happy change; for public credit can never again be at the mercy of a few avaricious or dangerous men, nor private individuals incur the loss of their gains through the grasping cupidity of unprincipled greatness.

I have a vivid recollection of Lombard-street in 1805. More than half a century has rolled away since then, yet there, sharply and clearly defined before the eye of memory, stand the phantom shadows of the past. I walked through the street a few weeks ago. It is changed in many particulars; yet enough remains to identify it with the tortuous, dark vista of lofty houses which I remember so well. Then there were no pretentious, stucco-faced banks or offices; the whole wall surface was of smoke-blackened brick; its colour seemed to imitate the mud in the road; and, as coach or waggon or mail cart toiled or rattled along, the basement stories were bespattered freely from the gutters. The glories of gas were yet to be. After three o'clock p.m., miserable oil lamps tried to enliven the foggy street with their "ineffectual light," while through dingy, greenish squares of glass you might observe tall tallow candles, dimly disclosing the mysteries of bank or counting-house. Passengers needed to walk with extreme caution; if you lingered on the pavement,

woe to your corns ! If you sought to cross the road, you had to beware of the flying postman, or the letter-bag express. As six o'clock drew near, every court, alley, and blind thoroughfare in the neighbourhood echoed to the incessant din of letter bells. Men, women, and children were hurrying to the chief office, while the fiery red battalion of postmen, as they neared the same point, were apparently pleased to baulk the diligence of the public, anxious to spare their coppers. The mother post-office for the United Kingdom and the colonies was then in Lombard-street, and folks thought it a model establishment. Such armies of clerks ! such sacks of letters, and countless consignments of newspapers ! How could those hard-worked officials ever get through their work ! The entrance, barring paint and stucco, remains exactly as it was fifty years ago. What crowds used to besiege it ! what a strange confusion of news-boys ! The struggling public with late letters—the bustling red-coats with their leather bags—completed a scene of anxious life and interest seldom exceeded. And now the letter-boxes are all closed ; you weary your knuckles in vain against the sliding door in the wall. No response. Every hand within is fully occupied in letter-sorting for the mails ; they must be freighted in less than half an hour. Yet, on payment of a shilling for each, letters were received till ten minutes to eight ; and not unfrequently a post-chaise, with the horses in a positive lather, tore into the street just in time to forward some important despatch.

Hark ! the horn, the horn ! The mail guards are the soloists, and very pleasant music they discourse ; not a few of them are first-rate performers. A long train of gaily got-up coaches, remarkable for their light weight, horsed by splendid-looking animals, impatient of the curb, and eager to commence their journey of ten miles (at least) per hour. Stout “gents” in heavy coats, buttoned

to the throat, ensconce themselves in "reserved seats." Commercial men contest the right of a seat with the guard or coachman. Some careful mother helps her pale, timid daughter up the steps; a fat old lady already occupies two-thirds of the seat—what will be done? Bags of epistles innumerable stuff the boots; formidable bales of the daily journals are trampled small by the guard's heels. The clock will strike in less than five minutes; the clamour deepens, the hubbub seems increasing; but ere the last sixty seconds expire, a sharp winding of warning bugles begins. Coachee flourishes his whip—greys and chesnuts prepare for a run—the reins move, but very gently—there is a parting crack from the whipcord—and the brilliant cavalcade is gone. *Exeunt omnes!*

Lombard-street is a different place now—far more imposing, though still narrow and dark; the clean-swept roadway is paved with wood, cabs pass noiselessly—a capital thing, only take care you are not run over. Most of the banks and assurance offices have been converted into stone—two or three are rebuilding while write. Beware how you pass under that prodigious line of scaffolding! The Post Office is in the old place, yet the "glory is departed," for it is only a branch office. Possibly quite as many letters are deposited in Lombard-street now as in 1805, for Rowland Hill's penny charm has increased them from hundreds to thousands, and from thousands to millions; yet the ancient prestige is lost, for there can be no dignity about a crowd at a branch office. Indeed, the clearing house engrosses all the honour, and when we speak of the Post Office we refer to the noble building in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The New Zealander with whom we are so often threatened would think scorn to muse in a narrow court, but his thoughts would preserve a due solemnity under the grand portico raised by the talent of Smirke.

## LOTTERIES.

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For the origin of these strange appeals to fortune we must go back to the classical ages. Even among the Athenians, games involving a similar solution from chance were popular; but the Romans, during the more luxurious period of the empire, had a species of lottery to enliven their feasts, at which excitement in the most violent form was the coveted pleasure. The prizes distributed were in proportion to the wealth of the host; and as many of the patricians were immensely rich, they were able to confer estates, splendid vases and plate, or beautiful and accomplished slaves on their guests. This was carried to an incredible extent, for few modern capitalists possess a tithe of the wealth of some of the ancient Romans. Even during the republic there were instances of great extravagance amongst them, as in the case of Lucullus, Sulla, Julius Cæsar, and Marc Antony; but the tendency grew far more general and excessive under Augustus, Tiberius, and Nero. A state lottery was first attempted at Genoa, and the Pope soon followed the example of the Doges. It proved a popular mode of taxation, for the excitable Italians gladly deprived themselves of necessities, that they might secure a chance for the golden prizes offered.

The earliest English lottery was drawn in 1569. The profits were appropriated to repair the coast line, then in a

very unsafe condition. The prizes where in money and silver plate. 400,000 lots were to be drawn; the process went on night and day for upwards of four months, and the shareholders were kept in a wild state of excitement, to the neglect of their ordinary business, and the consequent misery of their families. There were but three London offices, and the gambling propensities of the inhabitants were fomented and heightened by the form the drawing took. The second lottery, in 1612, was projected to benefit the new colony in Virginia, and there is a tradition that a poor tailor gained the principal prize—4,000 crowns. It took but little shrewdness to discover that lottery gambling and immorality would increase together. Poverty was augmented by idleness; and when once the working man began to trust himself and family to the drawing of a ticket, as his best hope for wealth or comfort, the surer ways of diligent industry were despised. No sooner had the Government sanctioned lotteries as useful in finance, than subjects began to speculate on their chance of obtaining a share in the golden distribution. During the suspense of a protracted drawing, strong drink was sought to hearten and embolden the miserable speculator. Wives and children soon caught the destructive fever, and pauperism rushed in like a flood. In March, 1620, some of the evils consequent on lotteries must have been noticed, and they were suspended by an Order in Council. In 1630, however, Charles I. revived the system; yet the immediate object was praiseworthy, for the lottery he sanctioned was to assist a project just mooted for conveying water to London. During the Civil War men were too much occupied with the awful events impending to tolerate such a waste of money and time; but Charles II., always reckless in his financial schemes, set up a lottery having for its object a distribution of rewards among those needy partizans who had so faithfully followed him during his

exile. Severe strictures as to the evils caused by such a wild saturnalia of idleness and profligacy were delivered in Parliament, and some restraints were imposed. The divines of the age inveighed against lotteries from the pulpit, but neither law nor divinity availed much to check the growing passion. The chance of large gains allured all classes to subscribe. For the benefit of those whose means were small, opportunities for petty gambling were found, and penny lotteries were constantly in operation. In a volume called "*Some Account of the Grocers' Company*," written by J. B. Heath, we are told, "There is not one entry in the accounts to show that the prizes were ever paid, and no doubt it was a difficult matter to obtain them. The victims were induced to buy tickets by personal solicitation, for the system of advertising and placarding was then wholly unknown."

William III., no less than the Merry Monarch, stooped to cajole his people by lotteries, for in 1694 he raised £1,000,000 sterling by the sale of tickets, the prizes in which were granted at 4 per cent. for sixteen years. Such Government sanctions of a pernicious principle increased the mischief a hundredfold; the ignorant artizan, soldier, or servant, thought his gambling completely excused by State authority. The few broad-sheet authors of that day are earnest, and apparently hopeless, in their complaints. "What a run of lotteries we have had—tickets from a crown to a penny! With what haste our dupes put in their money! What golden promises are made!—Will one of a thousand hold good?" A pamphlet writer says, "People were tickled with the proposals of prodigious profits, when the proposers only meant it for themselves. Indeed, the people have been so damnably cheated, they have no need of dissuading, and their own troubles (one would think) are sufficient to convince them it is their interest to forbear." A curious tract was printed in 1719,



entitled "The Anatomy of Exchange-alley." We shall use some of its information in our notice of "Stock Jobbing;" but it contains a passage relative to lotteries well worth notice:—

"Let us look into the late lotteries. Had not a piercing eye detected the roguery, and not the fall of other things taken off the people's fancy for venturing, what would have happened? These artists have brought up the tickets to 16s. apiece advance, even before the Act was passed. This was done by securing all the tickets in their own hands, except the select ones that had not come to market. This was by connivance, as every one knows. The connivance was by higher folks than those named, as everybody also knows. Who they were is none of my business to inquire, though it is easy to guess. It's hard when statesmen confederate to bite the people, and when dukes turn stock-jobbers. Yet this was done, and a property made of their influence to bite the people. If Parliament appointed £500,000 in tickets, to be given out at a certain rate that was low and reasonable, was it not to encourage the people, on whom the rest of the national burthen lies? And if, by the knavery of jobbers, we are made to pay £600,000 for them, which is about the case, pray why not pay the £100,000 to the public, either to pay so much debt, or make the year's burthen lighter, of which I am sure there is need enough? True, a worthy member detected the abominable cheat, and laid it before the House, which passed a vote to make void all bargains for tickets before the Act was passed; so the biters were bitten, and a certain Sir George — was obliged to refund; but the roguery of the design was never the less for that."

1772 appears to have been the culminating point in the history of lottery gambling. The whole town seemed to go mad on the chance of making large gains from small ventures. There were lottery magazines; lottery tailors and

stay-makers; lottery glovers, hat-makers, and tea-dealers; lottery snuff and pigtail merchants; lottery barbers, who promised on a payment of 3*d.* to shave you, and give you a chance of being paid £10; lottery shoeblacks; lottery ordinaries, where, for 6*d.*, a plate of boiled beef, and the chance of having sixty guineas might be obtained; lottery oyster stalls, where 3*d.* yielded a dozen of oysters, and a distant prospect of five guineas; and, to wind up, at a sausage stall, in a blind alley, you might, by purchasing one farthing's worth of sausages, should the fates prove propitious, gain a bonus of five shillings. Quack doctors, too, then a high and trusted class, sold physic at a high price, giving their patients tickets in a lottery, promising numerous tempting prizes. Shopkeepers sold their goods by lottery; all ordinary business decreased, for people objected to buy things they hoped to get for nothing. Worthless articles of general consumption were disposed of by the wheel at an immense profit. When a State lottery was to be subscribed for at Mercers' Hall, the usual staff of clerks was insufficient to collect the names of bidders. "Little Goes," offshoots from the legal nuisance, produced still greater evils. The working man spent his last copper on these; fathers were so possessed by the infatuation that they gambled while their children starved; mothers sought the pawnshop to raise money to purchase tickets, while their infants cried for bread. In spite of the widespread demoralization and wretchedness thus occasioned, the evil continued and increased. Money began to be lent on lottery tickets, as marketable securities. In 1751, 30,000 such shares were pawned to the London bankers, though to have an even chance for a prize a purchaser must have held seven tickets, and it was fully ninety to one that even if you drew a prize it would be under £50.

A passion for lucky numbers was a new source of excite-

ment. Cunning women were resorted to, who pretended to foretel what numbers would carry away the chief prizes ; and suicide was common, when the dupes of such prophecies were unable to procure their favourite tickets. Villanous professors of diablerie abounded, who (so they said) could settle what would prove fortunate numbers by Satanic aid. Disgusting and licentious tricks were resorted to in order to curry favour with the devilish agents, while the besotted believers in such absurdities perilled both body and soul to gratify their unappeasable appetite for gambling. When the smaller lotteries were prohibited, a yet more destructive evil suddenly become universal ; insurance houses were opened by hundreds ; if you were too poor to buy a ticket, by paying a trifle to receive a certain amount, should any particular number be drawn a prize, you got a glimpse at least of the gold-fields, and though destined to be ruined in the attempt, it was pleasant to think how rich you might possibly become.

Against this mania there was no legislating, for it was worked in secret, and baffled all interference. Shopmen robbed their masters, wives their husbands, mere children their parents, all for the delight of insuring lottery tickets. "My whole house," wrote a gentleman of rank, "was infected with the lottery mania, from the head of it down to the kitchen-maid and post-boy, who have both pawned some of their rags that they might put themselves in Fortune's way." Adam Smith had declared that fairness in a lottery was impossible, giving abundant reasons for his opinions, but he made no converts ; and the wretch in fetters at a criminal bar would whisper a comrade to invest his last few shillings at an insurance office. Many persons of high rank, members of Parliament, judges and bishops, relaxed from the severity of their duties to speculate on the £20,000 prize. The clergy, who had caught the infection, defended the appeal to chance from

Scripture, urging that "by lot it was determined which of the goats should be offered to Aaron; by lot the land of Canaan was divided; by lot Saul was marked out for the kingdom; by lot Jonah was found to be the cause of the tempest; by lot the apostles filled up the vacant place of Judas."

"The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose."

Sir Samuel Romilly declared that "whenever the House voted a lottery they voted that the deserving should become depraved, and this for a paltry gain to the State coffers." Yet a Lord Chancellor publicly affirmed that "he could not see that lotteries led to gambling;" and though a large proportion of criminals commenced their downward course by insuring—though note forgeries were multiplied from the carelessness of lottery office keepers—though all the holy bonds of domestic life were broken by the cupidity of gambling sons, daughters, wives, and husbands—though from ten to fifteen suicides annually might be traced to dabbling in lotteries (and there were over 400 offices in London alone)—the hydra-headed evil was permitted to go on, because it was a convenience to the minister to swell his budget by negotiating lotteries.

The gloomiest narratives are enlivened with some laughable incidents. Thus, a servant girl, to whom a ticket had been given, caused a petition to be put up in the parish church as follows:—"The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking." Parents would carry their infant children to lottery offices, that they might choose a ticket from the heap laid before them—for good luck, it was thought, would follow such a selection. Sometimes, when a great prize was declared, though the ticket had been sold, no claimant appeared, until at a sale of old-world furniture, secret drawers flew open, and the

magic papers were found. Sadder facts were much more frequent. A countryman tried his luck, and won £3,000. The whole village went wild. The funds of its one charitable society were expended in sixteenths; furniture and clothing, though it was in winter, were eagerly committed to the pawnbroker, that tickets might be secured. Of course, no more prizes were drawn.

The evil of lottery insurances quickly became intolerable, and in 1780 they were made punishable by law. To gain the promised fine, perjury was freely resorted to, and it was enacted that no one but the Attorney-General could sue for the penalty; yet, between 1793 and 1802, there were upwards of a thousand convictions. Nor was insuring put down. So well organized was the system, that 9,500 persons, known as clerks and "Morocco men," with a numerous gathering of armed ruffians, were stationed at the offices to protect the illegal trade, which went on as briskly as ever. The moral plague was disseminated through the whole of society. The pawnshops were unusually filled with valuables, as well as the humble implements of labour. Servants pledged stolen property, destroyed the duplicates, and insured. While a lottery was drawing, few artizans would work. Tradesmen could not pay their rent; the money saved to meet it was wasted on the lottery. Men were known to beg for a few shillings to insure with. Felons on the scaffold owned they had been allured to crime by dreaming of lucky members. Persons so poor that even the office-keepers refused their money, would come in by one door immediately after being refused at the other. A Bow-street officer, giving evidence, said:—"When I have caught a number of thieves in a room together, I have found most of them wretched people, and in the pockets of one person twenty or thirty, or even sixty duplicates; their pillows, bolsters, clothes, were all

pledged, till they were nearly naked, and all this to insure, or buy tickets." Round the building where the tickets were drawn a frightful scene was presented; a crowd of all classes, but chiefly of the lowest, were assembled, in eager expectation. Prostitutes, thieves, dirty workmen, or labourers, almost naked—mere children, pale and anxious, awaiting the announcement of the numbers. When would theirs turn up—would it be a blank or a prize? An awful question. Oaths, screams, the vilest ribaldry met the ear on every side; they were a godless, hopeless, raving crowd! Persons of large means often yielded to the same temptation. Noblemen, possessors of land, talented clergymen, and astute lawyers sacrificed their all to the same infatuation, and wore out their last days in the workhouse.

The "Morocco men" were a remarkable class; they were so called from the large pocket-books they carried. Pigeons in youth, and rooks in old age. Commonly, they were well educated, and possessed superior manners. They were known in the blackest dens of St. Giles's, but not less so in the noblest mansions of the great. Every house was infested by them. They were the moral pestilence of society. No crime was too atrocious, if  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. could be procured by it. The young were specially their prey, but even the old and experienced were often their victims. Many of them died at Tyburn; more were

"Doomed the lone isle of Sydney cove to see,"

and the pillory was their daily punishment. The recognized dealers in lottery tickets were frequently capable of the grossest frauds. "I know of no class," said Mr. Littleton, "excepting hangmen and informers, on whom I should be less disposed to bestow one word of com-

mentation." Mr. Parnell proposed the following epitaph for a Chancellor of the Exchequer :—

“ Here lies the Right Honourable Nicholas Vansittart,  
Who patronized Bible societies,  
Built churches, encouraged savings banks, and supported  
lotteries.”

A committee reported to the House of Commons, after careful deliberation, that “ The foundation of the lottery is so radically vicious, that under no system can it become an efficient source of gain, and yet be divested of the evils and calamities of which it has proved so baneful a source. Idleness, dissipation, and poverty are increased; sacred and confidential trusts are betrayed; domestic comfort is destroyed, madness often created; crimes subjecting the perpetrators to death are committed. No mode of raising money appears so burdensome, pernicious, and unproductive. No species of adventure is known where the chances are so great against the adventurers; none where the infatuation is more powerful, lasting, and destructive. In the lower classes of society the persons engaged are, generally speaking, either immediately or ultimately tempted to their ruin; and there is scarcely any condition of life so destitute and so abandoned but its distresses have not been aggravated by this allurements to gaming.” In spite of this and other warnings, the needed reform was deferred. Ameliorations were proposed, but no real good effected, and lotteries were not prohibited until 1826.

When I was a child of about six years old, a kind but injudicious relative took me to Bish’s, on Cornhill, to purchase the sixteenth of a lottery ticket. She said it was to be my fortune. Woe to me, had she been a true prophet—for of course it proved a blank. I remember that I noticed in some alarm a group of ill-favoured

fellows in the office, and when a heap of shares was produced for my choice, I took the first that offered, that I might get home the sooner. I was not troubled at being told that my sixteenth was a failure, for toys and sweets were dearer then than money. At ten or twelve, however, I used to long for tickets, no doubt because everybody about me was attracted by them. When a second sixteenth part of No. 5,020 was given me, I certainly did anticipate it would bring me inexhaustible riches. It was really a prize, but then, costing £1 6s., it only yielded 16s. 4d., which rather disgusted me, and, perhaps, served to wean me from the fascinations of lotteries. I never purchased share or ticket again; nor, indeed, have I ever speculated in railway or mining companies, or building societies, from a conviction that the uncertain gains they yield compensate but poorly for the constant risk and anxiety. No account of lotteries, or of their effects, can supply the vivid recollections they have left on my mind. Society, whether high or low, was deeply permeated by the evil influence. As acquaintances on meeting now speak of the fine or inclement weather as the one subject in which all are interested, so, then, the almost invariable reference was to the great prize just, or about to be drawn, and to the fortunate winner; or to the blank you had just drawn, and your confident belief that No. 1,962 would be the £20,000 prize. Then, while the drawing was in progress—and it was the work of many days—the whole town was shaken from its propriety; messengers were continually passing backwards and forwards to the insurance offices, or when they were distant, pigeons were thrown up that the intelligence might not linger; or when a great card was drawn, swift horses with light weights were despatched to expectant holders, bearing the important tidings. The tickets were usually drawn from the wheel by a blind-folded Bluecoat



boy ; and for many years the whole number, up to 20,000 or 30,000, were drawn. People sagely speculated as to whether the Christchurch scholar could influence the drawing ; would a handsome present propitiate him ? When both blanks and prizes were all out, the folks you met in the streets presented strange contrasts. The majority looked in the worst possible temper, while the faces of many were darkened by despair. On the contrary, you encountered a joyous few who seemed delivered from all their troubles, and were anticipating perpetual gladness of heart.

The stirring drama is played out ; blanks and prizes are forgotten ; winners and losers are alike tranquil now. If men must gamble, it can only be in stocks, cotton, or indigo ; or, if their ambition is small, they can invest in a raffle for worsted-work or a Twelfth-night cake. The imaginative Chancellor forbears to give a line in his budget for lotteries ; and though we still use such idle words as luck, chance, and fortune, experience has convinced or is convincing us that, though we are in some sense the architects of our own good or evil estate, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

## ST. PETER UPON CORNHILL.

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THE particulars I am about to cite respecting a church claiming an antiquity above that of most other City sanctuaries are contained—but in a much more voluminous form—in some manuscript folios in the library at Guildhall. Some use was made of them about forty years since for the pages of “*Londina Illustrata*,” but my business with them is chiefly in the way of condensed quotations, which will prevent my acknowledging any special extract; and, indeed, the whole collection consists of little else than citations from parish registers and similar documents.

An attempt at the history of the church is made on a brass plate still preserved within its walls. The age assumed for the foundation is not supported by any proof, and we may reasonably doubt on the subject. The plate is of tarnished brass, lacquered,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $17\frac{1}{2}$ , enclosed in a carved oaken frame, painted black and varnished. It now hangs over the chimney in the vestry. In the sixteenth century it was chained to a pillar in the church itself; the inscription is of the time of Henry VI. Holinshed mentions it in 1567, and Stow says of it, in 1598, “It was written, I know not by what authority, but of a late hand;” while, in a republication of Stow by Anthony Munday, in 1618, he alters this to “of *no* late hand.” We now give the inscription verbatim:—“Bee it

knowne to all men, that in the year of our Lord God 179, Lucius, the first Christian king of this land, then called Britaine, founded the first Church in London, that is to say the Church of St. Peter upon Cornhill, and he founded there an Archbishop's see, and made that Church the metropolitane and chief Church of this kingdome, and so it endured the space of 400 yeares and more, unto the coming of St. Austin, the Apostle of Englande, the which was sent into this land by St. Gregorie, the doctor of the Church in the time of King Ethelbert, and then was the Archbishop's see and pall removed from the aforesaid Church of St. Peter upon Cornhill, into Dorobemia, that now is called Canterburie, and there it remaineth to this day; and Mellet, a monk, which came into this land with St. Austin, he was made the first Bishop of London, and his see was made in Paul's Church; and this Lucius, king, was the first founder of St. Peter's Church upon Cornhill, and he reigned king in this land, after Brute, 1245 years; and in the year of our Lord 124, Lucius was crowned king, and the years of his reign were 77 yeares; and he was buried (after some chronicles) at London, and (after some chronicles) he was buried at Gloucester, in that place where the order of St. Francis standeth now." Possibly Lucius was a believer, for Dugdale cites an historical manuscript concerning the Cathedral of Llandaff, to the following effect:—"In the year 156, Lucius sent deputies to Eleutherius, the twelfth Pope, beseeching that through his instructions he might become a Christian. The prelate thanked God, and baptized the deputies at Rome, who, being qualified to preach, returned to Britain, and Lucius and all his chiefs received baptism." The writers who affirmed that Lucius really built the church on Cornhill are not older than the twelfth century, and there were tablets of brass in the old cathedral of St. Paul declaring the same fact. One of these commenced with the

ages of the world, and an abstract of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with Latin couplets about Diana's Oracle, the story of Brute, and the origin of London. In many other churches and monasteries the like assumption of remote antiquity was made. Thus Glastonbury Church, Somersetshire, was pretended to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea; and such extravagant stories were common, as being thought to give dignity to ecclesiastical structures. Yet in the ancient parish records there are various entries to prove that the court of an archbishop was occasionally held there, and some bulls from Rome speak of the rectors of St. Peter as entitled to episcopal rank.

Stow says the church of his time was finished in the reign of Edward IV. Yet we find this passage in his chronicle:—"In 1230 (he cites the *Liber Albus*), the 15th of Henry III., one Ralp de Wainfontaines was stabbed by some unknown person in St. Paul's Churchyard, so that he died the next day. One Geoffrey Russel, clerk, was with him at the time he was struck, who immediately fled to the church of St. Peter, and would neither come to the peace of the king nor depart from the church. The sheriffs caused the place to be watched, to prevent his departing secretly, or receiving food, though the refugee found means to escape." In 1244 a similar circumstance is mentioned, and in 1284 a chantry was established in the church for Roger Fitz-Roger; and when Nicholas IV. granted the tenths of ecclesiastical benefices to Edward I., the temporalities of the church were assessed as "goods of the Prior of the Holy Trinity Church, in the parish of St. Peter de Cornhill, £2 13s. 0d." In 1324, "the jurors present that certain parishioners of St. Peter de Cornhill have for eight years erected on the King's land a house, in which a certain anchorite now inhabits;" while in 1328 the Dean of St. Paul's presented to St. Peter upon Cornhill a perpetual chantry, founded long previous for the soul

of Robert De La Hyde. The original will, with bequest, is still preserved among the parochial records. Here is a brief outline :—

“Perceiving death approach, I bequeath my soul to Almighty God, to his blessed Moder and all saints. My body to be buried in my tomb at St. Peter’s. I give all my lands to St. Peter and St. Magnus the Martyr, to find two chaplains, perpetually to celebrate Divine service at the altar for my soul, and the soules of Sarah and Alynor my wives, and the souls of my fader and my moder, to all to whom I am bound, and of all faithful deceased. To find two torches daily at the lifting of Christ’s body at the Mass, and to keep one lamp perpetually burning day and night before the High Cross; the parish clerk to have 2s. sterling yearly to keep and light the said lamps; also 10s. 3d. to be paid annually to keep up the fabric. The parson to have 10s., and three chaplains 3s. each per year, and no more, on peril of their souls at the Day of Judgment, to say *placebo* and *dirige*, and one solemn mass on my anniversary, with 4d. additional to pray for my soul on that day, every year without fail.”

Various other charities are enumerated, and it appears that from 1312 to 1403 upwards of twelve chaplains were appointed specially to offer up prayers for the dead, a custom long retained, even in our reformed Church, and practised on account of his deceased wife and mother by Dr. Samuel Johnson. In the Prayer Book as revised under Edward VI., a formula is given, and however the increased wisdom of the Church may now eschew such practices as superstitious, they were at least a source of consolation to the bereaved, and we cannot wonder that they were esteemed pious by our simple ancestors. In 1538, the King’s Vicar-General, Cromwell, commanded that parish registers should be kept. Some loose sheets of that period are preserved at St. Peter’s, but they were

not collected into volumes, or even kept accurately, before the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth. The Queen approved them under her Great Seal, October 25, 1597. A volume at St. Peter's begins on the reverse of the first leaf, in this manner (the title is in a large, handsome, black letter, the verses in a delicate Italian hand, in vermillion):—

“Though in the grave men's bodies soon be rotten,  
Yet heare theyr names will hardly be forgotten.”

“This book was bought at the charge of the parish of St. Peter's upon Cornhill, the 22nd of September, 1598.” We give a few stanzas of certain Latin verses, translated by the clerk, William Aurerell, who penned them:—

“Lo! here, a crystall mirror,  
And glass of men's vaine glorie;  
Whose vew may be a terror  
'Gainst pleasure transitorie—  
Wherein each human creature  
May see the course of nature.

Lo! here, the child now panting  
In wombe of woful mother;  
When life and breath are wanting,  
How th' one's a grave to th' other;  
The wombe that's made to bear it  
Becomes a tombe t' interre it.

The sucking babe that hangeth  
Upon the teat so tender,  
When fearefull death it pangeth,  
Dies like a slip that's slender;  
Now born and now baptized,  
Now dead and sore disguised.

The youth that's strong and lustie,  
Whose face is full of favour;  
May here see youth untrustie,  
And like a flower in savour;  
Now fresh and sweet, now gathered;  
Straight loathsome, dead, and withered.

The flouring maide bespangled  
With red, like damaske roses,  
Must leave to be new-fangled,  
And shunn men's flattring gloses.  
For here she sees her beautie,  
Death's tribute, debt, and dutie.

The virgin newlie married,  
With pomp and wondrous pleasure,  
The next day heare is buried  
With sorrow passing measure.  
She melts, and mourns in dying,  
Her spouse and friends, with crying.

The riche man that has scraped,  
To fill his bagges with treasure,  
Shall see here none have 'scaped,  
But death hath had his measure.  
Here is his name enrolled,  
That would not be controlled.

The poore, with famine pined,  
Once being here recorded,  
Hath treasure trove assigned,  
And heavenlie food afforded.  
In heaven he's now adorned,  
That here on earth was scorned.

The feeble old man, wasted  
With yeares, cares, grief, and trouble,  
Is glad that death hath hasted,  
His rest for to re-double.  
Though long he lived and crooked,  
Yet heare he must be booked.

Thus every age and calling  
May heyr behold their faces,  
Theyr rising and theyr falling,  
Theyr endes and wretched cases;  
Which glass were it well used,  
Life should not be abused."

Then, after the title, follows, written in vermilion :—

“This booke contains the names of mortal men,  
But there's a booke with characters of gold,  
Not writ with inke, with pensile, or with pen,  
Where God's elect for ever are enrolled;  
The Booke of Life, where labour thou to bee,  
Before this booke hath once registred thee.”

After the entry, on Sunday, March 13th, 1602-3, the subjoined verses are entered to commemorate the decease of Queen Elizabeth :—

“Queen Elizabeth is gone and dead,  
King James now raigneth in her stead;  
Her virtues sounded weare by fame,  
The world ringes of her princelie name;  
A queen and king so to succeed,  
I never heard, nor none did read.  
Heare end theyre byrthes by her sweet death,  
Under whose raigne they took theyr breath,  
A peerless prince, a virgin Queen,  
Whose like on earth was never seen.  
England, put on sable and blacke,  
With crynest tears lament her lack,  
And mourn for her that now hath been  
Forty-five years thy nurse and queen,  
Whose golden virtues to recite  
No tongue can tell, no penne can write.  
Elizabeth, thy glorious name  
Shall live while earth doth keepe her frame;  
And when the earth shall melt and waste,  
In heaven her fame shall live and last.”

On the reverse leaf is written—

“CHRISTENINGS, 1603.

So now begins a new offspring  
At entrance of a vertuous king—  
King James the First, preserved by fate,  
For England's crown and regal state.



Long maie he sway the diadem,  
 Of princes alle the princelie gemme;  
 For men, nay angells, crie and sing,  
 ‘God save thee, James, thrise famous king!’”

The author of these verses (Aurerell) was a very learned man, and, in addition to his clerkship of the church, he was master of the ancient Grammar School of St. Peter's.

Under the head of “Burials,” we read—

“1603—Buried, of them of the plague, in the whole of London, 30,578.”

The kind-hearted dominie thus records the death of two favourite scholars:—

“1603, September 9th, Fridaie.—Henry Ashboold, my scholler, sonne of the Doctor Ashboold, parson of this church, a youth composed and framed out of the mould of vertue; for learning and modestie, in soe young yeares, admirable. He lieth buried in the high chauncell, under a small blewish stone, with his brother, 10 yeares.

“O, happie Henrie, thou hast runne thy race,  
 The grave thy corpse, the heavens thy soul embrace.”

“November 5th, Satterdaie.—Jonas Holdsworth, son of Henry Holdsworth, mercer, a boy very toward in learning; his pit in the west yard [described elsewhere as a fresh, green, little burial-place]. He was about 15 yeares. Jonas and Richard Holdsworth, my schollers.

“These vertuous youths, with gifts of nature blest,  
 Have left this life, and now doe lie at rest.”

Some earlier memorials of the Aurerell family are deeply interesting—they are taken from the burial register:—

“1592, Tuesday, Sept. 26th.—Mathew Aurerell, aged 5 years. It rejoices me that I am well assured that this little youth, whom I held so deare, I shall hereafter finde

again in heaven, when his flesh has been renewed from the dark cavern of the sepulchre, like to some yonge phoenix, or the wheate of the graine that is raised up not less easily than happily."

"1525, Friday, February 20.—Gillian Aurerell, wife of William Aurerell, Merchant Tailor, and Clerk of this Parish. This woman possessed virtue, faith, modesty, charity, honesty, and other endowments of the soul, with which she was richly adorned; so that if I had a hundred tongues I could not express them all. She lived much at home, not often going abroad. She was kind and not wayward to her neighbours, dutiful and constant to her husband, and devout and obedient to God. She lived well and died happily; and henceforth she is delivered from all the evils of this life, and nothing remains to her but that which is blessed! She died of her 17th child; her pit is in the west yard by her children, at the right hand towards the church wall, where the bay tree stood:—

"A faithful, chaste, and duteous wife, thou ever wert to mee,  
And virtue's bounteous recompense remaineth unto thee!  
Thy soul most pure, the starry heavens now keep from  
earthly woe,  
Alas! for mee, that I with thee was not allowed to goe!"

According to an order of vestry, William Aurerell, for engrossing the register, at the commencement was to have £4 paid him, and afterwards 3s. 4d. yearly for his pains in keeping it!

This register is probably one of the most beautiful examples of the kind extant. The penmanship throughout is exceedingly elegant, and often highly ornamented. At every page evidences of the writer's scholarly qualities are met with. The Latinity is always unexceptionable, and the Greek phrases, which frequently occur, are appropriate, and of the classical age. If such parish clerks as Aurerell were common in his days, the class could not

have been at all inferior to the clergy for learning or general education. The office of clerk was evidently of importance formerly; at present, the merest layman, if he can read and write, is held to be qualified.

Before the Reformation there were one or more clerks attached to parish churches, as assistants to the rector or vicar, and the schools attached were assigned for their subsistence. Parish clerks were empowered to read or "say" homilies or sermons. Preaching, as now understood, was little known, even in Elizabeth's reign. It was calculated that there were eight thousand parishes in England without preaching ministers. By a canon of James I. sermons might be read by unlicensed ministers. Many clerks and schoolmasters, no doubt, were employed in the pulpits.

Though the original foundation of St. Peter's was so ancient, the building destroyed in the Great Fire had probably not been erected more than 170 years, the indenture for the work dating 1551. From a representation of the church in 1599, it had a square steeple tower at the western end, with two stories to the north, each surmounted by battlements, with a large arched window, looking east. At the north-west angle of the tower is a lofty turret, reaching to the top of the upper battlements, and terminating in a pointed dome, crowned by a vane. There was also a clock tower. The structure was neither grand or remarkable; indeed, a large proportion of such fabrics raised in that age had little but their substantial character to recommend them.

Here are a few curious extracts from the vestry books:—

"1575, September 22nd.—Agreed that Robert Mydelton, our Clarke, shall not saye any more serments publicly in this Church."

"1577, Sunday, March 10th.—Only claret wine of the best to be used at the Communion."

“1699, Sunday, February.—Agreed, that for because our Church was very foule, had not been whited for many yeares, as also for that the wall and fence was very low, that it should be whited and the walls raised.”

Continual notice occurs of “corrupsyon breaking out from neighbouring houses,” and we may hence understand how low the sanitary condition of the City then was.

“1598, March 14th.—Agreed, that a cage be set up for Cornhill Ward, for the reclamyng and shutting up of vagrant persons, until they might, according to law, be punished.”

“1628.—Parish moved to repair the church, on which subject William Sand, then Bishop of London, addressed his hearers ‘at a visitation kept in St. Peter’s.’ He discoursed thus wise—‘I am sorry to meet with so true an etymology of *diaconos* (so called from a Greek word signifying dust), for here is both dirt and dust too for priest and deacon to work in; yea, it is dust of the worst kinde, caused from the ruines of this ancient house of God, so that it pittie His servants to see her dust!’ Whence he took occasion to press the repairs of that and other churches, and from this day we may date their restoration, some to decency, and some to magnificence.”

“1643, Tuesday, August 22nd.—Agreed about the charges for taking away superstitious pictures, and to treat with Mr. Coleman about the sequestration of the vestry.”

“1646, December 3rd.—Six ruling elders chosen.”

“1649.—Agreed to charges for the refection of such severall ministers as shall preach the morning exercise.”

“1652, January 29th.—£15 1s. collected to propagate the Gospel in New Englande.”

“1660, May 10th.—Agreed that the King’s arms on painted glass should be refreshed, and Moses and Aaron are again to be set up. A gratuity to be given to the glazier for his care in keeping them all this while.”

“1662, Nov. 12th.—A saints’ bell ordered to be hanged in the steeple over the other bells, and a Prayer Book bought at the parish charge.”

These entries coming so close upon each other are almost ludicrous.

The Great Fire laid St. Peter’s, with many other churches, in ruins; and the following entries are irregular, and chiefly relate to the rebuilding:—

“1672, December 31st.—Five guineas to be paid to Dr. Wren (Sir Christopher) for his pains in furthering a tabernacle for this parish (a temporary building).”

“1680, Tuesday, September 7th.—A contract entered into for a new church.”

“1682.—Church completed.”

“1719, May 22nd.—6*d.* offered to each of the 12 parishioners who come first to vestry.”

Think of bribing twelve inhabitants of Cornhill at 6*d.* per head!

We are tempted to give the subjoined quaint epitaph, taken from a tomb in the old church:—

“Here under lieth William Messe, of this Citie;  
 Whilst he lived, free of the Grocers’ Company;  
 And Julian, his wife, to whom 24 years married was he,  
 By whom God sent him five sonnes, and daughters three;  
 And to God’s will his heart was always bent,  
 So did his death show a life well spent.  
 Here is this written, that other may remember  
 His godly departure from this world the 26th of September!”

Take as a companion piece an exquisitely beautiful inscription on the tomb of Richard, his two wives, and children, in St. Saviour’s Church, Southwark:—

“Like to the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower of May,  
 Or like the morning of the day;

Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonah had ;  
Even so is many whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth ;  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;  
The sun sets, the shadow flies ;  
The gourd consumes, and man, he dies."

In the modern church of St. Peter there is a beautiful mural monument to the memory of the seven children of Mr. James Woodmason, who were all burnt to death on the night of January 18, 1782. The accident was occasioned by a spark igniting the white drapery of their mother's looking-glass and toilet. The seven infant sufferers (for the eldest was but six years old—the youngest were twins) are sculptured as cherubs encircling the tablet; and the artist has endowed the marble with such lines of celestial loveliness, that they can scarcely be looked upon without admiration. There is an engraving of this monument.

The ancient records thus dealt with have a peculiar charm for the writer. While he turns over the neglected leaves, he is fain to imagine that a voice from the past is in his ears; he can even fancy the mild, contemplative features of the studious clerk of St. Peter's photographed upon the parchment, and silently admonishing him of the noiseless lapse of time.

## LONDON AT CHRISTMAS.



THERE was something kindly and genial in the Saturnalian feasts of the ancients, when bond and free, the helot and his master, enjoyed themselves together, and, for a few hours of the year, man's common brotherhood was acknowledged by all. Christmas, during the long course of ages which have rolled by since our Lord's advent, has been a still more blessed time of immunity from the pains and penalties of poverty. Wretched indeed was he for whom no friend or relative kept a chair at some hospitable table—for whom there was no hand-shaking, no smile of welcome, no hearty words of salutation. Christmas offered a sort of inning, after the toilsome monthly heats of the year, for the wayfarers and pilgrims of all the families of the land. Many who could meet but once during 365 days, met then. There was a national *réunion* of young and old—parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins; not a link in the chain of love was wanting; or, if sea or continent kept some dear ones away, their names were “household words, freshly remembered,” as the wine-cup circled around the hospitable board. In absence, Christmas was anticipated as the season of meeting. Sorrow of heart and toil of arm were sustained with greater patience, as fancy pleased the youthful and consoled the aged with visions of the grand

December jubilee. Has any of this warmth and kindness of feeling departed from among us? Do we recollect poor friends and relations as well as formerly, at Christmas? Is the goose, the turkey, and the chine brought to as many doors? Are as many chimneys warmed by the hospitable fires that roast the sirloin, or keep the plum-pudding a-boil? Are mince-pies as much in request, and snap-dragon as popular as ever? Let us take courage, and hope so.

Yet there is a change abroad. Many old customs and observances are fading out. Will our children listen to the waits as an edifying institution? Will the mince-pies and plum-puddings of 1900 be as rich and tasty as those we shall enjoy so much on Christmas Day next? We must not be too critical, for certainly benevolence is not out of fashion. There will be plum-pudding, and substantial beef, and frothing porter in every London work-house. Kindly masters and mistresses of the parish unions will not be wanting, to deck the hall or chapel with holly; and the gentle-hearted priest, as he blesses the liberal meal, will breathe words of peace and comfort for the poor pensioners. Nor will the infirmity patients be forgotten; each will have a share of the delicacies, and, in addition, the welcome dole of tea or snuff; while the younger inmates will rejoice over the boon of cakes and oranges. I know a medical man who visits the sick in one of the civic unions, whose good wife annually invests several pounds in toys for the poor children; and I saw, not long since, Dr. Tait, the Bishop of London, stand by an infant's crib, in one of the wards of a paupers' school, and inquire of the nurse how she amused the little sufferer. Unselfish sympathy and genuine pity are not extinct. I do not measure them by the length of subscription lists, or the splendour of charitable asylums; no, but rather gauge the kindness of our fellow-citizens by



the generous though silent streams of bounty and tenderness which continually, and especially at this genial season, visit and cheer so many humble dwellings. Every City ward, where there are any poor, has its almoners. Bread, coals, materials for winter clothing, are liberally dispensed to all that need them. The rich merchant, in his suburban villa, takes care that the sons and daughters of want shall taste of his abundance. There is a holy magic in the power of wealth to make the hearts of widows and orphans sing for joy; and well do our prosperous traders exercise it. Even the prisons are cheered; bondage is made less oppressive; the fetters get a velvet lining. The City Companies send Christmas gifts to the magistrates of the adjacent districts; and private benefactors, symbolised as A., B., or C., drop their alms into the court box, to afford help in cases of severe destitution. Poor needlewomen, employed by slop clothiers, tempted to pawn materials for food or fire, meet with merciful judges, and are restored to their homes, with aids to fresh exertions, and the Scriptural counsel, "Go, and sin no more."

Christmas has various harbingers, all accompanied with pleasurable excitement. In the palmy days of Smithfield there was the great annual market, painfully crowded with oxen, sheep, and pigs—all fed to repletion; and the public ways adjoining were scarcely safe for pedestrians. Now, the cattle-show gives audible note of ten thousand coming banquets; and myriads of be-crinolined fashionables, with their beauish satellites, have taken Baker-street Bazaar by storm—as, in future years, they will the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Then, the week previous to the most convivial of convivial days, just make a pilgrimage from Camberwell to Leadenhall, or from Hampstead to Newgate Market. Observe in every genteel street the polishing of the window-panes—the glossy leaves with the

scarlet berries, and here and there a slip of mistletoe—how suggestive of the expected good cheer and merriment within! Then, the shops are all at their best and brightest—Christmas presents displayed in numberless tempting forms. Light airy fabrics for ball dresses—elegant wreaths to encircle the heads of blushing girls—gloves as fancy-like and daintily tinted as the hands they are to cover; white satin shoes or kid boots—for what delicate feet are they designed! The stores of jewellery, particularly on Cornhill (surely the famed Goldsmiths'-row must be eclipsed)—what multiform allurements to deck the lovely wives and sisters and daughters of civic magistrates—"gems rich and rare," pearls large and faultless, diamonds mimicing all the rainbow's hues—bright, yet wellnigh lustreless, compared with eyes we may notice under certain caps and bonnets. Glance at the provision shops; what mountains of food—beef, mutton, pork—those giant ribs, cunningly made up of well-proportioned layers of fat and lean—those wonderful haunches from prize wethers—those temptations in the shape of sucking-pigs—those full-grown porcine limbs of maternal swine! Nor must we leave the grocers' windows unnoticed—yes, "New fruit, finest imported;" the figs, how ripe and round; the raisins of the sun; the muscatels with the bloom on; the almonds, and French plums, and Normandy pippins—a puzzling choice for an epicure.

But look to the roadway, what an impenetrable deadlock. How will Mr. A 40 ever be able to set the wheels going again? Pickford's vans, and a long detachment of parcel delivery carts from each metropolitan railway, and in especial from the London Bridge terminus, filled to overflowing with baskets, hampers, parcels—each anxiously expected, and many not destined to be delivered in time for the feast. Did you leave an order at the fishmonger's in Lombard-street? Will all those barrels of natives duly

reach their destination? Will that goodly cod come to hand, or those monster soles be duly served at Alderman Kipper's table? A stormy scene, not over-pleasant to a Total Abstinence Society man, for here comes the vintner's cart, with specimen hampers of all imaginable wines—champagne and hock, old port and golden sherry, with juices from French, German, and nondescript vintages, too numerous to mention.

Truly, let us hope, people will be merry and wise this Christmas, that fines for inebriety will not be numerous, that the beef may be tender, the game and poultry not too long kept, the raisins well stoned, and the puddings thoroughly boiled.

Another unequivocal sign of coming Christmas is the breaking-up of schools, academies, colleges—metropolitan, suburban, provincial. What strings of omnibuses from the railways; their mercurial occupants—hopeful little men, from twelve to sixteen—poking their heads out of window, shouting in the mere gladness of their hearts, and scenting the holiday cheer afar off. Then the swarms of cabs and flys, filled with dainty little misses, rejoicing in pink cheeks and brilliant eyes, trying to look demure, and yet breaking the ice of formality with frequent simpers of uncontrollable enjoyment. Papa, and not unfrequently mamma too, waits at the house of business to welcome the darlings on their way home. How much genuine happiness do such meetings afford!—little thought of, or even understood at the moment, but often remembered with unavailing regret when the Christmas of youth is a thing of the past.

Are the waits allowed in the City now-a-days? I used to hear them in Ivy-lane more than fifty years since, and very delightful music they seemed to dispense. In the silence of a crisp, frosty night, the sounds from a cracked fiddle or a time-roughened tongue, could bring up visions

of the three kings who offered gold, and frankincense, and myrrh in the manger at Bethlehem; and one's eyes ran over with grateful tears as the carol rose through the misty morning air:—

“ God bless you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay;  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas Day.”

We will now take a peep at London of a Christmas Day—taking for our type its appearance on December 25, 1860, since the metropolis is now (1861) under a heavy moral cloud, and cannot be expected to assume its festival garments. Few can have forgotten the intense frost of that day;—the thermometer was far below zero, yet there was a dryness in the air, and the sun shone so brightly during the morning hours, that it was cheering to look or walk abroad. I did the first, though not by choice, very early; and while the terrible cold for a time chilled my blood, brisk exercise soon produced a pleasant glow, and as the cutting wind seemed to burn my skin, it invigorated my whole frame; and there was London, hardly yet in broad daylight, strangely hushed and quiet:

“ The very houses seem'd asleep.”

Shops and offices were closed, as if the stir of business had never been known within;—few or no passengers in the streets, save a shivering policeman or two, anxiously waiting for the hour of relief, or here and there a half-clad boy or woman, diving down some dark court or alley to their miserable homes. The pavement was so dry, its moisture so completely frozen, that each step one took was followed by a well-defined echo. Presently, as the sun began to be seen above the housetops, the vanes of the church steeples gleamed in the growing light—especially,

the dragon at Bow and the cross at St. Paul's assumed their most brilliant aspect. Then the traffic gradually increased, but it was not of the ordinary sort. Neither clerks nor office-bearers were to be met with, but eager-looking folks of both sexes, mostly with carpet-bags or bonnet-boxes, hurrying towards the railways. Then joy bells began to be heard—some remote, some near; a strain of sacred melody filled the frosty air, and you felt it was Christmas.

I marvelled at a watercress merchant, very busy at his vocation; there were icicles on the shrivelled bunches, and he shook "his hoary beard with cold." The postmen were on their first delivery; the quick duplicate knocks fell cheerily on the ear, and the humble heralds of our cares and sorrows stepped out manfully—for at noon their half-holiday would commence. (Can we afford them but two in the whole year, on Good Friday and at Christmas?) More pedestrians, looking fearful they shall be too late for the trains. The early coffee-woman has removed her extemporized shop. She has not been in luck this morning,—her usual customers are not at work, and the hasty passers-by anticipate more costly refreshment.

Now the church bells begin to peal in all directions; and at first with a merry recognition of the happy season. The whole atmosphere is alive with the gracious harmony, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," and we may imagine a few notes still linger from the angelic chorus that delighted the shepherds at Bethlehem. The congregations are not large, though the churches have an inviting look. The holly and mistletoe appear to give fresh vitality to the old-world sanctuaries, and the ancient pews have a little of the comfort—in show, at least—which they possessed for the well-to-do citizens of a long passed generation, who never thought of keeping house anywhere but in London. But it is much too cold for a two hours'

service. The curates are fast readers, and the ministers are fond of short sermons: by twelve o'clock the benediction has been pronounced; Mr. Beadle Bumble and his helps have closed the church doors; and the officials are scenting a one o'clock dinner with an air of immense satisfaction.

Omnibuses increase—Mile-end—Stepney—The Docks,—“2*d*. All the Way!” But (and this is in very small letters) “6*d*. after eight o'clock.” How the horses strain and slip! Too often they fall on the frozen road. An omnibus horse has but a sorry life—and so, indeed, have both conductor and driver; very difficult for them to be teetotallers! The company inside look smart and happy—the fathers stalwart and good-humoured, the mothers thoroughly on the alert—and with good cause, for there are never less than four children to each couple; and wonderfully obstreperous units of humanity they seem. 'Bus stops—orange girl is at the door. “Buy us an orange, daddy!” and the rude paterfamilias purchases her whole stock, for she has but a dozen left. Outside the omnibus line jostle a string of cabs, Hansoms, and flys. Yes—a lady, gentleman, and six juveniles in the first cab—what an unmerciful load! a beau, in full-dress, occupies the next Hansom, and two ladies, with most extensive skirts, the fly that follows. Watch the faces of the younger riders, so hopeful, so bright with anticipated pleasures. The children scarcely kept from blurting out their unsophisticated mirth in shouts or laughter, while the elderly folks are grave, and, indeed, scarcely at their ease, but wish the “Christmas out” were over. Passengers on foot by the hard, icy pavement, are still tolerably numerous—some weary, some trying to make light of the distance, and others rollicking under the inspiration of “ale or viler liquors.” The faint tinkle of the muffin bell is heard in Milk-street, the gas-lamps are

exhibiting their flickering fires," but there is not a single light to be detected at the windows. Of course, All the World and his wife are abroad, or, rather, are trying to enjoy themselves at the West-end, or in their cosy suburban villas. Who would be so vulgar as to dine, or even lunch, on Christmas Day, within the sound of Bow bells? Four o'clock; it is evening already, and will soon be night. The last omnibus, half empty, drawls past, quiet and sad; the last cab, outward-bound, went by fifteen minutes since, and the empties—their fares happily deposited—crawl to the stands, the weary whips longing anxiously for "summut hot." The only apple-woman tolerated by Whittle Harvey's blues has left her post; Newgate-street is a solitude, St. Paul's-churchyard has gone to sleep "for this night only," Cheapside and Cornhill are lethargic, and Leadenhall is as silent as a village forty miles from town. A stray mendicant, a premature toper, or a lost child is the sole animated creature remaining; or, should anybody open a door, or enter with a latch-key, they really seemed ashamed of themselves. Thus from four o'clock until six or seven time glides away, and then unmistakable signs of a change become evident. The gin-palace kings, like death, are opening their doors impartially wide for all classes. According to Smollett, at the London public-houses in his time, this placard was exhibited:—"Drunk for 1*d*. Dead drunk for 2*d*. Clean straw for nothing." Modern hosts, at similar places—only more dangerous, because more attractive—are polite and elegant in their invitations. A brilliant gas chandelier illuminates the interior, "the glasses sparkle on the board," and the cup of deadly enchantment is brightly polished; but how the trusting guests fare may perhaps be learnt at the Mansion House Court to-morrow morning.

As the darkness deepens, the street traffic increases—the wheels commence their deafening noise again; there

is a contention for omnibus seats; cabs are at a premium; woe to the genteel fly that gets entangled among heavily-laden Shillibeers on a return journey! Look at the omnibus passengers—the children snoring or shrieking—the men, some beery and half asleep—others with red eyes and flushed cheeks. Is rum-and-water or brandied port in fault? And the women—some secretly asking themselves if “this is merry Christmas?” and others anticipating the surly humours of their testy partners on Boxing-day.

Is this all? Oh, no! Thousands of all ranks use the long-expected, warmly-welcomed festival wisely, and realize, during its brief hours, domestic enjoyments and harmless pleasures, which neither weary while possessed, nor disgust when remembered. Our English working folks—the sounder, and, we believe, the larger portion of them—have a happy knack of gathering such wholesome sweets from their Christmas tree. May it long grow and flourish in the land, and especially yield all its richest prizes to the hard but honest hands of our London workers.

The roar of traffic did not subside from the streets till late morning on the 26th of December. There was a lull from three to four o'clock, and then the market carts began to throng the bridges, and every street and road, wide or narrow, woke up to its every-day life. London had been chloroformed for a few hours, but now it woke “like a giant refreshed with wine.”

On Boxing-day there is nothing fascinating in the rough vagaries of the original dustmen, or the primitive waits. There is no satisfaction in listening to their demands—our bounty will yield them little beyond an idle or a drunken day. Christmas-boxing is growing into disrepute, and will probably be unknown to our posterity. Yet they will surely not forget the hearty, cordial feelings of our Saxon



ancestors, nor the genial politeness of our Norman invaders, now united so kindly at each recurring Christmas season—which, we sincerely trust, will never again assume the saddened countenance and the deep sables which at present mark our deep sympathy in the terrible bereavement of our beloved Queen.

## THE NEW YEAR.

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CHRISTMAS has been shorn of much of its glory this year (1861), and the hale but ancient pilgrim, wearing cr pe among his holly crowns, has a look of grief mixed with his wonted mirth. The old year will die out in a few sad, dark days. The farewell bells of the season used to have a tone of pleasantry in them, but recently, in unison with the usual solemn memories, one predominant dirge-like note smote every ear. Attempts to be joyous seemed treason to our right feelings, and those "that came to laugh remained to weep." Truly the thread of our lives is of a mingled yarn; no bright or gay-coloured skein can run long, and the fate-woven woof of existence must provide the funeral black as well as the shining marriage white. A truce to such gloomy thoughts! and let us endeavour to illustrate the subject with suggestive, if not festive, ideas.

Our old English Christmas was held to extend from the eve of that great feast to Twelfth Night, and, consequently New Year's Day and its observances were absorbed in that one grand national celebration. It was, and is, far different in Scotland. After the Reformation, Christmas assumed with our neighbours a Papistical, nay, an almost heathenish character; and plum-puddings, together with mince-pies, were denounced as unworthy indulgences of

the flesh. But those bonnie Scots must keep holiday in common with other Christian people. The departure of the old year and the advent of the new were selected, or rather perpetuated, exclusively in their Hogmany. The night of December 31st found Edinburgh in an uproar; the wonted severity of Presbyterian rule was relaxed; old and young, rich and poor, thronged the streets, while, cheered by claret or mountain-dew, a cantie wooer was found for every maid and matron; and a thousand half-stolen kisses, mingled with a cordial "God bless you," manifested, oddly enough, the national joy on the coming of young Master January.

Our lively friends on the other side of the Channel are remarkable for their cordial welcoming of the New Year. In Paris (and Paris is France) for several weeks before the happy season, the shop windows display a brilliant assortment of New Year's gifts, and proclaim what is expected of every good Frenchman—no visits can be paid without the inevitable present. Its value is of less importance; but of course the position or feelings of the giver are sure to govern the money-cost of the gift. We like the fashion vastly. Whatever tends to bring human beings more closely together, not merely in business and money-getting, but in sympathy and kindness, must be beneficial. We all have infirmities and wants in common, and why not virtuous dispositions and enjoyments?

Our forefathers were mighty Christmas-keepers. The thousand civic boards groaned under lavish good cheer—available without stint to all. London was indeed a merry city when the boar's head was inducted with decorous solemnity at every royal merchant's table—when festival peacocks were in request for New Years' dinners, supported by giant sirloins, flanked by turkeys and geese innumerable. Good eating and drinking (always without gluttony or tipsy-head), with creature comforts generally,

are indispensable to domestic comfort; nor did London lose a cubit of its dignity when our late excellent Lord Mayor, on being solicited to preside at a meeting of teetotallers, declined to do so until he had declared that he saw no objection to the moderate use of sound wine.

We shall now select a few notices of old-world customs connected with Christmas and the New Year. Our ancestors used a great variety of drinking cups. Heywood says:—

“For drinking cups we have sundry sorts—some of elm, box, maple, and holly—Mason’s broad-mouthed dishes, noggens, widenings, piggins, creases, ale bowls, wassel bowls, court dishes, tankards, kannes—from a bottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill. Other bottles we have of leather, but they are most used among shepherds and harvest people. Small jacks we have, in many alehouses of the cities and suburbs, tipped with silver; besides the great black-jacks and bombards at the Court, so that Frenchmen reported in their own country that Englishmen used to drinke out of their boots. We have also cups made out of horns of beasts, of cocoa-nuts; others made of the shells of fishes, brought from the Indies, and shining like mother-of-pearl. Come to plate, every taverne can afford you flat bowles, French bowles, beere bowles, beakers; and private housekeepers in the Citie, when they entertain their friends, can furnish their cupboards with flagons, tankards, beere cups, wine bowles—some white, some parcel gilt.”

Mrs. Quickly speaks of her parcel-gilt goblets—“some gilt all over, some with covers, and of sundry shapes.” In most drinking vessels it was usual to infuse rosemary. At the New Year, 1558, Queen Elizabeth came to the City in state, and the chronicler says, “How many nose-gays did her Grace receive at poor women’s hands! How often stayed she her chariot when she saw any simple body offer

to speak to her Grace! A branch of rosemary given to her Grace, with a supplication, by a poor woman, about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot until she came to Westminster."

"January 4, 1667.—Mr. Pepys had a company to dinner at his Citie house, and 'at night to sup, and then to cards, and last of all to have a flagon of ale and apples, drank out of a wood cup, which made all merry.'"

Evelyn writes in his journal, December, 1641, "I was elected one of the Comptrollers of the Middle Temple revellers: as the fashion of the students was, the Christmas and New Year being kept with great solemnity."

Here is a curious carol:—

"Up, Doll, Peg, Susan—you all spoke to me,  
Betimes to call you, and 'tis now past three;  
Get upon your butt-ends, and rub your eyes--  
For shame, no longer lye a-bed, but rise;  
The pewter still to scour, and house to clean,  
And you a-bed! good girls, what is't you mean?"

*Bellman's Treasury*, 1707.

The following account of Christmas festivities at the Inner Temple is from a correspondent of the "Year-Book":—

"Church service over, the gentlemen repaired to the hall, and breakfasted on brawn, mustard, and malmsey. At the first course at dinner was served up a fine and large boar's head, upon a silver platter, with minstralsye." This custom was taken from one at Queen's College, Oxford, commemorative of a student who, walking on Shotover Forest, and reading "Aristotle," was attacked by a wild boar. The beast approached him open-mouthed, but the courageous youth rammed in the volume, crying out, "*Græcum est!*" and thus choked his furious opponent.

From a manuscript kept in the Court of Henry VIII.,

called "The Book Royall," once in possession of Peter Le Neve, Norroy King-at-Arms, we learn that—

"On New Year's Day the king ought to wear a surcoat and kirtle, and his pane of ermine; and if his pane be five ermine deep, a duke's shall be but four, and an earl's three. The king must wear his hat of state, and have his sword before him, whether in Cite or Court. In the morning of New Year's Day, the king, when he cometh to his foot-schete, an usher at the chamber door must say, 'Sire, here is a gift, coming from the Queen; let it enter, Sire.' Then must come in others with gifts, each according to his estate, his Grace, meanwhile, sitting at his foot-schete. Then shall presents be given to such as offer gifts. If a knight bringeth the queen's gift, let him have ten marks, an esquire eight marks, or at least 100 shillings, and so downward, according to ranke."

These royal gifts have long been discontinued—but till latterly the two Chaplains in Waiting had each a crown-piece laid under their plates at dinner. Bishop Latimer, instead of giving the king a purse of gold, gave him a New Testament, with a leaf folded down at Hebrews xiii. 4. Dr. Drake thinks Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe and jewellery were principally supported by gifts from her courtiers and wealthy citizens. All her great officers—and even her cooks and pastry people—made some offering; in general, jewels, trinkets, or articles of dress. His Grace of Canterbury gave £40; his Grace of York, £30; other spiritual lords, £20 or £10. Some temporal peers gave £20 each; peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet bags, doublets, embroidered mantles, precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets, and other costly trinkets. Dethick, Garter King-at-Arms, gave a book of the States in William the Conqueror's time; Absolon, Master of Savoy, a Bible covered with cloth of gold; the Queen's physician a box of foreign

sweetmeats; another physician a pot of green ginger, and a pot of orange flowers; the apothecaries, boxes of lozenges, ginger candy, and conserves. Mrs. Blanch gave a gold comfit box and spoon; Mrs. Morgan a box of cherries and apricots. The master cook brought confectionery. Putrino, an Italian artist, gave two pictures. Ambrose Lupo gave a box of lute strings; three other foreigners brought each a pair of sweet gloves. A cutler offered a meat knife; Jeremy Barrano, two drinking glasses; while Smyth, the dustman, sent two bolts of cambric. A catalogue exists of New Year's gifts from James I., 1605, signed by the king himself.

From "A Banquet of Pleasant Jests, 1634," we transcribe a pleasant story:—

"Archee, the king's fool, coming on New Year's Day, to bid a nobleman good morrow, received two pieces of gold, but coveting more, he shook them in his hands, saying they were too light; when the donor said, 'Archee, let me see them again; there is one I would be loath to part with.' His foolship returning them, my lord put them in his purse, saying, 'I once gave money into a fool's hand who had not the wit to keep it!'"

Pins were acceptable gifts to ladies, instead of the wooden skewers they long used; sometimes they took money as a compensation for the pins, and hence the phrase "pin-money." A corresponding phrase, "glove-money," had a similar origin.

Eton boys, in the sixteenth century, used to play after supper for New Year's gifts, and Herrick thus writes in a presentation poem to Sir Simon Steward:—

"A jolly  
House, crown'd with ivy and with holly,  
That tells of winter's tales and mirth  
That milkmaids make about the hearth;  
Of Christmas sports, the wassail bowl,  
That tost up after fox i' the hole;

Of blindman's-buff, and of the care  
That young men have to shoe the mare;  
Of twelfth-tide cakes, of peas and beans,  
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes;  
Of crackling laurel, which foresounds  
A plenteous harvest to your grounds.  
Of these, and such like things to shift,  
We send, instead of New Year's gift.  
Read, then, and when your faces shine  
With buxom meat and capering wine,  
Remember us, in cups full crown'd,  
And let our City health go round.  
Then, as ye sit about your embers,  
Call not to mind the fled Decembers;  
But think on these that are t' appear  
As daughters to the instant year;  
And to the bagpipers all address,  
Till sleep take place of weariness;  
And thus throughout the Christmas frays  
Frolic the full twelve holidays."

Many curious observances in connexion with the turning over a new leaf in Time's annual still linger among us. Dr. Forster assures us, speaking of civic customs, "that many people make a point to wear some new clothes on the 1st of January, and esteem the omission as unlucky; but, however (says he), such motives must be confined to the uninformed." Why, my good sir, do not the most brilliant people fall into far sillier errors? Lord Byron and Napoleon both objected to commence a journey, or enter upon any serious new affair, on a Friday. The superstition of wearing new garments on New Year's Day would certainly be extremely harmless. Most of our men of business, probably, open new account-books in honour of the year's birthday. Few things are thought of with more jealous care than a set of mercantile or banking books; a blot or erasure are considered unpardonable; every up-stroke and down-stroke must be faultlessly correct, every figure in its right place, and the summations



and totals at the foot of each column quite indisputable. A wise scribe of a former age advises that "to make each of these important anniversaries lucky, each man should thereon commence an account with himself, and keep it in such a clerkly manner that on the closing day of the 365 he may declare with a safe conscience, 'It has been a good year.'"

After turning over various household books, in order to present the reader with some veritable specimens of bills of fare, settled by competent authority as the right thing for a New Year's feast, I can find nothing half so amusing as the one immortalized by Whistlecroft, as placed before King Arthur:—

"The bill of fare, as you may well suppose,  
Was suited to those plentiful old times,  
Before our modern luxuries arose,  
With truffles, and ragouts, and various crimes.  
And therefore, from the original, in prose,  
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes.  
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,  
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.  
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard;  
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;  
Heron and bitterns, peacocks, swan, and bustard,  
Teal, pigeons, mallard, widgeons, and, in fine,  
Plum puddings, pancakes, apples, and custard—  
And here, withal, they drank good Gascon wine,  
With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own—  
For porter, punch, and negus were not known."

We must not omit the summary of the guests:—

"All sorts of people there were seen together,  
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;  
The fool, with fox's tail and peacock's feather,  
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;  
The country people with their coats of leather,  
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;  
Grooms, archers, valets, falconers, and yeomen,  
Damsels, and waiting maids and waiting women."

We shall have infinite cause to lament the wearing out of long-remembered usages, as indicated even yet in our calendars and almanacks. Such red-letter sections of time have a far deeper interest than any arising out of mere externals. As the heart of a people, of a city, of a nation, may be found in the rudest songs and poorest pamphlets ever printed with blocks, or mercilessly screamed out of tune, so a fantastic procession, a grotesque dance, a wild carol, or a rude mumming—the bringing in of the boar's head, or the scold's airing on a black ram—things often seen and cordially approved when London rejoiced in her Edwards or Henries, may better express the inward mind and character of those long-departed ages than the most elaborate dissertations. When we stand before Holbein's great picture at Barber-Surgeons' Hall, that strange furred assembly of priest-like doctors kneeling under the sword of their broad-straddling, parchment-in-hand master, the very "form and presence" of the Tudor period is vividly brought to the mind's eye, and we realise much of its grandeur, and all its oppressive unescapable tyranny. In like manner the quaint histories and chronicles left to us from such periods—occasions of festival and national celebrations—seem resumed in their primeval glory. Feudal observances—the rude but solemn oath-taking of the crowned captain to his armed followers—the feast in civic hall or carousal castle—May morning, Christmas-tide, and New Year's Day, in the fashion of our ancestors, are all outlined with startling fidelity. We paint with water-colours, and write with perishable ink, now; our progenitors used unfading tints, and what they wrote was "leaded into the rock for ever." Both were often out of taste, and strangely, nay painfully, rude; but they were lasting, or at least we earnestly hope they will prove so.

And now of the Christmas and New Year tide so

hastily fleeing from us while we write; who does not feel that a heavy cloud has settled down upon them? Yet let us listen to our noble dramatist:—

“Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then they say no spirit stirs abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes,  
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.”

May the holy influence of the season be with us and ours. If there must be less mirth and more reflection—less boisterous jollity, and more refreshing calm—the change may work like a heavenly panacea on our overwrought minds; and looking forth from the watch-tower of the resting, but not enfeebled soul, over the stormy prospect of the approaching year—war looming in the distance, and mourning at home—we shall draw supplies of unfailing strength and courage from the unwavering assurance that there is an Omnipotent Being “who reigneth over the kingdoms of men,” and that the ark of England, with the Queen and our sacred laws aboard—though the trusted earthly pilot has been summoned to his rest—has still a celestial Guide, who

“Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

## DRAPERS' HALL.

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THIS Hall, though very inferior as a building to such splendid examples of civic taste as the Goldsmiths' or Clothworkers', has such an air of respectability and solidity about it that it well deserves notice, and I accord it the rather because I pay the Company a yearly ground-rent, and feel pleased to bear testimony to the importance of my landlords.

Drapers' Hall is situate in Throgmorton-street, though there is nothing to indicate the spot save a high brick wall, which encloses it from the footway. This Company, third on the list of the twelve great Corporations, received a charter in 1439, and settled in the present locality in 1541, when they purchased the house and gardens of Thomas Cromwell, the attainted Earl of Essex, under Henry VIII. Stow in his "Chronicle," p. 68, thus describes the place:—"The house being finished, and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, twenty-two feet to be measured forthright into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be built. My father had a garden there, and a house, standing close to his south pale. This house they loosed from the ground,

and bore upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two feet, ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer, when he spoke to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do.\* No man durst go to argue the matter; but each man lost his land; and my father paid his whole rent, which was 6s. 6d. a year, for that half that was left." Truly a most pestilent piece of tyranny; the Earl having much less conscience than Ahab, who was willing to purchase the orchard he coveted, or to give the owner a better one in lieu of it, while this upstart peer would not trouble himself with any negotiations, but took possession in the summary way detailed.

Mr. Froude, in his history, takes infinite pains to prove that the Commons, in the reign of Henry VIII., were a singularly comfortable class, well paid and equitably governed. How do such facts agree with the notion? How would the meanest proprietor of the soil in England now deal with such trespassers? The rent-charge, too, deserves remark; 6s. 6d., per annum for a house and garden within sight of the Bank! What would the site be worth now?

The first Drapers' Hall (Cromwell's mansion) was burnt in the Great Fire, 1666, and in the following year the present building was erected, from the designs of Jerman, after whose plans the second Royal Exchange was built. The ornaments in Throgmorton-street were added by the brothers Adam. The gardens originally extended northwards as far as London-wall, and, doubtless, commanded

\* The fact here mentioned deserves notice on another account. Only a few years since we heard with astonishment that our Yankee cousins, when the situation of any building proved inconvenient, were able to move it by means of levers to a more suitable spot; and yet we find the supposed novelty spoken of without surprise so early as the fifteenth century. Truly, there is nothing new under the sun.

a pleasing view of Hampstead and Highgate. Indeed, there would then have been very few houses beyond them in that direction, Finsbury Fields occupying the entire space till they joined the manor of Canonbury. Ward, in the "London Spy," written within a century, speaks of them as a fashionable promenade for the gentry an hour before dinner, the dinner hour being not later than one o'clock. Think of the citizens of the present day promenading at noon, or dining at such an unheard-of hour!

The gardens behind Drapers' Hall still exist, and, the situation considered, are really extensive. When I saw them last summer they were in creditable order; while diversifying the lawns and well-grown trees were flower-beds and fountains, the whole so cool and pleasant that no great exertion of fancy carried one back into the Tudor age, and gave the plantation quite a countrified air. The Company must exercise considerable self-denial to resist the temptation of covering their garden with bricks and mortar, especially as the governing officials no longer sojourn within the sound of Bow-bells.

Passing in from the street entrance, you find yourself in a paved quadrangle, shut in by red brick corridors, prim-looking, but substantial; from which a long passage conducts you to the various offices, where, in general, a somewhat unbusiness-like repose is observable. During my visits, I never found more persons in attendance than one clerk and two messengers, all in undress, and seemingly much surprised at my arrival. I think I could have opened all the doors and penetrated right and left without detection. Twice, at least, when attending with my ground-rent, nobody could be found able to give me a receipt, though a clause in the lease makes personal attendance for that purpose indispensable. Once too, when change was required, I suppose they went to the Bank for the needful, since the delay was almost beyond my

patience. Possibly I never reached the hall sanctum, for through a long paved passage, opening into the office, I could distinguish some dozen doors, ending with a dead glass window, behind which his honour the director in waiting might have been installed, and was perhaps asleep. No doubt the place was sufficiently lively of a court-day, when the rich perfume of a coming banquet attracts all the old and middle-aged magnates of the Company.

On one of my visits I petitioned for permission to go over the building, which was very courteously granted. There are two halls, one for the monthly dinners, and the other also used for banqueting, but called the court-room. Both are lofty, well-lit apartments, fitted with well polished oak paneling, of a deep blackish-brown colour, from age. The ceilings are elegantly moulded, and the several chandeliers in each room, when lighted, must make them appear very cheerful. The walls are hung with whole-length portraits in oil. Two Lord Mayors, worthy drapers of the olden time, have honourable posts assigned to them among the crowned heads, and really look almost as royal in their chairs and robes. Henry VIII., fat and defiant, in costume *à la* Holbein, heads the potentates; then comes Mary Queen of Scots, a fine painting ascribed to Zuccherò, and engraved by Bartolozzi. I did not find in it the surpassing beauty usually attributed to her, but her portraits differ so widely, that it is idle to expect certainty on the subject. The head coiffure of her supposed likenesses varies amazingly, owing, it is now concluded, to her wearing different coloured wigs. Her son, King James I., when only four years old, is the next portrait, and figures as a rather well-looking child, certainly without any earnest of the ungainliness attributed to him when a man; William III., a very commonplace affair; Georges I., II., III., IV., delineated in a manner not at all likely to raise

one's estimate of those monarchs—works of art so meagre, that it would not be extravagant to imagine they were executed by contract. Then, as a tribute to modern history, we have Wellington and Nelson; and, as a due expression of loyalty, an excellent bust of Queen Victoria.

Among the paintings, and infinitely superior to them all, there is a Holy Family, evidently the work of an Italian master, which Mr. Messenger assured me was highly valued by the Company, though he could not remember the artist's name.

The large hall will dine comfortably 160 guests, and, judging from the wide tables and the well-cushioned seats—particularly the president's—these drapers must have an extremely rational notion of creature comforts.

On the principal staircase there is an equestrian portrait of the Duke of Marlborough—when or by whom painted I could not learn, though the regimentals are so fiery red, the jack-boots so shiny, and the cocked hat so belaced, that it might have been exhibited at the Academy in 1857.

“Where are the dinners cooked?” said I. “In our own kitchen: and we have our own wine-cellar,” was the answer. “Might I see them?” “Yes.” So down we went; and nothing at Drapers' Hall deserves more notice than the kitchen. Capacious, square, well lighted (smelling rather mouldy just then), and furnished with a grate so large that, when glowing with a due supply of Wallsend, it must look as terrible as Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. There are delicately smooth oven-plates for pastry, and hot-air cupboards for vegetables. The gourmand may well rejoice at the facilities it offers for the concoction of a princely meal. In order to prevent the guests tasting the dinners through their nostrils before it is served, the kitchen is separated from the rest of the buildings, and the dishes are carried up to the hall by a special stair, ending at an invisible door close adjoining.



The cellar—and who can doubt the excellence of its contents—its bins of bees'-wing, amontillado, claret, champagne, with sly preserves of liqueurs and ample closets for alcohol in all its forms—brandy, hollands, cream of the valley—enough to make a wine-bibber sigh! They do not allow tasting here, as at the docks.

The Company is governed by four wardens and a committee—twenty-three in number. Their landed property is large, and the revenue must be considerable.

Here is a curious passage from Howell's letters, under date Sept. 30, 1629. The scene referred to took place in the old hall:—"When I went to bind my brother Ned apprentice in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spy'd a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath 'Thomas Howell.' I asked the clerk about him, and he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in the time of Henry VIII., and coming home rich, and dying a bachelor, he gave that hall to the Company of Drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chief benefactors. I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thomas Howell came now thither to be bound; and he answered, that if he had been a right Howell, he may have, when he is free, £300 to help him to set up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be, hereafter, we will make use of this." Well, this stream of liberality has flowed down to us, without interruption, from the sixteenth century, and kind Thomas Howell still helps his deserving representatives by the hands of these worthy drapers.

How illustrious such great commercial associations become in the eyes of the philanthropist, when he finds in their yearly accounts so large a column for charitable contributions, and such a noble expenditure on objects of benevolence and usefulness! Their profits may be vast, but who can grudge them, when they are so well em-

ployed? The merchant princes of Venice, Genoa, and their high mightinesses of the old Dutch republic, were among the most munificent benefactors of mankind; and now that their glory has become a mere memory, an Englishman may reasonably boast that our City companies have exceeded them, equally in wealth and in charity.

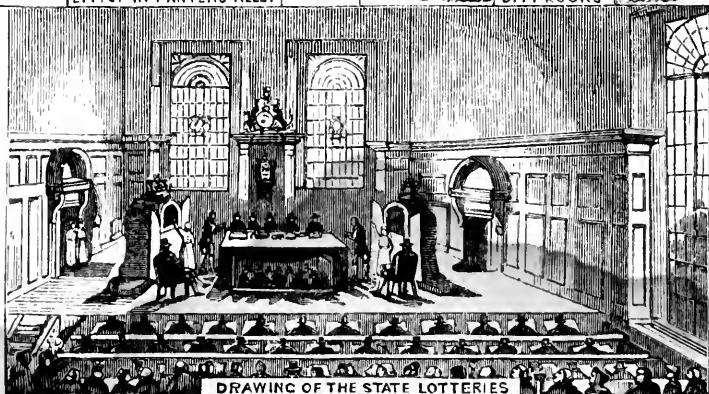




EFFIGY IN PANYERS ALLEY



CITY ROOKS



DRAWING OF THE STATE LOTTERIES



COCK LANE GHOST

## THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

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AN extract from the French papers appeared in the *Times* a short time since, containing a strange story. The Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie were closeted with a professor of *Science Spirituelle*, when a spirit-hand was evoked for the benefit of this remarkable trio. It was attached to no body, but the five fingers, exquisitely delicate, and appended to a beautifully formed hand, moved freely about the mahogany; and when his Imperial Majesty requested the honour of a kiss, very graciously submitted to the royal salute—which was repeated by the Empress, and, upon his humble petition, by the grand doctor of wonders. We know, too, that a handsome living is made among the nobility and gentry by certain proficientes in mesmerism and clairvoyance, who are able to read with the napes of their necks and the pits of their stomachs, and to tell what absent friends are doing in Paris or Sydney, quite as well as if they were at your elbow.

Who has forgotten the curious fashion for “table-turning,” when the town went wild over the imaginary gyrations of rose and satin-wood prophets; when evangelical clergymen verily believed that his Satanic majesty gave his oracles from legs and claws of tables; and that departed spirits made revelations from bewitched chairs

and chess-boards? Nothing, in fact, can be too absurd to find ready belief in this highly civilized nineteenth century. Need we feel astonished, then, that implicit faith was accorded by our grandmammas to the vagaries of the Cock-lane Ghost? Old Stow thus describes the locality: "Over against the said Pie-corner lieth Cock-lane, which runneth down to Holborn conduit."

I remember the dingy, narrow, half-lighted street well. In my boyhood, recollections of the strange doings there were comparatively fresh, and it was not uncommon to visit the house once so thronged by lovers of mystery. The tale has almost died out, and it may amuse some of our readers to have a glimpse at the modes of delusion and superstition a hundred years ago. This singular imposture was carried on during January and February, 1762. A Mr. William Kent was living with his deceased wife's sister, Miss Fanny L., at apartments in the house of a Mr. Parsons, clerk of the parish, in Cock-lane. Mr. Kent having occasion to leave on business, Parsons's daughter, a girl eleven years old, slept with Miss Fanny, who complained one morning of having been disturbed by violent noises. Mr. Parsons assigned the disturbance to a neighbouring shoemaker, who went to work very early of a morning. Soon after, on a Sunday night, Miss Fanny, getting out of bed, called out to Mrs. Parsons, "Pray, does your shoemaker work so hard on Sunday nights, too?" Mrs. Parsons then came in to hear the noise. Mr. Kent, on his return, being obliged to arrest Mr. Parsons for £20 he had lent him, left the house, but took lodgings in the same street. There Miss Fanny was taken ill of small-pox, and died on the 2nd of February. The remains were deposited in a vault under St. John's Church, Clerkenwell. Hereupon a report was circulated by Mr. Parsons that the spirit which had formerly disturbed his daughter and Miss Fanny was succeeded by

the spirit of the latter, who harassed his family with continued visitations, which took place as soon as the child was put to bed. Upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from under the bedstead, the child appeared to be thrown into violent fits. Then the father questioned the ghost, and dictated how many knocks should signify a negative or affirmative. In this way, long conversations were carried on; and the spirit charged Mr. Kent with poisoning her by giving her arsenic in purl. Numbers of persons of high rank visited Cock-lane; the floor and wainscot were ripped up, but the trick remained undetected. The ghost having engaged to follow the girl wherever she was carried, it was proposed to remove the child to some respectable house, and the following proposal, contained in an advertisement, was made to Parsons:—

“We, whose names are underwrit, with the approbation of the Lord Mayor, saw Mr. Parsons yesterday, and asked when his daughter should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied that he would consent to the examination if some of her relatives might be with her in the day-time. This we refused. He then mentioned one who, he said, was a stranger; but she proved to be very intimate with them. We then told him that none but respectable housekeepers would serve, and at last we got a message from him, ‘If the Lord Mayor approves, the child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich’s.’ This plan was proposed:—‘She was to be brought to the clergyman’s house alone. If the father came, he must not be in the same room, but must have a suitable attendant. A bed, without furniture, was to be placed in the midst of a large room, with chairs placed round it. Some clergymen, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace, were to be present. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed by a lady of known

character; a noble lord was to be present.' We are anxious to detect the imposture, if any.

"(Signed)

"STEPHEN ALDRICH,

Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

"JAMES PENN,

Lecturer of St. Ann's, Aldersgate."

In pursuance of this plan, many persons, eminent for rank and character, assembled at Mr. Aldrich's house on January 31, and, about ten at night, met in the chamber where the girl had been put to bed with proper caution. After an hour, hearing nothing, they went down stairs and examined the father, who strongly denied any knowledge or belief of fraud. As the pretended spirit had publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that she would attend one of the gentlemen to the vault under the church, and give a token by a knock upon the coffin, it was determined to make that trial. While deliberating, they were called into the chamber by ladies who sat near the bed, and had heard noises. The girl said that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back, and being required to hold her hands out of bed, from that time there was no evidence of anything preternatural. The spirit was then told they were about to visit the vault, and that the promise about striking the coffin must now be performed. At one o'clock in the morning the party repaired to the church, and two of them entered the vault, but in spite of a solemn demand of the promised sign, all was silent. Then Mr. Kent, accused of murder by the ghost, went down, but no effect followed. The girl would make no confession, and the assembly concluded "that she had some art of counterfeiting particular noises, and that there was no higher agency." It was then reported that the coffin had been displaced or removed.

On the 25th of February, Mr. Kent, the undertaker



who performed the funeral, and several gentlemen, descended into the vault, when the coffin being identified, it was opened, and the body found to be undisturbed. Other means were used to detect the fraud. The girl was taken from house to house, but was constantly attended by mysterious noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot. There was no motion of the lips when she seemed asleep, yet the sounds were frequent, and were said to be heard in rooms a considerable distance from that where she lay. At last she was placed in a hammock six feet from the ground, her hands extended and fastened with fillets, when for two nights no noises were heard. She was then told that if the knockings were not heard again, she and her parents would be sent to Newgate. She asked to be put to bed, to see if the scratchings would return, but they did not. This was on a Saturday. Being told that only one night more would be allowed, she concealed a board under her stays, and said "she would bring Fanny at six the next morning." The master of the house was warned that she had a board in bed with her. In the morning noises were heard, but quite unlike the former, and, being searched, the board was found. It was thought she had been frightened into this attempt, as the sounds had no resemblance to those heard previously.

Things remained thus, when Mr. Kent resolved to vindicate his character at law. On the 10th of July, the Parsonses, Mary Fraser, who acted as the ghost's interpreter, the Rev. Mr. Moore, minister of St. Sepulchre, and one James, a tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, and convicted of a conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. Kent. The Court permitted Moore and James to purchase their pardon of the injured party by a payment of £600. Parsons was sentenced to be set on the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock-lane, and to be imprisoned

two years. Mrs. Parsons and Mary Fraser were kept in Bridewell, with hard labour, for six months. Mr. Brown, of Amen-corner, for publishing letters on the subject, was fined £50. When Parsons was pilloried, the populace treated him as an object of compassion, and a large collection was made for him. Dr. Johnson was ridiculed in Churchill's "Ghost" for the part he took in the affair; but Boswell mentions that Johnson had expressed great indignation at the fraud, and related the exertions he had made to expose the cheat. The satirical poet asserts that the doctor went into the vault of St. John's Church, but there is no fair ground for the charge. No doubt our great moralist was superstitious, and prone to believe supernatural tales; but in this instance his doubts were quickly roused, and he appears to have been extremely anxious to disabuse the public mind.

The trick was carried on by means of ventriloquism—a faculty then little understood. The girl ultimately confessed as much. She died so recently as 1807, having been twice married. Her second husband was a market-gardener at Chiswick.

Here are a few specimens from Churchill's "Ghost," a poem long forgotten, yet possessing great cleverness:—

“ Poets who believe not God nor ghost,  
And fools who worship every post;  
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;  
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;  
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,  
And Cits, who for the same cause cry;  
The canting tabernacle brother  
(For one rogue still suspects another),  
Proud of their intellects and clothes,  
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaus,  
And truants from their desks and shops,  
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,  
To Fanny come, with the same view,  
To find her false, or find her true.

Hark ! something creeps about the house !  
 Is it a spirit, or a mouse ?  
 Hark ! something scratches round the room !  
 A cat, a rat, a stubb'd birch-broom.  
 Hark ! on the wainscot now it knocks !  
 ' If thou'rt a ghost,' cried Orthodox,  
 With that affected, solemn air  
 Which hypocrites delight to wear—  
 ' If thou'rt a ghost, who from the tomb  
 Stalk'st sadly silent thro' this gloom,  
 In breach of nature's stated laws,  
 For good, or bad, or for no cause,  
 Give now nine knocks ; like priests of old,  
 Nine we a sacred number hold.'  
 ' Psha !' cried Profound (a man of parts,  
 Deep read in all the curious arts),  
 ' As to the number, you are right ;  
 As to the form, mistaken quite.  
 What's more, your adepts all agree  
 The virtue lies in three times three.'  
 We said, no need to say it twice,  
 For thrice she knock'd, and thrice and thrice.  
 The crowd, confounded and amazed,  
 In silence at each other gazed ;  
 From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell ;  
 Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,  
 To put it up attempts in vain ;  
 He stoops, but cannot rise again.  
 Inane Pomposo was not heard  
 T' import one foreign crabbed word :  
 Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,  
 And Plausible his prayers forgets."

After much consultation, the sages and wits of the poem  
 agree to visit the vault. They tremble at the entrance,  
 but at last, for very shame, resolve to risk the adventure ;  
 and the finale is thus told :—

" Let the poets famed of old,  
 Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,  
 In vain to find a parallel.  
 Silent all three went in ; about  
 All three turned silent, and came out."

The Hammersmith Ghost was the last "spirit" of much repute in Cockneydom. I can well remember the mighty throngs of inquisitive mortals who wended their way to that then rural suburb, in pursuit of the marvellous; and even when the white-sheeted wag who thus trifled with the fears of the public received a bullet for his pains, many persons still pertinaciously insisted on his unearthly character. Mystery must always have an irresistible charm, and we all long to have a glimpse of the vast unknown future. Some daring criminal is reported to have said, the minute previous to his leap into eternity, "In another moment I shall know the great secret." . . . May we not be surrounded by disembodied spirits, who, though they have unravelled the mystery of mysteries, do yet "revisit the glimpses of the moon," attracted by the sympathies which still connect them with the world? However that may be, the wildest fictions relative to the unseen universe will continue to have ready credence as long as mortals mourn for the lost, and cherish the hope of a reunion.

## SKINNER-STREET.



THE fate of streets, as of persons, is strangely uncertain. The dark narrow lanes and passages, which at no remote period formed the neighbourhood of Oxford-street, have brightened, and widened, and prospered into the noblest of our thoroughfares—Regent-street; while Skinner-street, projected by the Alderman of that name in 1802, to avoid the difficult pass of Snow, or Snore, or Sore Hill—with capital houses, a wide gangway, and an immense traffic—has never flourished or put on an inviting look. As a building scheme it was a failure; when the dwellings were ready for occupation, tall and substantial as they really were, the high rents frightened intending shopkeepers; tenants were not to be had; and in order to get over the money difficulty, a lottery, sanctioned by Parliament, was announced. Lotteries were then common tricks of finance, and nobody wondered at the new venture; but even the most desperate fortune-hunters were slow to invest their capital, and the tickets hung sadly on hand. The day for the drawing was postponed several times, and when it came, there was little or no excitement on the subject; and whoever rejoiced in becoming a house-owner on such easy terms, the original projectors and builders were understood to have suffered considerably. The winners found the property in a very unfinished condition; few of

the dwellings were habitable, and as funds were often wanting, a majority of the houses remained empty, and the shops unopened. After two or three years, things began to improve; the vast many-storied house which then covered the site of Commercial-place was converted into a warehousing depôt; a capital house, opposite the Saracen's Head, was taken by a hosier of the name of Theobald—who, opening his shop with the determination of selling the best hosiery, and nothing else, was able to convince the citizens that his hose was first-rate, and desiring only a living profit, succeeded, after thirty years of unwearying industry, in accumulating a large fortune. Theobald was possessed of literary tastes, and at the sale of Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts was a liberal purchaser. He also collected a library of exceedingly choice books, and when aristocratic customers purchased stockings of him was soon able to interest them on matters of far higher interest. The worthy cit—the last of the old class of tradesmen who delighted in the oneness of business, and were mercers, cutlers, hosiers, drapers (exclusively), and had no notion of monster stores for the sale of everything from a pin to a pedestal—has long passed away, but the hosiery trade is still carried on in the same premises, and should you require a merino waistcoat, a pair of women's blacks, or some fine white cotton hose, you can hardly do better than visit Skinner-street. You smile at the phrase, "women's blacks." Well, it's the trade term, and Theobald greatly advanced his fortune by purchasing, at a low figure, a shipload of the article which had been prepared for the use of the sable ladies of Sierra Leone.

The next remarkable shop—but it was on the left-hand side, at a corner house—was that established for the sale of children's books. It boasted an immense extent of window-front, extending from the entrance into Snowhill and towards Fleet Market. Many a time have I lingered

with loving eyes over those fascinating story-books so rich in gaily-coloured prints—such careful editions of the marvellous old histories — “Puss in Boots” — “Cock Robin” — “Cinderella,” and the like. Fortunately, the front was kept low, so as exactly to suit the capacity of a childish admirer. At the corner, looking immediately upon Holborn Hill, there is a large bow-fronted shop, then occupied as coffee-rooms. It was never a genteel lounge. Tired or thirsty clerks, indigent politicians, wishing to be refreshed and to read a daily journal for twopence, were its chief customers; and occasionally, when I was in my eighteenth year, I whiled away half an hour there, chiefly because it was almost within sight of a printing-office where the sheets of my first work were then passing through the press. I usually teased my printer at least three times a day (how weary he must have been of me and my poem!), and one evening of a dark October day he handed me a complete copy.

“’Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print—  
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.”

Of course I was impatient to cut the leaves, and revel in all the beauties of “Sensibility,” &c. My home was so far off—the coffee-house so near, that I made a dash at the seedy ark of literature, and, allowing the coffee and muffin to get stone cold, was quickly lost among the “First Leaves of a Young Tree.” I have not been in that room for nearly forty years, and yet could make a catalogue of every item of furniture it contained. You observe, then, that Skinner-street was my favourite resort; still it did not prosper much, and never could compete with even the dullest portions of Holborn. I have spoken of some reputable shops; but you know the proverb, “One swallow will not make a summer;” and it was a declining neighbourhood almost before it could be called new. In 1810,

the commercial dépôt, which had been erected at a cost of £25,000, and was the chief prize in the lottery, was destroyed by fire, never to be rebuilt—a heavy blow and discouragement to Skinner-street, from which it never rallied. Perhaps the periodical hanging-days exercised an unfavourable influence, collecting, as they frequently did, all the thieves and vagabonds of London. I never sympathized with Pepys or Charles Fox in their passion for public executions, and made it a point to avoid such ghastly sights; but early of a Monday morning, when I had just reached the end of Giltspur-street, a miserable wretch had been just turned off from the platform of the debtors' door, and I was made the unwilling witness of his last struggles. That scene haunted me for months, and I often used to ask myself—who that could help it would live in Skinner-street? The next unpropitious event in these parts was the unexpected closing of the child's library. What could it mean? Such a well-to-do establishment shut up. Yes, the whole army of shutters looked blankly on the inquirer, and forbade even a single glance at "Sinbad" or "Robinson Crusoe." It would soon be re-opened—we naturally thought—but the shutters never came down again. The whole house was deserted; not even a messenger in bankruptcy or an ancient Charley was found to regard the playful double-knocks of the neighbouring juveniles. Month followed month, but the sole change was for the worse. Gradually the glass of all the windows got broken in; a heavy cloud of black dust—solidifying into inches thick—gathered on sills, and doors, and brickwork, till the whole frontage grew as gloomy as "Giant Despair's Castle." Not long after, the adjoining houses shared the same fate, and they remain, from year to year, without the slightest sign of life—absolute scarecrows, darkening with their uncomfortable shadows the busy streets. Within half a



mile—in Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road—there are seven dwellings in a similar predicament—window-glass demolished, doors cracked from top to bottom, spiders' webs hung from every projecting sill or parapet. What can it mean? The loss in the article of rent alone must be over £1,000 annually. If the real owners are at feud with imaginary owners, surely the property might be rendered profitable, and the proceeds invested. Even the lawyers can derive no profit from such hopeless abandonment. I am told the whole mischief arose out of a Chancery suit. Can it be the famous "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*" case? And have all the heirs starved each other out? If so, what hinders our lady the Queen from taking possession? Any change would be an improvement, for these dead houses make the streets they cumber as dispiriting and comfortless as graveyards. Busy fancy will sometimes people them, and fill the dreary rooms with strange guests. Do the victims of guilt congregate in these dark dens? Do wretches, "unfriended by the world, or the world's law," seek refuge in these deserted nooks, mourning in the silence of despair over their former lives, and anticipating the future in unappeasable agony? Such things have been—the silence and desolation of these doomed dwellings make them the more suitable for such tenants.

We venture a few *memorabilia* in addition to our gossip about Skinner-street and the neighbourhood. At No. 41, Godwin, the author of "*Caleb Williams*," kept a book-seller's shop, and published school-books in the name of Edward Baldwin. On the wall there is a stone carving of Æsop reciting one of his fables to children. In front of No. 58, in 1817, Cashman, a sailor, who in a riot had plundered the gunsmith's shop there, was executed. At a shop on Snowhill, Vandyke saw a picture by Dobson, which induced him to search for the artist, who was

found in a wretched garret, and recommended by him to Charles I. Here, at a grocer's shop kept by his friend Strudwick, died, August 12, 1688, Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" — a circumstance quite sufficient to make the place hallowed ground. Truly there is scarcely a foot of earth within the City precincts which has not some noble or touching memory. Cellar, garret, dingy chamber, narrow shop, blind alley, and dirty lane—each has its own family of recollections, all interesting because they appeal to our "business and bosoms;" richly suggestive, too, in whatever direction we turn, of stirring incidents and exhausting struggles — severe sufferings and unlooked-for triumphs, all having a charm for us, because it was men like ourselves who were the agents. I have heard London nicknamed a commonplace city! No Englishman can think so, for, if he did, the stones in the streets would rebuke him.

## THE CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN, WALBROOK.

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THIS very beautiful church, Wren's masterpiece, stands at the back of the Mansion House, where two churches with the same name formerly stood. The first, built in 1202, was placed, according to Dugdale, on the west side of the "brook," from which we gather that at that period, and for ages afterwards, a rivulet, called from the locality "Wall Brook," actually meandered, and probably through pasture land. The second was erected in 1428, on the east side, when, from the report of the "Chronicles," the houses began to grow thicker, and the commerce of the City was rapidly encroaching on the green fields. This building was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, when so many of the metropolitan sanctuaries were burnt; and a noble opportunity presented for the genius of Wren to exert itself. Even at this distant period we may reasonably lament that the architect's wonderful plan for rebuilding London was not carried out, which would have given us, instead of the perplexing crowd of narrow lanes and inconvenient streets in which our citizens still trade, a grand system of wide highways and ample squares, unequalled by any capital in Christendom. The plan, which may still be consulted in the "Parentalia," provided that on the ashes of the metropolis a series of streets, each one

hundred feet wide and of great length, starting from and terminating in a vast quadrangle specially dedicated as the sites of public buildings, should arise, and that in the centre the Cathedral of St. Paul should be placed, left open to the river, and with an approach on all sides of great magnificence. Sad it was that the busy cities of that age could not tarry for the maturing of this wonderful work; each man began to build in his own fashion, while the embers of London yet smoked, and the result is patent in the ugly and often dangerous thoroughfares. We are still compelled to wait a spirit of improvement, slowly exerted on these untoward elements, which during the last fifty years has done much to ameliorate the evil, but the change goes on so tardily that it takes a generation for the completion of each really efficient new street. In 1579, the Church of St. Stephen was completed from the designs of Sir Christopher, whose services were secured at a salary of £100 per annum, with the additional complement to the architect of a hogshead of claret, and twenty guineas to his lady. Mr. Timbs, in his "London," writes: "The interior is one of Wren's finest works, with its exquisitely proportioned Corinthian columns, and great central dome, resting upon a circle of light arches springing from column to column; its enriched composite cornice, the shields of the spandrels, and the palm branches and rosettes of the dome coffers are very beautiful, and as you enter from the dark vestibule, a halo of dazzling light flashes upon the eye through the central aperture of the cupola." All the panelling and fittings are of oak: the altar-screen, organ-case, and gallery are elaborately carved—the Grocers' arms enjoying due prominence, they being the patrons of the living. The enriched pulpit, with festoons of fruits, flowers, and angels bearing wreaths, deserves notice. Indeed here, as in some other comparatively modern ecclesiastical structures, we find examples of wood carv-

ing vastly superior to the ordinary work of our own time. For many years previous to 1850, the church fell into a disgraceful condition from the neglect of the authorities. Alderman Gibbs, the then churchwarden, became obnoxious to the parishioners—either they would not pay the rates, or from legal difficulties he forbore to enforce them. He was able to prove in a court of law that his motives were perfectly fair, and uninfluenced by private interests; but from whatever cause it arose, the neglect was destructive to the church. The organ fell into disrepair, the organist could get no salary, the roof became unsound, and during heavy rain the water found its way through the roof. Divine service, if performed at all, was hurried through almost profanely, and the rector's stipend grew deplorably short.

The public spirit of a few inhabitants of the district, after a long and costly struggle, at length obtained redress for these grievances. The church was entirely re-edified, and is now in a very creditable state; a painting of West's—the Martyrdom of St. Stephen—presented in 1799, by Dr. Wilson, the rector, and allowed, most objectionably, to block up the ancient altar window, was removed to the north wall; perhaps no loss would have been sustained had its removal proved absolute. The composition is indifferent, the story poorly told, and the details feeble in the extreme; yet this painting was once considered a "splendid" work of "high art." The restored stained glass is highly interesting, though grotesque; the colouring is effective, and the saint's history suggestively if not powerfully given; and if for no other reason, its antiquity makes its preservation a duty. I visited this church some time ago, and was deeply impressed by its novel style of architecture. Some critics think the roof was Wren's attempt "to set up a dome—a comparative imitation of the Pantheon at Rome," and it was, doubtless, a sort of pro-

bationary trial previous to his gigantic operations on the cupola of St. Paul. Gwilt says, "Compared with any other church of nearly the same magnitude, Italy cannot exhibit its equal; and its rival is not to be found elsewhere. Had its material and volume been as durable and extensive as those of the Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren had consummated in St. Stephen's Church a much more efficient monument to his well-earned fame than that fabric affords." We think this praise overdone. Certainly the proportions of the structure are perfect—the columns marvellously light—the dome a wonderful example of beauty and strength. The absence of galleries, too, allows the church to be seen without any detracting influences; but when we measure it with the "vast Cathedral," bare and unfinished as the interior is, the enormous pile swells into such sublimity that we feel the comparison to be almost absurd.

On a stone in the wall of a house adjoining to Pancras-lane, we may still trace this inscription:—"Before the dreadful fire, anno 1666, here stood the Parish Church of St. Benet Sherehog." Poor St. Benet, when burnt out, was glad to be taken in by St. Stephen; and would not even he feel a mere lodger in one of the lofty aisles of the Cathedral.

The ill-famed vicar of Bray, Pendleton, was once rector of St. Stephen. In the reign of Edward VI., Lawrence Sanders, the martyr, an honest, but mild, timid man, stated to Pendleton his dread that he had not fortitude to endure persecution, and was answered, "that he (Pendleton) would see every drop of his fat, and the last morsel of his flesh consumed to ashes, ere he would swerve from the Protestant faith." We know how he changed with the times, saved his vile carcass, and became rector of Walbrook, while poor, diffident Sanders was burnt in Smithfield.

The oldest monument here bears the name of John Lilburne, 1678. Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist and architect, has a family vault in this church. You remember the epitaph once proposed for him:—

“Lie heavy on him, earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

Dr. Croly, the rector, is a very remarkable man. Though more than eighty years of age, he still officiates in the pulpit every Sunday; and when Mr. Melville resigned the Golden Lectureship, he was among the candidates for that lucrative appointment. I heard him preach; the sermon was on some matter of Church discipline, and though evincing talent, was neither eloquent nor energetic. He read his discourse; but I am assured that in general he preaches without notes, and often delivers most stirring addresses. That he should preach at all is really the wonder. He stoops a good deal, and being rather spare and tall, looks gaunt and worn. His curate—and to his credit he has filled the office for many years—is nearly as old as himself; but then he is jolly in person, and has a rubicund face. When he stepped into his desk, I thought it was Dr. Croly, and felt there was but a small amount of intellect in those heavy cheeks; when he began to read, too, the disappointment increased; for the service seemed to issue in mystic, half-inaudible tones from the depths of the inner man. When the rector really appeared, the contrast seemed almost ludicrous—one all flesh, the other all spirit. The writings of Croly, especially his romance of “Salathiel,” and “Paris, a Poem,” will bear a second perusal, and it is only justice to give him a place among the notabilities of our day.

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Since this paper was written, Dr. Croly has paid the debt of nature; and like other valuable things when lost

for ever, we all now agree in mourning his death and owning his excellence. He was not merely a highly-talented clergyman, but one of the gifted authors of his day. The freshness and vigour of his intellect when he had far exceeded the ordinary length of human life, made his final literary efforts extremely remarkable. He had many friends, and a host of enthusiastic admirers. A fine marble bust of him which decorates the church, was the gift of some of these a few years previous; and other memorials to his honour have been contributed by his grateful parishioners since his decease.

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# THE MERMAID TAVERN, BREAD-STREET,

## AND THE

# DEVIL TAVERN, FLEET-STREET.



THESE remarkable places of entertainment are noticed in conjunction because they both are chiefly celebrated as the haunts of one of our greatest dramatists—Ben Jonson. When his chequered life was most prosperous, he spent many hours daily at the Mermaid, where, in his time, a famous club was held, said to have been founded by Raleigh, and immortalized by Beaumont and Jonson himself in some memorable lines:—

“At Bread-street’s Mermaid having dined, and merry,  
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry.”

“A pure cup of rich Canary wine,  
Which is the Mermaid’s now, but shall be mine.”  
*Gifford’s “Jonson.”*

“What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,  
As if that ev’ry one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest’

Of his dull life; then, when there hath been thrown  
 Wit able enough to justify the town  
 For three days past—wit that might warrant be  
 For the whole City to talk foolishly,  
 Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,  
 We left an air behind us which alone  
 Was able to make the two next companies  
 (Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise."

*Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.*

Shakspeare, before he retired to Stratford—and often afterwards on his visits to town—Donne, Selden, Chapman, and Fletcher, assembled at the Mermaid, where took place those "wit combats" between Jonson and Shakspeare, in which Fuller compares the first to a great Spanish galleon "built far higher in beaming" than his opponent, and "solid but slow in his performance," and the latter to an English man-of-war, "lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, turning with all tides, tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." "Gentle Shakspeare," as Jonson called him, is described by Aubrey as a handsome, well-shaped man, graceful and light of limb, careful in his dress, which harmonized with the expression of his fine tranquil face, intellectual forehead, and thoughtful eyes; "while," says the same author, "Rare Ben sits over his beloved liquor, Canary, a man of enormous girth and colossal height, weighing close upon twenty stone, and stormy head looking as solid and wild as a sea-rock, and rugged face knotted and seamed by jovial excesses acting on a scorbutic habit, and his brawny person enveloped in a great slovenly wrapper, like a coachman's great-coat, with slits under the arms." How pleasant to notice the abiding friendship of these wonderful beings; for Jonson says of Shakspeare, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any can."

The Mermaid seems to have been a favourite sign in

old London, for at the Mermaid in Cheapside lived John Rastell, the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More; and in a book called "Coffee-house Tests," 1688, there is the following passage, slightly altered for the sake of good manners:—

"When Dun, that kept the Mermaid Tavern in Cornhill, being in a room with some worthy gallants, one of them cry'd out in a fantastic humour, 'I'll lay five pounds there's a fool in this company.' 'Tis Dun,' says another."

The Mermaid of Bread-street was consumed in the great fire, and does not seem to have been rebuilt. While it flourished, there is evidence that courtiers, as well as wits and authors, were in the constant habit of sharing in its merry pastimes. The City in those days was by no means wholly dedicated to commerce; literature and fashion were as interesting as trade, and the masques at Guildhall were as attractive as those at Westminster; indeed kings, queens, and maids of honour, with knights and barons, ruffling in satin and brocade, often turned their faces eastward to avail themselves of the hospitalities of my Lord Mayor. Merchant palaces were mixed with those of the nobility. Brabant Court and Aldersgate did not shrink from comparison with the splendours of Whitehall.

The Old Devil Tavern, so named to distinguish it from a house close adjoining, called the Young Devil Tavern, stood on a spot close to Temple Bar, now occupied by Child's Bank. At the Young or Little Devil Tavern, Wanley and Le Neve first originated the present Society of Antiquaries. An old dramatist writes:—

"As you come by Temple Bar, make a step to the Devil."

"To the devil, father?"

"My master means the sign of the Devil, and he cannot hurt you; there's a saint\* holds him by the nose."

\* St. Dunstan.

And Sedley, in one of his Bacchanalian songs, says—

“All in that very house, where saint  
Holds Devil by the nose,  
Three drunkards met to roar and rant,  
But quarrelled in the close.”

In Jonson's time, the landlord was Simon Wadloe, the original of “Old Sir Simon, the King,” the favourite air of “Squire Western,” in “Tom Jones.”

This Wadloe, after the great fire, built the Sun Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange. In Pepy's “Journal” we read:—

“28th June, 1667.—Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publicly at Wadloe's, at the Sun.”

In “Wit and Drollery,” 1682, is a poem upon “Mr. Wadloe's New Tavern and Sign, behind the Royal Exchange.” Isaac Fuller painted the sign. Among the “Suttrell Broad-sides” was a poem entitled “The Glory of the Sun Tavern, behind the Exchange,” 1672. It was built with great magnificence, and the poet denominates Wadloe the Wolsey of tavern grandeur.

“A wag, wishing to sell a lame horse, has rode him from the Sun at the Exchange, to the Sunne in Holborn. ‘Why looks he so lean?’ said a lounge. ‘Marry, no marvel,’ was the answer; ‘I rid him from Sun to Sun, and never drew bit.’—*A Banquet of Jestes*, 1639.”

“The glory of the Sun” confirms Solomon's declaration that there is “nothing new under that luminary,” for thus we find our modern gin-palaces anticipated by more than a century; and probably with less demoralizing effects, since the fire-water of our day was then hardly known.

The great room at the Old Devil was called the Apollo, and appears to have been used for dancing. Here Jonson

reigned supreme, his authority being greater than Dryden possessed at Wills's, or Addison at Button's. The rules of the club, as drawn up by him in classical Latin, were placed over the chimney, engraven on marble, the "Tatler" says, "in letters of gold." The Messrs. Child preserve these rules, but they are now in gilt letters on a board, as also a bust of Apollo, under which originally the following lines were placed,—they are Jonson's:—

"Welcome all who lead or follow  
To the oracle of Apollo.  
Here he speaks—out of his pottle,  
On the tripes—his tower bottle.  
All his answers are divine;  
Truth itself does flow in wine;  
'Hang up all the poor hop drinkers,'  
Cries Old Jim, the king of Skinkers.  
He the half of life abuses,  
That sits watering with the Muses.  
Those dull girls no good can mean us;  
Come, it is the milk of Venus;  
And the poet's horse accounted;  
Try it, and you all are mounted.  
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,  
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quick.  
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,  
And at once three senses pleases.  
Welcome all who lead or follow  
To the oracle of Apollo."

"O, rare Ben Jonson!"

Prior thus speaks of the tavern:—

"Thence to the Devil—  
Thus to the place where Jonson sat, we climb,  
Leaning on the same rail that guided him."

In a chamber adjoining the tavern the jewels of La Belle Stuart, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, were sold, March 18th, 1703; and in the Apollo, fitted up as a

music gallery, the court-day odes of the laureates were rehearsed. Thus, in an old epigram, we are told:—

“When Laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?  
Do you ask if they're good or are evil?  
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,  
And go from the Court to the Devil.”

“For the music of ‘Shirley’s Triumph of Peace’ I gave Mr. Ives and Mr. Lawes £100 apiece; for the four French gentlemen, the Queen’s servants, I thought that a liberal gratifying of them would be made known to their mistress, and well taken by her. So I invited them to a collation att St. Dunstan’s Taverne, in the great room—the oracle of Apollo—where each of them had his plate lay’d for him, covered, and the napkin by it; and when they opened their plates they found in each of them forty pieces of gold, of their master’s coyne, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with the surprisall.”—*Whitelocke*—“*Burney’s History of Music*.”

“April 22, 1661.—My Lord Monk rode bare after the King (Charles II., going from the Tower to Whitehall), and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow, the vintner at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets.”—*Pepys*.

“One likes no language but the Faery Queen;  
A Scot will fight for Christ’s kirk o’ the Green;  
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,  
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.”

POPE.

“Oct. 12, 1710.—I din’d to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated.”—*Swift*—“*Journal to Stella*.”

The tavern still flourished in Dr. Johnson’s time, and

there, with the Ivy-lane Club, in 1785, he regaled Mrs. Lennox. "Her supper was elegant," says Dr. Hawkins, "and Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pye should make part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses, and he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which—but not until he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention—he encircled her brows."

It is agreeable to see the mighty lexicographer and moralist thus relaxing, harmlessly enough, for his only drink was "lemonade;" and we might well wish that the scene of so many pleasant meetings, where genius lost its sternness in the company of wit and mirth, could have been spared a little longer. It was demolished in 1788, to make room for a building dedicated to Plutus—Child's Bank.

Our readers would hardly pardon us did we not give the old translation of Ben's Tavern Code:—

#### RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY; OR, LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

1. As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,  
Except some chance friend should a member bring in;  
Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot;  
For such have the plagues of good company been.
2. Let the learned, the witty, the jovial and gay,
3. The generous and honest, compose our free state;
4. And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,  
Let none be debarred his choice female mate.
5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest;
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes;
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,  
And the cook in his dressing comply with their wishes.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,  
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride ;
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,  
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.
10. Let our wines without mixture or stum be all fine,  
Or call up the master and break his dull noddle ;
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin  
To push on the clirping and moderate bottle.
12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine ;
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute ;
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,  
When belly and heart's full, profanely dispute.
15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,  
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss ;
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,  
To regale every sense with delight in excess.
17. Let raillery be without malice or hate ;
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take ;
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat  
Another extempore verses to make.
20. Let argument bear no unusual sound,  
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve ;
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,  
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.
22. Like old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,  
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,  
Or breaking of windows or glasses for spite,  
And spoiling of goods for a rakehelly prank.
23. Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,  
Be banished for ever our assembly divine ;
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,  
To make any guilty by drinking good wine."

Many of these rules might well be followed even in the nineteenth century ; for in no few respects we are still much



behind the standard of morals they suppose. Would it not often greatly "exalt our delight" if our dull dinners were enlivened by the presence of ladies? Ought we not always to remember the caution about discussing theology in our cups? And the censure on those who "publish what's said or what's done" in the confidence of private society should never be forgotten.

Old Ben was probably over-fond of "Canary," but the morality of these rules, like the Latin, is faultless. Clubs, in his age, had a raciness and an unaffected heartiness about them which must have made them more like a family gathering for social enjoyment than meetings devoted to display and excess. After a long study, or the wearying pursuits of business, whether on the crowded mart, in the senate, or at the bar, gifted minds found a suitable relaxation in the society of kindred spirits; and if ever, in the heyday of merriment, they passed the boundaries of reason, let us not judge their errors too severely, but rather endeavour to mingle with the inanity and stiffness of fashionable intercourse the harmless gaiety and innocent freedom of a club made classical by such master spirits as Shakspeare, Jonson, and Beaumont.

## GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE.



FEW things are more dreary and uninviting than ordinary City auctions. Ordinary furniture or art sales become exciting from the associations connected with them; and we pity the "broken bankrupt," or sympathize in the glory of the illustrious painter, as the hammer rises and falls; but when tea, indigo, and cotton are the valuables to be disposed of, except that the heart of the speculator may beat rather quicker when a venture worth thousands of pounds is declared to be his, all proceeds in such a businesslike way, that interest or amusement is out of the question. They manage such matters better at Garraway's.

Most persons believe that the best time to ask a favour of a millionaire is at his dessert, when the generous food and the good wine have made him, perhaps, a little somnolent, by opening all the flood-gates of his benevolence, readily accessible to every kindly emotion. Some wine merchant of the olden times, considering this well-ascertained fact, and having rich cargoes to dispose of, thought within himself, "Why should a sale be such a dry affair? A pleasant bowl of punch, a glass of old wine, or even coffee and muffins, would make my auction far more popular. A sale by inch of candle—good, for it gives time, but not too much time, for the buyers to deliberate; but why not a sale with friendly nods of recognition,

whispered health-drinking, and queries as to children and womankind?" The thought was a happy one, and it soon became a fact at Garraway's. Sales of wood—especially of hard wood, such as mahogany, Spanish and Honduras—were, at the period I refer to, the staple there; and it was really a cheerful sight, entering the coffee-room from the fog and cold of a November afternoon, to find all so genial; a capital sea-coal fire, red and blazing (in really cold weather there is nothing pleasanter to the outward man than a bright conglomerate of gasy coals); a curious arrangement of dwarf spits, or rather polyform forks, all armed with muffins, twirling round and round most temptingly, and implying, with dumb eloquence, "Come eat us;" guests imbibing wine, sipping coffee, or munching toast, and casting at intervals a satisfied look over the catalogues of the sales just due. The warmth and the good cheer have smoothed the wrinkles from every man's face. These intending buyers are no longer in a hard-bargaining mood. Oh, no! If the mahogany suits them, why should they fidget so much as to price? The punch is undeniably excellent, and they cannot fail to realize a large profit on their ventures. The reasoning may be inconsequential, but after charity dinners, if the subscribers always narrowly balanced their means and responsibilities, the sovereigns in the plates would be much fewer. A dealer with warm feet and unrepining stomach is sure to bid more freely than a frost-nipped chapman, worrying himself about the fate of his dinner at Kentish Town.

Many years since, when still but a "wee young thing," fond of exploring every untrodden nook and diving into every secret corner, I used often to attach myself to the skirts of a kind and good relative—long lost—then a dealer in hard wood, and under his auspices often found a seat at Garraway's. One snowy day late in December—

(the sun, I well recollect, was just disappearing behind the tower of the old Exchange)—I went with him, for the first time, to that famous coffee-house. To speak truth, I did not feel any intense interest about the logs or the sale, but was extremely fond of muffins, and was happy in a first-rate appetite. Entering the wide, low-roofed coffee-room, we found nearly every box and seat occupied, but at length discovered a vacant recess, where we two (I was but a little one) secured places. My conductor, doubtless divining my thoughts, said, "You can call for what you like." My most pressing wish was for a muffin from the little legion so pleasantly browning at the fire. What a tremendous, capacious grate it seemed! and all the bars were red-hot. "Waiter, coffee and a muffin." Sam responded most cordially. In less than ten minutes I made a second demand, and nothing but some lingering remains of boyish modesty prevented me asking for a third muffin. The muffins of that day were certainly far superior to the muffins of 1862; indeed, my private opinion is that even the crumpets we now consume, though so neatly shaped, are by no means equal to those that took any shape they pleased on the ovens of Hanway-yard. A bell rings; coffee and stronger beverages are deserted—all ascend the broad, centre stair, to the sale-room. Folks seemed in admirable humour; sly jokes were circulating from ear to ear; everybody appeared to know everybody; and the auctioneer was so cordially greeted on ascending his rostrum that you might have fancied the wood was to be had as a gift, instead of a purchase. Yet in the next hour many thousands of pounds would change hands, and the lots offered obtain very liberal prices.

There are considerable temptations at an auction. When you are assured that a most invaluable bargain is "going — going — going" for a mere song, you

naturally wish to bid for it, and often are induced to purchase what you have no use for, merely because it is "so cheap." I knew a gentleman who could not refrain from buying a lot of cracked brass guns, because he thought they were selling under price, though he had to pay warehouse-room for them, and ultimately had to get rid of them at a fourth of the cost. Another friend went to a succession of picture sales, and became so fascinated with the old masters that he spent more than £1,000 in purchasing warranted originals, notoriously manufactured for the Wardour-street art unions. Indeed, once venturing into Robins's Piazza Sale-room for general property, I felt the acquisitive passion very strongly, and could hardly tear myself away, after buying a piece of Irish linen at double the shop price, twenty odd volumes of the "Annual Register," and a faded Madonna, with an eye out.

Merrily went the mahogany sale—large lots and smaller were knocked down with startling celerity, and all at a satisfactory figure. The buyers formed quite a happy family, and the competition, when any arose, touching some log with an unusually fine curl, was of the politest and blindest character. Quarrels are not uncommon at auctions, and an ordinary condition of sale is, "That if a dispute shall arise about one or more lots, the auctioneer shall be allowed to put them up a second time." Where such a rule is necessary, the bidders have not been coaxed into amenity and generosity by the due administration of comfortable refreshments—they are the hard, dry, griping men of trade, who have fasted since their eight o'clock breakfast, and are sorely anxious for a late lunch or a family dinner. Commend me to such a sale as that at Garraway's, ushered in by due complements to the inner man, and a proper polishing away of unpleasant outward influences; where blazing fires are infallible

antidotes to cold, where "wine maketh the heart glad," and the well-buttered muffin counteracts the disagreeable sensation of hunger. How can a man be liberal in his biddings, while the hermit fasting in his stomach is teasing him for supplies?

Mention is made as to Garraway's by old writers as early as 1640. Here are some specimens:—

Thomas Garraway, in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffeeman, was the first who retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all diseases. The following was his shop bill: "Tea in the leaf has been sold in England for six pounds and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight; and in respect of its former dearness and scarceness, it hath only been used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1567. The said Thomas Garraway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first sold the said tea in leaf and drink made according to the most knowing merchants and travellers into those eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garraway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and duly resort to his house in Exchange-alley, to drink the drinks thereof. And to the end that all persons of eminence and quality who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice that the said Thomas Garraway hath tea to sell, from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound."—*Ellis's Letters, 2nd Series*, iv. 58.

"The Royal Exchange is the resort of City traders from half-past one to three o'clock, but the better sort meet in Exchange-alley, a little before, at those celebrated coffee-houses called Garraway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's. People of quality at the first; in the second, foreign bankers, and

even ministers; and in the third, buyers and sellers of stock.”—*Defoe*—“*A Journey through England*,” 1722.

“Mr. Ogilby has set up a lottery of books at Mr. Garraway’s Coffee-house, which opened April 7th, 1673.”—*London Gazette*, No. 768.

“There is a gulf where thousands fell,  
 Here all the bold adventures came :  
 A narrow sound tho’ deep as hell,  
 Change-alley is the dreadful name.  
 Meantime secure on Garraway’s cliffs,  
 A savage race by shipwrecks fed,  
 Lie waiting for the foundered skiff,  
 And strip the bodies of the dead.”  
 1721, *Swift*—“*The South Sea Project*.”

“A famous physician (Dr. Radcliffe) ventured five thousand pounds upon a project in the South Sea. When he was told at Garraway’s that it was all lost, ‘Why,’ said he, ‘’tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more.’ This answer deserved a statue.”—*Tom Brown’s Works*. Ed. 1709.

“Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of French wine left for me, as a taste of 216 hogsheads which are to be put up for sale at £20 per hogshead, at Garraway’s Coffee-house, on the 22nd, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long’s vaults from the 20th to the time of sale.”—*The Tatler*, No. 147.

## PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE.

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THE booksellers and publishers of modern times are the best patrons of literature, and authorship is no longer a condition of pauperism. Even mere penny-a-liners often make a decent livelihood, while reporters of a higher order are frequently barristers, or gentlemen of high character, who experience so much liberality at the hands of newspaper proprietors that they often find it wise to leave their profession in abeyance; while in Parliament, and elsewhere, they toil for the instruction or amusement of the public. Original authors, too, if really possessed of superior abilities, may make them extremely remunerative; and their taskmasters in the Row are always ready to reward them with both hands, if their headwork deserves it. Paternoster-row originally, perhaps, obtained that name from the circumstance that many vendors of paternosters, breviaries, and other church services had established themselves there, owing to its contiguity with old St. Paul's. Thus in "Stow's Chronicle," p. 126, we read:—

"Paternoster-row, so called because of stationers and text-writers that dwelt there, who wrote and sold all sorts of books then in use, namely, A, B, C, with the paternoster, ave, creed, graces, et cætera."



Strype, too, b. iii., p. 195, writes:—

“This street, before the fire of London, was taken up by eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen, and their shops were so resorted unto by the nobility and gentry in their coaches, that oftentimes the street was so stopped up that there was no passage for foot-passengers; but since the said fire those eminent tradesmen have settled themselves in several other parts, especially in Covent-garden, in Bedford-street, Henrietta-street, and King-street; and the inhabitants in this street are now (1720) a mixture of tradespeople, and chiefly tirewomen, for the sale of commodities, top-knots, and the like dressings for females. There are also many shops of mercers and silkmen, and at the upper end some stationers, and large warehouses for booksellers, well situated for learned and studious men’s access thither, being more retired and private.”

Hear old Pepys:—

“21 Nov., 1666.—My wife and I went to Paternoster-row, and there we bought some green watered moyre for a morning waistcoat.”

Notice here modern fashion returning to the tastes of our ancestors; *moire antique* is now a very popular article of dress, though not for morning waistcoats. Take another bit of Pepys:—

“May 17, 1662.—After dinner, my lady (Sandwich) and she (Mrs. Sanderson), and I, went on foot to Paternoster-row, to buy a petticoat against the Queen’s coming for my lady, of plain satin;” and Lady Rachel Russel, in a letter to her lord says, “Was with your sisters at a Dutch-woman’s, Paternoster-row, and the three Exchanges.”

What a changeable world we inhabit! Think of Paternoster-row being remarkable for its quiet and privacy! Think of beaux and belles resorting thither on foot, to purchase their gay clothes. Alack, all the shine has long since been taken out of the queer narrow avenue of tall old houses. The mercers and tirewomen have departed

westward, and have even relinquished their midway habitat in Covent-garden and Henrietta-street! True, Ludgate-hill rejoices still in a few fine butterfly shops, but Fashion's natural haunts are now to be sought in Regent-street or Bond-street, and probably in another generation or two she will undertake an emigration to Belgravia. Vicissitude is the sovereign of those who worship the mode. Hoops a century ago, crinoline to-day—coal-scuttle bonnets in 1830, cap bonnets or flowers and bobs of ribbon at the back of the head in 1860.

Almost on the site of Dolly's Chop-house, Queen Elizabeth's famous clown, Tarlton, kept an ordinary dignified with the name of the Castle. In a house hard by dwelt Ann Turner, the notorious inventor of yellow starch, and a chief agent in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

Need we say that the shop of the Longmans is No. 39? The founder of the firm, Thomas Longman, died in 1755, and the earliest book bearing his name, now known, was printed "for Thomas Longman, at the Ship and Black Swan, 1725."

Very recently a volume, giving the history of this most remarkable firm, has been published, and it will be interesting to all lovers of literature. My first recollection of the firm dates in 1806, when it was "Longman, Hurst, Green, Orme, and Brown." They were the original London publishers of Sir Walter Scott's works. I well remember the immense popularity of the "Lay" and "Marmion," and not less of "Waverley," and the wonderful series of novels it heralded. We can scarcely now understand the enthusiasm of the town on such subjects—when large 4to editions of the poems (price £2 2s.) were eagerly bought up, and when a Scotch packet had for its sole cargo the first edition of the "Antiquary;" or that upon a report that the vessel had been lost in a storm, the press spoke of the event as a national calamity. If the

Longmans profited largely from their transactions with Scott, they certainly retained him on liberal terms, having paid him, so it is asserted on good authority, in less than fifteen years, a sum of fully £20,000. They dealt with Tom Moore with an equally free hand, giving him 3,000 guineas for the copyright of "Lalla Rookh" alone. Contrast this with Milton's literary gains—£10 for his "Paradise Lost;" with Curll's short payments to his writers—who were treated as harshly as day-labourers; or even with what was thought the liberality of Jacob Tonson. True, Pope obtained £3,000 for his "Homer," but it was by subscription; and many years after, Samuel Johnson, writing to Cave for the loan of a few shillings, added, at the foot of the note, "Impransus," as a motive for compliance with his demand.

The Longmans preserve on their premises some highly interesting literary portraits, and they have an invaluable collection of rare books, from which biblioplists are allowed to choose the pets they desire on really low terms, considering the precious character of the works. Here premier editions of Tasso are possible; here tall uncut tomes, ancient and modern, delight the bookworm; choice bindings in wood, vellum, and leather, by the best artists. Often books are bought for their outsides merely. Illustrated missals—the "Romance of the Rose," in all its beauty—Caxtons of undoubted genuineness, enough to make their non-possessors weep—and folios of tracts and broad-sheets, not unfrequently absolutely unique, may be secured by those who are willing and able to barter gold for knowledge, or what they value more. Happy the sexagenarian, without wife or children, who takes to a library, and occupies all his harmless life in hunting out rare volumes: not to read them—oh, no!—but to display them on his shelves to admiring visitors. Incidentally, if not directly, he is a useful labourer for science and literature, as but for him such books would often be lost for ever.

At Rivington's, the original sign of the old house, the Bible and Crown, let into the stone course over the window, might long be seen, and attracted great notice as the sole relic of a past custom once so common in the City.

We now are to speak of the Chapter Coffee-house—within a very short period still flourishing at the corner opposite Ivy-lane, but now finally closed. When I knew the quaint old establishment, probably built in the time of William III., though sobered much by age, it looked in sound condition; and while its heavy, small-paned windows and low ceilings made the coffee-room dusky even at mid-day, there was a great air of comfort and respectability about it. Rakes of the gay classes, or Hectors of the military, never came there; but studious men, members of the learned professions—proctors, attorneys-at-law, and especially clergymen and curates in abundance, and occasionally the beneficed in search of cheap helps, or, more rarely still, an economical dean or canon, and, at long intervals, a wearer of lawn sleeves, on business with less fortunate members of the Establishment, filled the benches and boxes, for the most part so quietly that their voices were scarcely heard above a whisper, the wisdom or the piety of their conversation being toned down so as to be inaudible except to themselves. Here are a couple of extracts relative to the place:—

“I must notice the Chapter Coffee-house, frequented by those encouragers of literature, ‘not the worst judges of men,’ the booksellers. Their conversation naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say ‘a good book,’ they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book is best which sells most, and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post.”—*Connoisseur*, Jan. 7, 1754.

“I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now quite unnecessary—an author carries his character in his pen.”  
—*Chatterton to his mother*, May, 1770.

I do not think many authors of note took their coffee there in my time. They seemed to be busy, bustling pen-drivers—possibly, when at home, located in Grub-street, or some congenial region, and chiefly anxious about small bargains with second-rate publishers. The clergy were the chief visitants, and were principally middle-aged or elderly men, in very threadbare black, and not always with the whitest linen. In fact, it was a house of call for poor parsons who were on hire to perform Sunday duty, from a guinea down to five shillings, according to services expected or the character of the parties. Men of damaged repute, to each of whom it might be said without harshness,

“Go, lay thy orders at the bishop’s feet;  
Send thy dishonoured gown to Monmouth-street”—

could be had easily, on the lowest terms; while those of whom no harm was known, save their indigence, obtained the higher fee without much difficulty. A dronish rector, too, could buy a sermon there at almost any price, according to the ability of the composer. Some of the discourses were really written by the vendors, but others were offered for sale by clerical middlemen, furnished with an assortment by purchase from poor brethren, who, from lack of decent dress, were unable to attend the market themselves. A buyer had only to name his subject and doctrine, and would be fitted to a hair in a moment. Charity sermons were quite a drug; there was such a glut of the commodity that a moving appeal for a parish school could be purchased for half-a-crown; while, if a course of sermons on a special subject was needed, the price per discourse varied from 5s. to 10s. 6d. In this manner the dullest clergyman

could avoid the necessity of study on his own account, and appear wise and eloquent on the easiest terms. The sermons were frequently mere commonplace, but occasionally were the productions of learned, pious, and eloquent men, without patrons or private means, and, by consequence, without livings. We fear such trading in sermons and preachers is still practised. We know that discourses, lithographed to resemble manuscript, may be openly bought at various London shops ; and we are assured that persons in orders, and even with University honours, are to be engaged by the day on very moderate terms. We trust so scandalous a practice is on the decline, and that in a more conscientious age it will be wholly abandoned.

The charges at the Chapter were moderate, but then your desires must be moderate too, or you would come to grief. Hungry folks did well to keep away from its precincts, for a hearty meal was out of the question. A cup of coffee, of excellent quality, cost 5*d.*—6*d.* rather, for William, the head waiter, had a lien on the penny, and woe to him who sought for change ! Four delicate ham sandwiches, with a glass of sherry, were charged 10*d.*—the eleventh and twelfth penny went to William. The tea deserves special mention. It was served in a red earthenware glazed pot, holding sufficient to fill three small cups, but quite superlative in quality. For this, with six slices of bread and butter, a muffin, or two crumpets, the charge was also 10*d.*, the copper being appropriated as aforesaid. Persons might enter the coffee-room, turn over the files of papers, and even transact business, without being obliged to call for anything ; but if you did it often, a cold reception must be anticipated. Mr. William, who, it was believed, had money in the funds, was quite a character—age forty ; height, the average ; stout, but not fat ; carefully dressed in a better black cloth suit than many of the visitors, wearing knee breeches, black silk hose, and a spotless white cravat ; very civil and

attentive, never talking but in answer to questions, and then briefly. His eyes were in every corner of the room : woe to the luckless wight harbouring any design on the spoons ! Yet he was capable of kind feeling, for when he suspected a customer was very needy, he would bring him two muffins, and only charge for one ; nay, he had been known to avoid receiving payment altogether from a certain needy curate, by asserting, with great gravity, that he got the money when he served the tea. As a rule, he expected his pence with inexorable firmness ; and no plea of wanting change, or remembering it next time, would answer with him. On easy terms with regular visitors, he scanned the strangers and new comers with inquisitive looks, watching all their proceedings like a very Argus. If improper persons, such as mere tradesmen or mechanics, sought admission, he dismissed them coolly but decidedly, by intimating that they “ must have mistaken the house—the Blue Boar was in Warwick-lane.” He must have passed away long years ago, and with him most of his class ; for the waiters in modern places of refreshment, or even in the club-houses, are of a very different grade. Genteel clubs in our day are for the “ nobility and gentry,” or certainly for the well-to-do only. Ordinary coffee-houses are chiefly for the busy and the vulgar. There are few or no refuges for poor gentlemen, where, as in the time of Addison and Johnson, a small outlay entitled the visitor to a cordial welcome, and where, in

“ The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,”

carking cares and anxieties were banished.\*

\* Addison declares in one of his delightful “ Spectators” that he knew a gentleman who managed to live very respectably on an annuity of £40. He spent the whole of his time in favourite coffee-houses, where he was always cordially welcomed, because he never failed to give the waiter a penny on leaving.

## THE STOCK-BROKER'S WIDOW.

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RICHARD RICE, Esq., of the Stock Exchange, Portman-square, and Consols Villa, Richmond, had, in 1778, been for several years the undisputed monarch of Capel-court. All his speculations, wild and rash though they often seemed, had proved fortunate, and whatever he touched appeared to prosper. Men were content to follow his lead, and every plan sanctioned by his name was sure to be received with favour. This wonderful success was the work of a comparatively short time. Up to his twenty-fourth year he was a desk-clerk at a broker's office at 30s. per week; and now that he had attained all that exuberant wealth could bestow, he was scarcely five-and-thirty. Most of our readers recollect Hudson, the ex-railway king, and how people raised a large subscription, in the way of testimonial, to one who was already too rich. So it was with Rice. Testimonials were not then in vogue, but everybody was eager to compliment and substantially assist the idol of the hour, who had sprung up with the celerity of Jonah's gourd, and was destined to perish as quickly. Rice possessed good natural abilities; he had a strong will, and a courage in the midst of the most perilous enterprises which very frequently ensured their success. If his gains were enormous, he never grudged sharing them with his subalterns, and thus he had the good word of all engaged



with him. Perhaps his notions of commercial honour were not the most exalted, but as prosperity made him generous, no occasion arose to impugn his integrity. He was tall and commanding in appearance, with dark eyes and hair. His address was winning, but when circumstances roused him to energy, his tone showed that he would not tolerate the slightest liberty. His ordinary demeanour would have been more gentlemanly had it been less pretentious. His dress was exact and elaborate, but too fine. A single ring, with a costly stone, would have seemed suitable on his hand; but it was bad taste to bedizen every finger. His general habits were simple. He gave grand dinners, but commonly dined from one dish, and but seldom took more than three glasses of wine, though then it was thought manly to be able to swallow as many bottles.

He delighted in display, and valued money only as it gratified his vanity. His town and country houses were filled with rare valuables—bronzes, curious china, pictures from the old masters. His grounds at Richmond were so exquisitely kept as to attract the admiration of the fashionable world, who were not slow to recognize his merits by frequently visiting him. The most precious of all his possessions, however, was his wife, Mary Rice. He had married her when they were both very young, and his weekly salary hardly sufficed to purchase the mere necessities of life; but their wedded days had proved singularly happy, and it might well be doubted whether wealth had added to their enjoyments. She was the only daughter of parents whose position may be described as that of genteel poverty; yet she was better educated than most English women of the period, and could actually read, write, and spell, understood a little music, could dance gracefully, and converse in French with a moderately good accent. Her mental powers were superior to those of her husband; and her manners aiding and increasing her great beauty, made her

the absolute fascination of every circle in which she moved. While they were in humble life, their unpretending connections idolized her; and when she was received in ducal saloons, the aristocratic company were no less charmed by her unaffected graces. Few things are more difficult to describe than female loveliness; in truth, it often depends on evanescent excellences which no artist can portray. Like her husband, Mrs. Rice was rather tall; but her whole frame was exquisitely moulded: the hands and feet small, the forehead high and expansive, nose aquiline, mouth and lips as delicately formed as those of the Medicean Venus; the skin and complexion rich, in a healthful fairness; the cheeks tinted with a bloom rivalling that of the peach, heightening and receding at the touch of emotion, and making every intellectual impulse doubly eloquent. Her hair, in colour a very light brown, was in amazing profusion, nor would she mar its beauty by using powder, which was then universally worn. She had a personal peculiarity not to be overlooked; her eyes were differently tinted—the right was dark, nearly to blackness—the left a pale blue; but both were singularly brilliant and expressive. Mr. Rice, who loved her fondly, used to say, “There is moonlight on one side of her face, and sunlight on the other.”\* They had no family. The one object of his existence appeared to be a sort of wife-worship;—all her wishes were, when possible, anticipated. It was said her jewellery was only exceeded in value by Queen Charlotte’s. He delighted to see her in the most gorgeous

\* In a serial now progressing—“No Name,” by Wilkie Collins—one of the characters, Captain Wragg, is described as having eyes of different colours, and the contrast is supposed to increase the sinister expression of his countenance. Possibly this may be true with regard to a male face of very low type; but in the three women with this peculiarity with whom the author was intimate, it was highly graceful—however eccentric—and gave to each side of the face a charm of its own.

dresses; placed several carriages at her command; and surrounded her with a train of servants which many a countess might have envied. Their wedding-day was on the 12th of June, and this year he had resolved to keep it with unusual splendour at the Richmond villa. He would invite all his fashionable friends; he would give a ball in the grounds, which should be brilliantly illuminated. Gondolas, with silken sails, should ply on the beautiful river, and the crews should be composed of choice vocal and instrumental performers, whose voices and music should make all the echoes harmonious, and excel the fabled melodies of the stately swans, his neighbours. Then there should be a supper, spread under a long vista of tents, for a thousand persons; the cooks should have no limit as to price; and the wines should be the best the City cellars could supply. All this and more was done as he wished—a month being occupied in the preparations—and the eve of the important day at length arrived. Mr. Rice was late home that evening; the weather was sultry; heavy embankments of thunderclouds hung over the beautiful garden and river, while occasionally the elemental blackness was seamed with flashes of intensely vivid lightning. There was a growl of thunder at a distance, and now and then a few drops of rain. His charming partner looked weary, and his own brow was more wrinkled by anxiety than the apparent circumstances would justify. He drank more wine than usual, and was less interested with the details of the coming entertainment than she expected. They could neither of them sleep, except that he dosed off for a few minutes, and, in a troublesome dream, muttered to himself, “I tell you I did not write the name.” In the morning, though he had promised not to go to town that day, he pleaded urgent business, and left earlier than usual. Then the storm which had been threatening all

night broke over the villa with terrible fury. Continuous flashes of forked lightning, and an unintermitted roar of thunder, with a deluge of hail and rain, lasted for several hours. All hope of the long-anticipated fête was abandoned. Did not such a commencement of the day look ominous? A moral cloud was lowering over the house, and it was far less easy to dissipate than the tempest. By noon the atmosphere cleared; not a cloud remained; a deep calm brooded on the shining water; the sun, "re-joicing like a bridegroom to run his race," gladdened the "blue serene" around him; each shrub, and tree, and flower sparkled with living diamonds; the swans swam proudly on the gently rippling Thames, all nature was in holiday trim, and the poor lady felt that her wedding-day might yet be celebrated. The guests were expected at six o'clock; it had struck five, and Mr. Rice had not arrived. Presently a groom presented the following note:—

"MARY DEAR,—I cannot return yet, but it may be soon.  
Oh! it is not my fault. "RICHARD."

She was vexed—what could it mean? No time for thought now. Singers, musicians, vans of waiters, and all the human adjuncts of the ball and banquet were fast assembling. There have been few similar fêtes since that given at Boyle Farm by Lord Fitzgerald, celebrated by Moore. The steamboats and the contiguity of the railroad must be blamed—the Thames is no longer to be trusted for its tranquil mirror-like water: its transparency and purity have been succeeded by muddiness and fœtor. Wholesome fish might once be caught within sight of the metropolitan bridges; now, thanks to gas refuse, and a thousand contributory sewers, nothing more than white-bait—and how that can exist is marvellous—can be found in our once lovely river. Let us hope those who come after us will benefit by the labours of the Board of Works.

There was not much stir of visitors at Consols Villa till after seven o'clock; then a long stream of brilliant equipages crowded the gates; the rooms, the tents, the grounds filled fast; and before ten a stream of fairy-like creatures, bright in all the splendour of costume—the scintillations of their gems surpassing those of eastern fire-flies—the varied colours of their dresses more dazzling than those of the flowers at their feet—diffused themselves over lawns and slopes; while beaus by hundreds, most of them in military garb, or masked, and in fantastic disguises, escorted their beautiful companions, and prepared to indulge on the cool grass in the mysteries of Terpsichore. Soft strains of music began to rise. Parties of glee-singers made the green grotto-like bowers vocal. Boats, rich in parti-coloured lamps, pushed off from the shore, and the melody of voices and instruments breathed softly from the liquid crystal. There was no moon that night, but stars began to peep out, and the artificial lights among the willows, reflected upon the water into which they dipped, made amends for the absence of day. Moore's song was not written then, but its sentiments might have been felt and uttered:—

“Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,

Gentle river, thy current runs;

Sheltered safe from winter gales,

Shaded cool from summer suns.

Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,

Fenced with flowery shelter round;

No rude tempest wakes the tide,

All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,

When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,

Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,

To mingle with the stormy main.

And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass

Into the world's unshelter'd sea,

Where once thy wave hath mixed, alas!

All hope of peace is lost for thee.”

The dance and the promenade continued for hours, and then came supper—quiet for a while, save for the hum of suppressed talk, the clatter of glasses, the noise of flying corks, the bustle of waiters. Then followed the deep voice of the toastmaster, complimentary speeches, bursts of cheering often repeated. Again the guests flowed from the tents, the dance began anew, and yet more joyously—

“No pause, no rest, when youth and beauty meet  
To chase the hasty hours with flying feet.”

At length the cold grey dawn began to appear, and the company gradually thinned. Carriage after carriage rolled away, the last inveterate pleasure-seekers departing. How few among that light-hearted throng thought or cared much about their hosts. Mr. Rice had not been seen at all; and the lady flitted about amongst her visitors, restless and unhappy-looking, as if she sought for something essential to her happiness, and could not find it. The last lingering visitors have departed, the lamps are extinguished, a strange sort of tranquillity is settling down on the deserted villa. Mrs. Rice is alone in her splendid bedroom; she has thrown herself upon the sofa, and bursts into loud weeping, from mixed fatigue and anxiety, for she has not heard of her husband. Suddenly a dressing-room door opens. Who can have been hiding there? It is Mr. Rice. He looks pale and alarmed, saying in a hurried tone, “I came home at ten o’clock; I told John I should go to bed, being dreadfully fatigued, and not to disturb you.” “What has happened, Richard?” “My plans have failed; I’m pressed for £5,000—I can get it in twenty-four hours; but if urged before, my ruin is inevitable. I must be in the City by nine o’clock; I cannot sleep. Make them bring me some hot and very strong coffee; I am fainting from exhaustion.” He took refreshment, and their dreary conference continued till it

was necessary for him to leave her. He rose, grasped her hand convulsively, kissed her several times; gasped out—"God bless you," and went out by a side door leading to the road, intending to take the stage to London; but as he opened the gate, a strange, hard-featured looking man, quite a nondescript in appearance, accosted him thus, "Good morning, Mr. Rice; you're wanted in town; please step into my chaise, it will be quicker." It was Townsend, the Bow-street officer, and in two hours Rice was under examination before a magistrate on a charge of forgery. The evidence was too plain for doubt; he was fully committed to Newgate for trial at the next sessions. Those who understood the charge knew that he had no hope of escape. The crime of forgery was made capital in 1731, and from that period the security of commerce was thought to call for frequent victims. No breach of the law could be pardoned; even in the case of Dr. Dodd, though Johnson framed a petition for him, which received thousands of signatures, the sentence of death was executed. Neither money nor friends could succour Rice; his trial resulted in a verdict of "Guilty," and he was ordered for execution. Several petitions for the Royal mercy were presented—they were met by a stern negative; and as a last hope, Mary Rice determined to solicit an audience with Queen Charlotte. It was granted. Dressed in deep mourning, she prostrated herself in Her Majesty's closet, and implored her intercession—a refusal was given; and, however tenderly, it seemed to complete the agony of her despair. We pass over the last parting with her husband—may none of us ever witness aught so harrowing. His dreadful doom was soon finished. She was at hand with a hearse to carry away his remains, and such was the strong fortitude of her grief, that she followed him to his grave, and did not shed a single tear. A host of importunate creditors had seized all his property, and having nothing

but a few personal valuables left, she hid herself in an obscure lodging, where in a few days a letter, sealed with the Royal arms, was brought her. It ran thus:—

“The Queen sympathises with Mrs. Rice in her severe affliction, and grants her a pension of £100 yearly for life.”

The high-spirited though almost broken-hearted woman hesitated not, but instantly returned for answer—

“Mary Rice cannot profit by Her Majesty’s favour. It is impossible for her to accept anything from a lady, however exalted, who refused her the only gift she valued, her husband’s life.”

The offer and the answer were soon publicly known, and proffers of service reached her from various quarters; but she quietly availed herself of her skill in fancy needlework, and by a laudable exertion of industry was able to earn an independent existence. However deep the widow’s weeds—though plain, they were always carefully put on. The grief that made her pale added a touching interest to her extreme beauty; and could she have listened to dishonourable overtures, she might easily have ensured a life of luxury.

Two years had passed away: her mourning garb was unaltered; not a single lock of her luxuriant hair had been yet allowed to escape from her close-fitting widow’s cap. She did not often go out; but one day she was walking through Bond-street, when a heavy shower of rain compelled her to seek refuge in a confectioner’s shop, at the back of which sat an elderly gentleman discussing a basin of soup. His eyes were soon attracted to Mrs. Rice, and when she left he hastily paid for his refreshment, and followed her at a distance to her lodging. The results of this casual meeting were very important. The gentleman, Mr. Philip Bland, who was about sixty years old, had just returned from Calcutta with an immense fortune, was a



bachelor, and had no near relatives. Acquainting himself with Mrs. Rice's sad story, and finding that her character was unexceptionable, he at once determined to offer her marriage, engaging to make a very large settlement in her favour. Her acceptance was equally prompt—though she told him plainly that, while she would strive to do her duty as a good wife, she had no love to yield him. In a few weeks they were married at St. George's, Hanover-square. She once more became the mistress of all that wealth could bestow, and more than once during her ten years' union with Mr. Bland she attended Queen Charlotte's drawing-rooms. Her conduct was most exemplary; she made the happiness of her aged yoke-fellow her constant study, and was known far and wide for her unostentatious benevolence.

At Mr. Bland's death she was left his sole legatee and executrix. Her income was now over £4,000 per annum, and it was thought her condition was defined for the residue of her days. Alas, no! there was to be a third marriage, and it would hardly be so creditable to her as either of the former. Though on the shady side of forty, her good looks were very little impaired; she was seldom reckoned above thirty, and of course had many offers—one was from a nobleman; but this time she preferred choosing for herself. Widow Bland had frequent business calls to make at a stock-broker's in Copthall-court. Mr. Timothy Prichardson was the principal; his brother served him in the capacity of clerk, and it commonly fell to his lot to attend to the lady. He was remarkably good-looking, single, and not above thirty. His manners, though not refined, were facile and conciliating; his soft, low-pitched voice seemed to indicate gentleness of character; he was too feminine to be either a soldier or a foxhunter. There was not a particle of ambition in his nature. To avoid trouble, and secure his own personal ease, were his

sole objects; to have a good table, a cheerful glass, and a cosy fire, summed up his anxieties; and had it been difficult to procure wine, he would have compounded for porter, or even small beer. To this neutral specimen of manhood did our mature Mary attach herself. The wooing must have been her work, for John Prichardson would have found the fatigue intolerable. His more worldly-wise brother soon discovered Mrs. Bland's partiality, and under his tutelage drowsy John made himself as amiable as possible; and within three years of old Bland's death, his widow became Mrs. J. Prichardson. The ill-assorted couple set up a handsome establishment; all thoughts of a profession for the new husband were abandoned; and if good dinners, fine clothes, and a full purse could make a married paradise, they had them all. The elder brother's object was very different: he was a bold, dashing speculator, not very unlike poor Rice; and he found no difficulty in dealing with Mrs. P.'s Bank stock. He had been frequently a large lottery contractor; and without ever growing rich in reality, the airs of importance he assumed obtained him credit with the world for untold wealth. Before John Prichardson had been married five years, his wife's fortune was diminished by at least £10,000. True, bonds were given for the amount, but they were little better than waste paper; nor did the lady complain, who appeared contented with her home and its master. He might do what he liked with the money, while in return he indulged all her caprices, and was eager to endorse her slightest wish on all occasions. The drain on their wealth continued and increased daily, but no remonstrances were made, though the carriage had to be dispensed with, and the mansion in Grosvenor-square exchanged for a much smaller one in the Edgware-road. John Prichardson had never been strong or healthy;—over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table produced disease, and in the tenth

year of their wedded life he was suffering from a confirmed liver complaint, and declared to be in danger by his physicians. He lingered on, however, for four years, and then died, being literally worn-out under the terrible burden of idleness. He died almost insolvent, and Mrs. P. had no claims on the brother, for the bonds had been cancelled during her husband's illness. Yet the keen stock-broker had some sense of honour; and to atone in some degree for the appropriation of her fortune, he contrived to secure to her, though not without difficulty, a life annuity of £100.

Such was the sole remaining income of our widow, and, considering that she had been so long dandled in the lap of luxury, she bore the change with great fortitude. Nobody ever heard her complain, for she had good sense enough to know that pity and contempt are close akin. She managed her wardrobe so well, metamorphosing the splendid remainders from the Rice and Bland widowhoods, that no duchess could have mourned with greater elegance than she did for John Prichardson. When her last widowhood commenced, she was nearly three-score, yet still looked youthful, walked very jauntily, retained nearly all her teeth, and had not a single grey hair; wrinkles were out of the question, and the romance of Ninon seemed likely to be repeated. She had formed a large circle of acquaintances, and as she wanted nothing of them, they were very glad of her company. Her conversation was highly amusing, for she could vividly describe every fashionable fantasy for forty seasons, and not as a spectator only, but as a distinguished actor in the vanity fair of the world. Nor was she an ill-tempered critic of its doings, but still spoke of them as one whose own relish for them continued lively. She discarded her weeds in about two years; but though her enemies said she was anxious for a fourth husband, we entirely acquit her of such a folly.

She was an adept in the art of growing old gracefully. She took to caps (dress-caps though) at sixty-five, and was first seen walking with a gold-headed cane at seventy. At the latter period I first became acquainted with her, and managed to become a great favourite. She called me her little man, made me free of the japanned box in which she kept her sweets, and when I reached the mature age of ten years, began to give me glimpses of her biographical curiosities; for nothing appeared so delightful to her as to live over again her past existence. No veteran ever "shouldered his crutch" more joyously than she went through her memorabilia—riveting attention to each narrative by displaying some glittering trinket or souvenir. I loved to sit at the old lady's feet devouring her lifelike stories, especially as they were often diversified with sweet cake and currant wine. I hear her still; her clear, musical voice lingers even now in my ear; and, if she could have told me nothing interesting, it was a high privilege to look up into that wondrously comely face—

"For beauty's standard yet  
Was crimson in her cheeks and in her lips."

The shadow of "death's pale flag" was still far away.

I own that, as a child, it seemed odd to me that her eyes should be of different colours, but before long I fancied it made her more charming. She showed me several miniatures taken when she was young. Mary Rice was the loveliest, though Mary Bland was in a grander style of beauty; and contrasting these with one executed when she was a child, and the last of Widow Prichardson, it was absolutely a doubt with me which was the most fascinating.

She died at Brighton, after a few hours' illness, when almost fourscore—retaining her good looks, her activity,

and her cheerfulness to the last; and dim indeed will my intellectual vision become when I forget the stock-broker's widow.

[I trust this dimly-shadowed outline of facts will not be thought too romantic to be credible. We all know that truth is stranger than fiction, and with a slight variation of the names every portion of this narrative is correct.]

## THE HUNCHBACK.

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Two years of my early youth were passed with a wholesale silk merchant, whose place of business and private dwelling was in Ivy-lane, Newgate-street. One could hardly select a more uncomfortable locality for a residence. From the back windows you looked upon all the uproar and revolting nuisances of the market, where, on killing days, the gutters literally ran with blood; and it was difficult to pass without coming into unpleasant contact with reeking carcases. Yet at that period the College of Physicians were still domiciled in Warwick-lane, which it was really dangerous to enter while the market was held. The front windows of the house in Ivy-lane had hardly any positive light; it was lofty, and the lane was extremely narrow, so that if a "sunbeam which had lost its way" ever penetrated to the pavement, it was sadly smoke-stained before reaching it. Citizens were then in the habit of living with their families where they pursued their calling. The sound of Bow-bell was still familiar to the wives of aldermen and members of Common Council. Clapham and Camberwell were still foreign parts. Persons acquainted with the City know that it abounds with first-rate mansions, which, though now abandoned for warehouses and offices, were then thought good enough for the most fashionable ladies; and no necessity had arisen to remove the old-world

churches into the suburbs for lack of congregations. Most of these dwellings were a century or two old, very substantially and conveniently built; but No. 20, Ivy-lane was quite a modern erection, consisting of commodious warehouses, an excellent dining and drawing-room, and eight or ten comfortable chambers. The roof was flat and leaded, with a breast-high parapet around it; and it was a favourite pastime of mine to sit and read there for an hour every dry morning. True, one could hardly escape smoke blacking; but then, in addition to the humours of the market, there was really a grand view of the dome of St. Paul's and its noble towers, for you looked over the Chapter Coffee-house, and, keeping the eye steady at that level, could comprehend a large portion of the Cathedral. It was rather deafening to hear the clock strike in that position, and really I can't help thinking the sound was louder when I was young than it is now. Business hours past, there was an opportunity of seeing a good deal of genteel life in Ivy-lane. Rather sumptuous dinners were sometimes given, and the company came full-dressed—more so, indeed, than you now expect in Belgravia. I remember, too, a ball, when the warehouse was cleared out for dancing, the clerks' desks being converted into an orchestra, and room afforded for fifty couples. Waltzing and polking were unknown then, but the country dances were wonderful. As for the supper, the wines and solids consumed would have sufficed for six times as many guests on the modern system. On a winter evening, there was a party to the play, twelve in number, and they were conveyed in three coaches, each drawn by two horses. The gentlemen wore opera hats, and some of the ladies ostrich feathers. The advent of such a company now, in our free-and-easy theatres, would be quite electrifying. They set out by half-past five o'clock, for the play began at six: I can't be wrong as to the hour, for the muffin-man was

in full song on one side of the lane, and the postman on the other. The performance was "Julius Cæsar," with J. P. Kemble as *Brutus*, Charles Young as *Cassius*, and Charles Kemble as *Marc Antony*—a great triumph of histrionic art. Our readers under fifty must not imagine they ever saw such acting: it would be delightful to tell you all about it—but our business at present is with the Hunchback. My silk merchant dealt chiefly in the raw material; but he was also a manufacturer of narrow goods, and particularly silk laces for stay-shops and shoemakers. These laces required to be tagged at both ends, and this work was then performed by hand, and very frequently by women. There is a machine for the purpose now, but it does not fix the tag so neatly as the hammer did. Try them—the ladies know that they will often slip off even at the first using; but then laces which once cost 3*d.* each may now be bought for 1*d.* True, they are more than half cotton, and cut through in no time. Yet they are so cheap! We had several hands for this work, and occasionally I went with a parcel to a curious *cul-de-sac* sort of alley behind the Chapter House, where, in the independence of an unusually lofty garret, lived Miss Jane Peel. My first visit was attended with considerable difficulty, for the morning was foggy, and there was such a confusion of names and trades on the doors. At length, coming to No. 5, I found a long range of bells to the right, and under the top one, being the fifth, on a small plate was engraved, "Jane Peel, Tagging for the Trade." So, ringing briskly, and pushing open the door, which was on the latch, I commenced ascending the stairs, where "no light, but rather darkness visible," hardly served to render the upward navigation secure. Heads peeped out at every floor as I passed. "It's only for the tagger," suggested floor No. 1. "Have you brought the blister from Doctor Glossup?" demanded floor No. 2; and on the third and fourth floors I



was taken for Old Smith and a monthly nurse. At length, standing on the upper landing, I knocked with my knuckles on the frail wainscot, and was presently seated in the back attic—a mere den of a room, or rather closet, serving for “parlour and kitchen and *all*,” lighted by a few feet of glass in the ceiling—the fireplace a mere slit in the wall, and having no other means for ventilation. There was a scanty square of green baize in the centre of the apartment; a three-legged deal table, with two painted chairs by the stove, which contained a dreary-looking handful of fire; a cracked piece of silvered-glass, and a few shells, on the mantelpiece; while opposite was placed a nondescript chest of drawers, “contrived a double debt to pay,” for they evidently enclosed both wardrobe and bedding. A large black cat, apparently blind, purred among the ashes; and a half-open cupboard disclosed certain stores of bread, meat, and sundries, neither abundant nor inviting. Where was the mistress? There she sat on her stool, for she never used a chair, keenly scanning the features of her visitor, whom she then saw for the first time. If I had been a few years younger, I might have felt afraid of the strange-visaged creature before me; but being prepared for something odd, I merely returned her glances of inquiry, and remained silent. Considering her deformity, she was remarkably tall, but thin to emaciation; her head was nearly lost between her grotesquely-elevated shoulders; and projecting far over it rose the bunch from her back, which was in a strange kind of contrast with the protuberance of the chest. Her eyes were dark brown, but if there had ever been any lustre in them it was burnt out, except when anger or pain seemed to elicit some faint spark of their lost brightness; her hair, which was in great profusion, was black, with a plentiful mixture of grey; her chin projected in a most unsightly manner; while the nose, which was aquiline, but very large, seemed

scarcely separated from it, for she had lost nearly all her teeth, except two of the incisors, which were pushed far over the lips. The general expression of the face was painful. The deep lines and indelible traces of sorrow and passions past, but not forgotten, formed a dreary moral spectacle. You felt she deserved pity, but could hardly challenge affection. Her age might have been fifty—a little more or less—but her lamentable physical afflictions must have made her old prematurely. Her dress increased the strangeness of her appearance; she wore no cap; in front her hair was braided, and from the back gathered into an immense knot, kept together by a sort of buckle, ornamented with a coarse spray of coral. She wore a broad piece of blue velvet round her throat, which lapped over a tippet of very stiff book-muslin, and that joined on to a tight-fitting gown of flowered calico, highly glazed. She almost invariably had on a pair of yellow worsted mittens, and round each wrist was a steel bracelet, which had lost most of its polished points, and they resembled fetters more than anything else. On the table before her was placed a cushion-shaped, circular piece of lead; near it a small light hammer, and at the side several tagged laces. After regarding me with a suspicious stare, without moving from her stool, she said, “Well, boykin, what is your need? When you come into a woman’s room another time, take off your hat. The king has done that before now.”

I had certainly forgotten to do so, but not from intentional rudeness. I explained that the gross of laces in my hand must be tagged by the next morning. “Come at nine o’clock in the morning, and you’ll get them;—more than Sanders would promise, I take it, or you would have gone to her.” I denied this, assuring her that her style of tagging was much preferred. “It ought to be, lad, for when did ever a tag of mine come off?”

Glad to leave her close-smelling room, I hastened back

to Ivy-lane, but had many other opportunities of improving my acquaintance with Jane Peel. Her trade was poorly remunerated; for tagging twelve dozen laces at both ends, she received only one shilling. She was exceedingly quick and skilful at her business, and could get through a gross in her working day. Yet, when fully employed, she gained only 6s. per week, and perhaps the average amount was not above 4s. How then could she exist, as she must have paid 1s. 6d. per week for lodging, and had never resorted to the parish for aid, or obtained pecuniary help of any other kind? The 4s. 6d. left after paying the rent would give just 9d. per day for six days, and nothing for the Sunday, and this was the sole source of the supply (an uncertain one too), not merely for food, but clothes. Poverty may boast of mysteries, and the destitute often exercise a miserable skill in eking out their wretched dole, which throws all the wisdom of the professional economist into the shade. Life may be sustained on a pennyworth of bread and a draught of water for a whole day. Union relieving officers find cases where families of eight or ten make a single loaf, moistening the fragments in weak tea, last as long. Many needlewomen sit at work for twelve or fourteen hours without any refreshment but a stale bun and a little milk.

Being curious to learn how Jane Peel managed, and soon getting into her confidence, I ascertained the following particulars. On each Saturday night she purchased three half-quartern loaves, which then never cost less than 1s. 6d.; 3 lb. of sticking of beef, procured in the market for 9d.; an ounce of tea, 4½d.; 1 lb. of treacle, 4d. This left her one halfpenny out of 3s., and when her week's wages were but 4s., she had but 1s. 0½d. for clothes and other necessities. This balance, too, supposes she got enough beyond to meet the charge for a lodging; when this was otherwise, she was forced to pinch even from that

allowance; but, however it was effected, certain it is she existed, if that can be called existing which must have involved such terrible privations. Winter was her trial season, for then the smallest provision of fuel must have frightfully augmented her distress. In spite of this struggle for life, she scarcely ever alluded to her necessitous condition, and was rather cheerful than otherwise. Her temper was somewhat caustic, no doubt, and perhaps its edge was sharpened by her wants; but she was much too proud to bewail or parade her poverty. It was surprising that her health seemed seldom impaired, either by constant confinement or deficient food. She was never known to go out by day; her marketings were always made after dark, and when she went to any place of worship (she seemed a dissenter), it was to an evening service. She wrote a fair hand, and was not without some knowledge of books, though I never saw any in her apartment except the Bible and a very early edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Though not very old, she seemed to be quite alone in the world, but she studiously avoided the slightest allusion to her personal history. Once when I was with her the postman brought her a letter; the charge was 8*d.*, and to pay for it she had to borrow a shilling on some work not quite finished. That circumstance vexed her, but she broke the seal and read it without any obvious emotion, though I fancied that for a moment she grew paler than usual. She made no remark on its contents, folding it without a word.

Who can tell the thoughts and feelings of which the poor hunchback's broken and attenuated frame might be the hiding-place, or measure the acute suffering, apart from physical pain, they might occasion? I always compassionate such quiet martyrs far more than those who are boisterous in their complaints. When I left Ivy-lane, my opportunities of seeing her ceased, though I heard that she continued her unrepining labours for several years, and was

at length found dead, sitting on her stool, and leaning over her tagging cushion on the table, with a lace still grasped in her left hand, the hammer having fallen on the floor.

Sometimes, in an uneasy dream, Jane Peel is an agent. There she sits at her cushion; the hammer falls and rises with notable celerity (she was singularly adroit at her work); tag after tag is fast fixed round the lace; and while I think her day's toil will soon be over,

“A change comes o'er the spirit of my dream,”

and there in her place stands a half-covered coffin, and the undertaker's journeyman driving at the black nails, and in his dismal gaiety singing—

“Oh, a pit of clay to be made  
For such a guest is meet.”

## THE ROOKS OF LONDON.

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WE have had a chat about the pigeons of Guildhall, and now a few words respecting the metropolitan rooks may not be unacceptable. Strange that birds, creatures ordinarily so timid, should become accustomed to the bustle of London streets—seeking their food, as sparrows do, amidst cab-wheels, and all the incessant stir and noise of City life.

It is a curious fact in natural history, that most animals have a strong tendency to become friendly to man, and will often do so under the most unfavourable circumstances. The wild dogs in the Arctic regions seek the huts of the settlers, and, on the least encouragement, will become inmates. The rough steed of the prairie, without the coaxings of a Rarey, willingly submits to the rein of the trapper; and the winged denizens of the pathless woods hover round the heads of travellers as if anxious to be noticed by them. Is not this a gracious arrangement of Providence in our behalf? for without the service of the animal creation, many of our wants would be unsupplied; and though the gift of reason gives us control over these dumb servants, should their help always be rendered under constraint, it would make it less valuable.

The rook is an aristocratic and almost an ecclesiastical bird; he loves the grand domains of our old nobility, and is quite at home among the ancient gravestones of country

churchyards; oaks and yews, beeches and chesnuts, with a weight of centuries on their wide-spreading branches, especially attract him, while he is repelled by modern buildings and sapling trees. The taller the trees, and the more abundant the leafage, there look for the best rookery. Even in the day-time these birds delight in shade, and they seem most to luxuriate in time-honoured possessions when the evening sunbeams are kissing the dark foliage, and the shadows of the vast trunks whose green heads they tenant grow longer and longer. Then the continuous "Caw, caw" of a thousand birds, made musical by combination (for the single note is discordant), sounds like a vesper hymn through the gathering mists of night.

There is a fine rookery at Holland Park, Kensington. Its origin dates back several hundred years, when the locality was far removed from "noise and smoke," and now the irresistible influence of habit, season after season, peoples the verdant avenues with the same sooty-feathered race. There will they remain, till the advancing steps of innovation cover the pleasant acres with bricks and mortar, and drive away for ever the rural deities which have so long presided there.

The rook is a gregarious, familiar bird. It often affects the vicinity of populous towns, seeks the neighbourhood of man, and is not scared even by the most smoky atmosphere. This bird may be found over a great part of Europe, but is nowhere more common than in Great Britain. In a northerly progress the rooks decrease, for wooded and cultivated lands are congenial to them. There are none in Orkney, Shetland, Guernsey, or Jersey. They are scarce in Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Northern Asia. In Italy the rook is a permanent inhabitant, while over the Continent it is only migratory. It has been met with in China and Japan. Rooks feed principally on grain and insects, and amply repay the farmer for his seed by

clearing the ground of wireworms and the larvæ of the cockchafer, which are frequently styled rook-worms; and the birds will follow the plough-tail to gather them up. In May and June, when the young begin to fly, they may be traced among the horse-chesnut and other trees, as they pick off the cockchafers in their winged state. Where these birds have been inconsiderately destroyed on account of suspected damage, a total failure of the crops has often followed. They deposit in their stick nests four or five greenish eggs, blotched with brown spots, which are occasionally foisted upon the ignorant as plovers' eggs. Yet a rook's egg is very palatable, and young rooks make an excellent pie—scarcely inferior, indeed, to pigeons. The male is attentive to the female rook while sitting, and feeds her carefully. Both assiduously supply the newly-fledged birds. In the building season they often quarrel about their nests, and frequently visit the nest trees in autumn, on their way to roost at a distance, for the purpose of repairing their old nests, that they may be fit for incubation in early spring. Herons and rooks sometimes have deadly feuds respecting nest trees. Dr. Heysham gives an account of such a battle at Dallam Tower, Westmoreland. Some old oaks tenanted by herons being lopped, they endeavoured to occupy a grove where there was a colony of rooks. The herons got the better, and at length the struggle was settled by the rooks and herons appropriating the opposite sides of the plantation.

The rook has the power of imitating the crow's note, is very docile, easily learns amusing tricks, and is capable of strong attachment. It will mimic the jackdaw's cry and the bark of a dog so closely as to escape detection. White, in the "History of Selborne," says, "A friend had two milk-white rooks in one nest. A carter finding them, while yet unable to fly, destroyed them, much to the owner's regret, for they were a great curiosity. I saw these birds,



and was surprised to find that their bills, legs, feet, and claws were milk-white." These were, no doubt, albinos; but often birds originally of a light colour become black in a few months. The white birds are mostly small and weak, and the ordinary black-feathered flock will not suffer the intrusion of a white rook among them.

There are various ancient plantations in England where rooks have been continuously located for many hundreds of years. There was a famous rookery in Carlton House Gardens; but when, in 1827, the trees were cut down, the rooks emigrated to a plantation at the back of New-street, Spring Gardens. The departure of these birds from their old domicile was celebrated in a song by Tom Hudson, beginning—

"Now the old rooks have lost their places."

The singular instinct which led them to provide the best substitute for their lost homes was much admired at the time, and was argued upon as a proof that, in their case, new circumstances elicited new capabilities. There is a rookery near Kensington Palace. Taking a long stride into the heart of the City, we find a rookery in the south burial-ground of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, Tower-street. Before the old church was pulled down, there were at least twenty nests; and the kindly parish officers annually supplied them with osier twigs and other necessities for constructing their homes. When the church was removed, in 1817, the disturbed rooks took refuge at the Tower of London, and rather ambitiously built in the White Tower. Yet they were unable to reconcile themselves to the change; and no sooner had the workmen left their former haunt, than they returned to their ancient quarters. In 1849, the kindness of the authorities was again extended to them, their nest-making being aided by Mr. Crutchley, the assistant-overseer. They built in some venerable plane trees.

A few large elm trees, in the college garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court, in Doctors' Commons, formerly sheltered a colony of rooks; I fear they no longer flourish there, but whether they have been pensioned off, like some of their legal neighbours, I am unable to say.

Here is an interesting extract from Mr. Smee's book, "Instinct and Reason," 1850:—

"We have rooks in the very centre of London, on a noble plane tree that grows at the corner of Wood-street, Cheapside. There are now (May, 1850) signs of four nests in that tree, but I am unable to state whether they have reared their young in that locality. Rooks, however, build in the crowns surmounting the highest pinnacles of the turrets of the Tower of London; and there is another rookery in Gray's Inn Gardens. Pigeons have lately taken to build on the tops of the pillars of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange; so that London can boast of three kinds of birds which rear their young—viz., sparrows, pigeons, and rooks. We have every year a robin or two at Finsbury-circus, but they do not build; and we are frequently favoured with a visit from starlings."

Swallows, swifts, and martins have ceased to visit the City, though they are not unfrequently seen in its vicinity. Martins' nests have been noticed in Goswell-street, and on Islington-green. The redbreast is sometimes met with in Farringdon-street and Ludgate-hill. Perhaps the swallow dislikes the shape of the modern chimney-pots, which, having conical or contracted tops, are not inviting for nests. It is thought that London gardens suffer more from insects than those in the country, on account of the small number of insect-destroying birds now resident here. Why are they so scarce? Is it the smoke, the increasing density of the houses, or the want of trees and food? Birds live and thrive in cages in the closest neighbourhoods; canaries readily breed in confine-

ment—but in those cases the question of food does not arise.

The crow, the raven, and the rook are long-lived birds, and when they are permitted to exhaust the lease of existence given them by nature, they probably count more years than man, with his threescore and ten, or even up to a century. Can we guess at the autobiography of a patriarchal raven—one of those, for instance, which roost on the crown of the loftiest pinnacle of the Tower? Think of his speculations, when, with a well-filled gizzard, he sits in the sunlight meditating on past events; how he was hatched in the time of the Conqueror, roosted on an old yew on the spot where Battle Abbey was built; migrated thence to a graveyard in the vicinage, remarkable for its ancient elms, and thrived there, birdling and bird, about 300 years; then, when the church was “destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire,” took refuge in the suburbs of London, and was domiciled in a plane tree at Whitechapel, till the rotting trunk was grubbed up, and the Tower pinnacles became his final abode, where he hopes to end his chequered days in peace. Or let us make an observation of that venerable rook, perched so cosily (as we have often seen him) on the top branches of the plane at the corner of Wood-street. He seems an inquisitive sort of fowl, and when on his watch is, doubtless, laying in stores of anecdote to amuse Mrs. Rook when they meet. My Lord Mayor and his aldermanic satellities pass by—what says our feathered philosopher? “Caw.” A volunteer rifle regiment, *en grande tenue*, hurries past—with hearts, like their equipments, bran-new. What remark does our clawed student of humanity make? “Caw.” A Stock Exchange Croesus rolls by in a carriage appropriately resplendent with gilding. Does that wise old rook envy him? By no means. He continues the cool ejaculation, “Caw.” A ragged sexagenarian pauper has just got a gift loaf at the

union, and is fain to munch it as he drags himself along. Does the bird pity him? Not in the least; or certainly not more than his fellow-men, though this time his "Caw, caw" sounds more tremulous than usual. In sober truth, our rook in his high place is elevated above such vain, sub-lunary matters:—

"He sees that this great roundabout,  
The troubles of this earthly ball,  
Is no concern of his at all,  
And says—what saith he?—'Caw.'"

Indulging such day-dreams for half an hour, when the cloth is drawn, and we are left to cogitate over an allowance of meagre French wine (and whether it will make work for our medical adviser is a problem), thoughts get confusedly mixed with thoughts, and they are jumbled together in a mist, a thick-coming cloud of incoherent imaginations, while we

"Chew the end of sweet and bitter fancies."

Then we wander with Wordsworth's "Poor Susan"—

"Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside."

The lofty, densely-planted forest of ancient Middlesex surrounds us on all sides: vast rookeries, counting their denizens by thousands, rise on all hands; we can scarcely hear our own voices for the wonderful choral "Caw" issuing from every branch and tree. Ah! this was the sort of green-wood world, when, and long after—

"Adam delved and Eve span;"

this was the mode in which man, beast, and bird were mingled on the widespread London clay, yet undisturbed by brick-making. What a change ensued! A mob of kings—Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and

Brunswick—bustle across the stage of history, represented by a stern-eyed Muse, bearing in her hand a glass

“Which shows us many more.”

Should we blush at our early condition,

“When wild in woods the noble savage ran,”

or triumph in the glories of this nineteenth century, when we incur no small risk of being so over-civilized that we shall wholly cease to be natural? Progress is a capital thing, and who can define the limits of intellectual conquest? Yet while we gaze at the delicate telegraph wires on the housetops, or examine miles of gas-pipe running along vast excavations for subterranean railways, or measure acres of plate glass in the shop windows, setting off invaluable stores of gold, silver, precious stones, precious silks, exquisitely patterned lace, and cambrics finer than spider-webbing, are we not now and then chilled by the uncomfortable conviction that we are scarcely so good as we are wise?—that, as in all the older empires of the earth, decay began when dainty-fingered luxury played with what were once manly tasks, and lost the old commanding independence on the couch of sloth? Did not the Sybarite perish on his bed of roses? What awful lessons may we read in Gibbon’s marvellous work, “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;” and even a poor birdling will teach us wisdom, if we will receive it.

Hereditary woods bow under the axe; the ancient rookery, where is it? And while we strive to value the purple and fine linen of this generation, Dyer’s words sink ominously into our ears:—

“A little rule, a little sway,  
The sunshine of a winter’s day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Betwixt the cradle and the grave.”

## LUDGATE HILL.

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“A SCRAP about Ludgate-hill! Very scrappy it must be,” say some of our readers. “What can be found worthy of notice there?” A few lines will describe it. It is a steep, narrow, inconvenient causeway, with a double row of ugly houses, tumbled or rather jammed together, with an apparent determination to make a site fit for a dozen dwellings receive twenty or thirty; the pavement disagreeably narrow, the road perpetually crowded with every conceivable form of horse-drawn vehicle—advertising vans, carts, waggons, omnibuses, imperilling each other at every turn; private carriages, cabs, and occasionally a donkey fish or vegetable stage—boards on wheels—all sorely in danger of being pounded into one shapeless mass; here and there some luckless pedestrian, sorely pressed for time, and bobbing, at the risk of life or limb, between the triple row of lumbering locomotives, in order to effect a passage from side to side. Not unfrequently, especially about noon, a dead lock, in spite of Daniel Whittle Harvey’s myrmidons; blinding clouds of dust rising in dry weather, and in wet or dirty weather (nine months of the year) mud and slush ankle deep, notwithstanding every stone was clean swept a few hours before. We own that all these allegations are true, but there is a sort of moral alchymy which is able to extract “good out of things evil,” and we are counsel for the defendant.

For several years we resided within earshot of that monstrous bell at the hill top, and we readily own to a species of affection for the whole neighbourhood, from Stationers' Hall, hard by where the inscription may yet be read,

“When you have sought the City round,  
Yet still this is the highest ground,”

down to Farringdon-street, with all the countless turnings and windings towards Playhouse-yard and the Old Bailey. I have traversed Ludgate-hill in every hour of the four-and-twenty—at midnight, in foggy or dark seasons, groping my way from door to door, and jostling late pedestrians, some “swollen with insolence and wine,” others staggering under the load of age or poverty—half-naked children with no homes, miserable girls prematurely old, worn by vice and want. Few scenes are more terrible than those presented by the streets of a great town at midnight. At this hour, however, when the atmosphere is light, as in brilliant summer seasons, or when winter's frost rarefies the air, and scatters diamond-dust over the heavens—when the moon is at the full, or crescent-shaped, sailing amidst clouds of fleecy brightness, and wooing its sister stars, until they grow pale in the flood of ethereal beauty, the commonplaces of Ludgate vanish, and it assumes a wonderful air of mystery and grandeur.

As you begin to ascend the hill, suddenly the marvellous dome of St. Paul's breaks on the eye, high over all other buildings—a vast globe, towering majestically amidst the moon's mellow radiance, as if the fabled Atlas stood before us, supporting the earth on his broad shoulders. The opening towards the Cathedral is comparatively narrow, and does not permit a free view of the campanile towers; only one can be fully commanded at the same time. Yet the feeling that all is not grasped rather enhances the effect on the mind; for

our admiration is increased when we consider that a mere section of the building has thus riveted our attention. How impressive, too, are the black tower and spire of St. Martin! What a noble architectural combination it forms with the south campanile! We cannot do justice to these effects during the noontide roar; but when nocturnal shadows loom around—when the tall, ghostly-looking houses seem sunk into a dead sleep, and every doorway and puzzling recess may harbour phantoms of the old City—then, as we look up, man's works mingle with the glories of nature, and put on a sublimity heightened by their indefiniteness of outline. I have trod these flags also in the early grey morning. Once I had just left the churchyard, when the clock struck four. I fancied the tower rocked, and standing still for several minutes, listened to the echoes till they gradually melted away into silence—how deep! That bell, with its heavy sound, was a voice from the past—a prophecy of the future.

And now imagine yourself standing on Ludgate-hill at two o'clock a.m. Hark to the noises of wheels and footsteps, the shout of labour, the buzz of business, the tormenting eagerness of captive mammonites—toiling and triumphing, occupied with endless cares and anxieties, eating their own hearts, and perishing when they are just grasping their imaginary reward.

Nor must we omit some fragmental spoils from the chronicles anent this spot. Ludgate was demolished in 1760. It was one of four very ancient entrances to the City. It stood near the present church, and was named Ludgate after King Lud, by whom (so it is affirmed, on a traditional dream) it was erected, sixty-six years before the birth of our Lord. There is something like evidence to prove that it was rebuilt in 1215, when King John's barons destroyed the dwellings of the Jews, and used the materials to restore London walls. In confirmation of



this, Stow states that when Queen Elizabeth rebuilt the gate, a slab, with a Hebrew inscription, signifying "Rabbi Moses, the son of Rabbi Isaac," was found. This new gate was adorned with effigies of Lud and his sons; and on the west side was a statue of the Queen. The gate was seriously damaged in the Great Fire, and when finally removed, King Lud was cast into the parish bone-house; but Her Majesty was set up at St. Dunstan's Church, where the statue still occupies an honourable niche.

Connected with this gate, there was a prison (in the days of Richard II.) set apart for freemen and persons in orders—a strange distinction. It soon became infamous for the cruelties exercised within its walls. Rowley's comedy, "A Woman never Vext; or, the Widow of Cornhill," refers to a story relative to the handsome Stephen Foster, Lord Mayor in 1454, begging at the gate of Ludgate (as prisoners within a very few years used to do at the Fleet Prison), and gaining the sympathy of a rich lady, who paid his debts, and ultimately married him. I remember the play being revived at Drury-lane Theatre, with Charles Young for the hero. The plot describes the widow as always fortunate, and even when she married a profligate spendthrift, winning him from his follies, and raising him to the chief magistracy of London. Here is a passage from the drama:—

*Mrs. S. Foster.*—Why remove the prisoners from Ludgate?

*Stephen Foster.*—To take the prison down and build it new,

With leads to walk on, chambers large and fair;

For when myself lay there, the noxious air

Choked up my spirits. None but captives, wife,

Can know what captives feel.

The prison was enlarged by Agnes Foster, Stephen's relict, in 1454. A chapel was built, a flat roof laid down for the prisoners' convenience, and water and lodging pro-

vided for them without cost. This gift was recorded on a brass plate let into the wall:—

“Devout souls that pass this way,  
For Stephen Foster, late mayor, heartily pray;  
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,  
That of pity this house made, for Londoners in Ludgate;  
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,  
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful doomsday!”

Stow informs us that formerly poor citizens took refuge here from their creditors. When King Philip, 1554, came through London, these captives, thirty in number, who were broken merchants, owing £10,000, presented his Highness a Latin petition, that he would deliver them, as they were not villains, but unfortunate men. The petition was written by Roger Ascham. In 1659, Marmaduke Johnson, a prisoner here, drew up an account of the place. The exactions of the keeper were dreadful. Prisoners were forced to buy everything but water. They did not benefit a farthing by the gifts to the prison. The master took all, even the gate alms. They had no food but broken victuals from the Lord Mayor's table, and small, unsaleable fish from Billingsgate. There exists also a quarto tract, “Prison Thoughts, by Thomas Browning, in Ludgate, where poore prisoners are confined and starved.” It was printed in 1682, and probably suggested Dr. Dodd's “Prison Thoughts.”

Mr. Collier possesses a printed handbill, 1664, called “The humble petition of the poor distressed prisoners in Ludgate, being a hundred and four score against the time of the birth of our blessed Lord.” “We most humbly beseech you, even for God's cause, to relieve us with your charitable benevolence.”

In the “Spectator,” No. 82, we read, “Passing under Ludgate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity,

which I thought I had heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box."

"Close to Ludgate, the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt was stopped by the train-bands. He (Wyatt) came on to the Belle Sauvage, and then certain of his men were slayne; and seeing Ludgate was shutte against him, he departed, saying, 'I have kept towche,' and soo went back, and being tane, was soon brought by water unto the Tower."—*Chronicles of the Grey Friars of London*.

The Belle Sauvage, till very lately, afforded a curious specimen of the players'-inn yard, where dramas were enacted previous to the building of theatres with roofs. Ludgate-street was famous for mercers' shops in Stow's day; and one of the old class, which has maintained its ground for upwards of a century (Hilditch's), still remains. At No. 65, the corner of St. Paul's-churchyard, lived John Newberry, for whom Goldsmith wrote "Goody Two Shoes," and a history of England. At "The Dunciad," Ludgate-street, D. Griffith published the *Monthly Review*, No. 1, 1749, perhaps the first of our critical journals.

Fronting Old St. Paul's, Digby, Winter, Grant, and Bates were executed, January 30, 1606, for their participation in the Gunpowder Plot. In 1792 was discovered a barbican, or watch-tower, near Ludgate, forming part of London wall in 1276 (a fragment of it is preserved in St. Martin's-court, opposite the Old Bailey); and in the same locality, in 1800, a sepulchral monument was dug up. It is dedicated to Claudina Martina, by her husband, a Roman soldier. A fragment of a statue of Hercules, and a female head, were also found, and are preserved at the London Coffee-house.

At No. 32, for a long period, was the famous establishment of Rundell and Bridge, goldsmiths and diamond merchants. Flaxman's shield of Achilles, in silver gilt,

was executed here, as was also the imperial crown for the coronation of George IV., 1821. At No. 45, William Hone published his "Every-day Book;" and it has still some splendid shops, especially that of the Everingtons, so remarkable for its display of rich silks and costly oriental shawls.

Probably the short line of highway known as Ludgate-hill and street is the greatest thoroughfare in London or the world. Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London," asserts that "Through Ludgate-hill and street there have passed, in twelve hours, 8,752 vehicles, 13,025 horses, and 105,352 persons." The countryman who, coming to town, stood up in a doorway to let the crowd pass, would have lost his wits under such circumstances.

Many railway projects are afloat just now. If half of them are carried out, the metropolis will quite change its aspect, and not for the better. One scheme is—and, we fear, authorized by Act of Parliament—to throw a viaduct over Ludgate-hill, and thus entirely obstruct the noble glimpse it now admits of the Cathedral. We trust a lingering reverence for the ancient City will yet prevent the erection of this monstrous excrescence.

We must now speak briefly of St. Martin's Church, Ludgate. What numerous memorials of the genius of Wren we possess! He was a mighty architectural giant, and wherever he placed his foot he left a splendid sanctuary behind him. The church in question, though far from the most felicitous of his works, is well entitled to notice. It was built after the Great Fire. The tower and steeple rise 168 feet, and between the street and the body of the church is an ambulatory, which greatly lessens the noise from without. There is a curious carved bench in the vestry, dated 1690, and the font has a Greek inscription. In the old church was a singular epitaph, 1599, which runs thus:—

“Earth goes to	}	Earth	{	As mold to mold
Earth treads on				Glittering in gold.
Earth as to				Return ne’er should.
Earth shall to				Goes ere he would.

“Earth upon	}	Earth	{	Consider may
Earth goes to				Passed away.
Earth though on				Is stout and gay.
Earth shall from				“Passe poor away.”

The interior of the church evinces great skill in the artist. The roof, which has some beautiful ornaments, is supported on four unadorned, but fine, Corinthian pillars; their massiveness has a very imposing effect. There is a gallery on the north side which terminates in the organ loft. The carving round it appears to be tasteful and elegant; the portion railed in for communion service is wholly undecorated—the Belief and Decalogue, within oaken frames, being the sole ornaments. The roof is lofty, and if you take time to consider the structure carefully, the result must be admiration for the exquisite symmetry and suitableness of all its parts. I know not what number of worshippers usually attend here, but I found a good congregation, and fervently hope it is not marked down for destruction in the new scheme patronized by some of our bishops for the sweeping desecration of the City churches. The poor plea that the services are ill attended, and that many districts have no resident population, will be easily met. Only take care that each parish has an eloquent, or, at least, an earnest pastor, and there is no fear but that he will quickly draw hearers. Old London, with far fewer inhabitants, could boast a long list of churches—many of them were not rebuilt after the Great Fire. Have we so little taste for Wren’s talent—so little reverence for the Almighty Being to whom his works were dedicated—that we seriously contemplate diminishing their number in such an unceremonious manner?

## LONDON GOLD.

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MR. SMILES, in his agreeable compilation, entitled "Self-Help," has brought forward various instances of persons originally poor, unknown, and even uneducated, rising to wealth and honour solely by their own exertions; but he has scarcely done justice to the notabilities of the City, among whom so many examples of the sort might be found. How frequently have destitute lads sought London, homeless and shoeless, to grow into millionaires, and ascend the civic chair, become the founders of noble charities, or educational establishments still nobler? Before the Reformation, when English trade and commerce were comparatively unimportant, the wealth and munificence of our citizens were the admiration of all Europe. Whittington, once a poor boy (and we do not insist that the romance about the cat is true), at an entertainment given to Edward III., burnt unpaid bonds from that great king in a sandal-wood fire, and was thrice Lord Mayor in honour of his princely liberality. Guy, an unnoticed shopkeeper, who scraped together a small fortune at book-selling, and increased it to wonderful dimensions by purchasing salvage after the Great Fire, made himself an eternal name by the hospital he endowed, as a century previous, Heriot, the jeweller of James I., had done, by building a college in Edinburgh. In more modern times,

and even up to our own, the civic throne has been repeatedly filled, and worthily too, by men who came to the metropolis to work as labourers in the docks, to sweep an attorney's office, or run of errands for merchants, who were afterwards glad to receive them as partners. Skinner, Atkins, Waithman, Wood, and many others, were once content to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, having no friends but Providence and their own strong right hands. London is, in reality, "paved with gold" for the industrious, whether they work mentally or manually. I remember the elder Mr. Tegg—a most intelligent and honourable man, who ultimately rose, as he deserved, to great wealth and influence—setting up a nightly book auction, at a little shop in Cheapside, where his earnestness and ready-wittedness quickly ensured him success, and in a few years made him the proprietor of one of the largest book and publishing establishments in London. Morrison, of Fore-street, commenced business on the same spot as a haberdasher, all his stock being displayed at a window of the narrowest dimensions; and when he finally retired from trade, his wealth was reckoned by millions.

These are instances of money-getting by a comparatively slow process—by the successful toil of years, at the expense of many anxious days and nights; but gold is gathered on 'Change and in Capel-court by far more expeditious means; and, perhaps we ought to add, the morality of the method is frequently doubtful. Time-bargains, and the purchase of indispensable raw materials, such as cotton or silk, when the market is low, in order to keep them from circulation until scarcity enhances the value, may be mentioned as deserving this censure. You know how Cromwell dealt with corn-regulators in his day. The market was empty, and the people were starving. He caused a proclamation to issue, offering a reward to the merchants who produced

the largest quantity of wheat, and a vast supply immediately appeared. The reward was duly paid, and the dealers were hanged. Of course, "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring." In these matters the law cannot interfere—when a man "does what he likes with his own;" yet he who gambles for riches, or designedly withdraws necessary produce, when the consumer offers a fair price and profit, that he may ultimately sell at starvation rates, can hardly be pronounced either good or honest. It happens, too, that fortunes acquired in this sudden and equivocal way are not to be trusted; they make themselves wings and fly away as speedily and strangely as they were gained.

It is a terrible thing when the commercial morality of a great community is content with a low standard; when men begin trading with nothing, or less, manufacturing accommodation bills by the ream, and, after enjoying the repute of being "as good as the bank for half a life," are found insolvent—their treasure changing, like fairy gold, into waste paper. Read the records of the bankruptcy courts—what lamentable exposures occur. A tradesman, believed on all hands to be the pink of integrity, fails—perhaps for £20,000. The assets show a probable dividend of 2*d.* in the pound. How is this accounted for? He had been trafficking for fifteen years—had doubts over and over again as to his solvency, but kept no books, and was afraid even to attempt balancing his accounts. Yet his household expenses were £800 per annum, in addition to a wife's income. The Commissioner looks grave, the bankrupt is rebuked—yet he gets a certificate. This is an imaginary case, you observe. It is; but I could find a dozen as bad, or worse, on any file of the *Times* in a few hours. Nor do such cases excite much notice. If a wretched drunken or careless mechanic is to expiate his want of prudence in Whitecross-street Prison, he is de-



nounced as an incorrigible scamp; but if a bold adventurer begins business with £50, and fails, in five years, for £100,000, his creditors are generally lenient; he gets a certificate, and finds no difficulty in obtaining credit for fresh speculations.

I knew a builder who raised, perhaps, a thousand dwelling-houses in one parish alone, who had been a bankrupt seven times, and yet was always able to raise money with great ease, advanced by lawyers, who took security on buildings hastily got up, and burdened with enormous ground-rents before they were half finished. I am writing in a house raised in this manner. The builder borrowed £500, gave a warrant of attorney for £700, spent in cash and bills about £900 on the erection, supporting himself and family meanwhile on the money in hand, and when his purse collapsed, and his credit was gone, becoming bankrupt, the lender, of course, pouncing on the unfinished property. This operation, on a large scale, occupied several years, and the ultimate gains to the individual who made the advances were very large. Did the scheme prosper in the end? No. "He was rich, and wanted to be richer," became vice-chairman of a bubble railway company, fled from his creditors to Boulogne when the crash came, and died of cholera at a miserable French *cabaret* in abject poverty.

Such examples could be readily multiplied, but I forbear; yet no sign of our present state of society is so unsatisfactory as this lax mode of dealing with other men's gold as our own. Credit, in a healthy condition, must always be the great motive power of commerce. The commercial greatness of our country rivals, or rather excels, all that the world has previously known—all that history records—all that Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam, ever witnessed. Whether it shall continue or progress, or in a few generations become a splendid

recollection, will depend on a stricter and sounder method of understanding the relations of *meum* and *tuum*.

Let us turn to a pleasanter phase of the subject. The gold of London—how freely it flows, how richly it irrigates the dry ground of labour and want! Not even the life-giving waters of the Nile, when they reached their highest level, and poured abundance over the parched plains of Egypt, ever rendered more enduring benefits to the realms they traversed than the precious metals of California and Australia, first filling the coffers of Threadneedle-street, and then, through a thousand streams of employment and benevolence, visiting and refreshing every homestead in the land. All classes are equally helped by these auriferous deposits: genteel families, with their pretty little incomes, grandees with their colossal fortunes, and the workers who live from hand to mouth, and trust in the bounty of heaven.

Of course gold is not value, but its representative only; and we can understand that a pound of bread might, in conceivable circumstances, be more precious than a pound of gold; but under the present conditions of the great European commonwealth, gold being universally accepted as the standard of value, it becomes all-powerful in stimulating and rewarding industry. A system of credit established on a firm basis, may lessen the necessity for the metallic medium in commercial transactions, but we must still have bullion to fall back upon. What would be the value of a bank-note, if there were no bullion in the Bank cellars?

London merchants, when we speak of them in the higher sense, are men who labour and gather, who dispense and give, who clothe their own households “in purple and fine linen,” but do not grudge to supply their workmen with beef and broadcloth; who delight in the happiness of their own children, but gladly spare

enough to make the widow's heart sing for joy. Look over our glorious capital and rejoice. For what form of human suffering may we not find an asylum? Why, some of the hospitals resemble palaces, and some of the schools are as imposing to the eye as the proudest dwellings of our nobility. Christchurch, with its spacious hall, is as grand an object as Blenheim; the hospitals of St. Thomas\* and Bartholomew are things to be proud of, even when we contemplate the architectural glories of Westminster and Windsor. Of the charities of London we may reasonably boast. A few weeks since, after a dinner held to help the London Hospital, the funds of which were failing, the astonishing sum of £24,000 was collected. When the *Times* called attention to the Field-lane Refuge—its wants, and the naked poor who crowded its doors—how many days elapsed before £8,000 was contributed? And at our police-courts, when a genuine case for pity and help is discovered, how short a space is needed to raise ample supplies in the spontaneous benevolence of a sympathizing public. Proudly eminent among the kindly hosts who are ready to help those “who have none to help them” are the merchants and citizens of London. If they reap abundantly, who dares assert that they do not sow abundantly? If they heap silver and gold together like dust, the hands that gather are always ready to distribute. Show us a case of real want in a deserving applicant, and we shall have no difficulty in finding a City benefactor; nor when crime and

\* Alas! for the noble hospital of St. Thomas! most absurdly permitted to be levelled with the ground when in the prime of its usefulness, and enjoying a princely income. Can it be possible that this noble charity is to be driven out of town for the benefit of fresh air, leaving the daily increasing applicants for its benefits unheeded? We trust not. The good sense of our citizens will surely be too strong to suffer the perpetration of such folly.

woe are companions, will our rich men be too strict in demanding references, when suffering and destitution are apparent.

An open pocket and a kindly heart are attributes common to every worthy English gentleman; but as teeming pockets are most commonly found within the civic precincts, so, we verily believe, is largeness of heart—unstinting, ungrudging, sympathizing charity. You object, probably, If this is correct, why is there such an overwhelming amount of suffering and destitution amongst us? Alas! I know that where there is sin there must be misery; and if we conscientiously strive to do our share of Christian deeds to alleviate the sorrows of our kind, “let us not be weary in well doing” because our work must, after all, remain incomplete. Mammon worship is common in London—where is it not? Most men are ready to bow before the golden calf, and it is a general error to credit the rich with every imaginable virtue. A desire for wealth often leads to loss of integrity—the readiest rather than the wisest road to riches is chosen; but when they can be acquired consistently with a due regard to higher things, it is our business and even our duty to secure a reasonable competence, that we may “owe no man anything,” and have ability to prove our love to our brother man by alleviating his troubles. As for him who accumulates gold for its own sake, his “money will perish with him,” while the gold of London will add new lustre to the goodly City, as long as its millionaires remember the Divine maxim, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

## THE STONES OF NEWGATE.

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ONE of the noblest productions of modern art literature is Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," which gives in every page interesting glimpses of a people and an age long passed away, yet still illustrious in memory, because, while stained with many crimes, and degraded by many follies, they did honour to man's intellect, and exalted our common nature. Even now, airy phantoms of grace and beauty hover round the desecrated triumphs of the architect, and the rainbow hues of gladness, glancing from departed generations, invest the City of the Sea with a peculiar charm. While we gaze on ruins grand even in decay, a sympathy, mournful, but far from painful, links us insensibly with the glorious works which, in their decay, continue symmetrical and beautiful. How different are our feelings while we contemplate the sordid remains of buildings devoted to uses rendered necessary by the wickedness, madness, or weakness of our race! A prison, however pleasant its site or faultless its structure, excites nothing save painful emotions. The stones of Newgate—for we are to speak of a dreary pile—were portions of the ancient metropolitan gate, and are mingled with the varied *débris* of gloomy houses of incarceration, from the reign of King Stephen to the Gordon Riots, and downward to this improving era, when, at length, prison classification,

order, and morality, are admitted to be important. It sadly lowers our swelling vanity, raised into dangerous proportions by the mental advances of the nineteenth century, when we have sufficient courage to scan the horrors and impurities of a gaol. We all feel that vice must be punished, and that the wrong-doer must suffer, were it only for example's sake. Did not the iron hand of law repress the license of unbridled offenders, society would quickly grow unendurable, and we should be glad to hide our heads in the wilderness. Yet we cannot but mourn over "Guilt, the child of Woe," when we behold his anguish and penance in the dreary abodes where convicted crime expiates its derelictions from the straight paths of integrity. Still we may benefit when, occasionally turning from the heyday of life, we visit more sombre scenes, and strive to realize the holy maxim, "It is better to enter the house of mourning than the house of mirth."

Newgate was the fifth chief entrance in the City wall, and was so called, being "latelier built than the rest." It stood across the present Newgate-street, east of Giltspur-street and the Old Bailey. It was probably erected in the reign of Henry I., in consequence of the re-edification of old St. Paul's, by which the road from Aldgate through Cheap to Ludgate was so "crossed and stopped up, that pedestrians went about by Paternoster-row or the old Exchange to reach Ludgate." It was repaired at the expense of Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor," in 1442, again in 1630, and in 1672, after the Great Fire. On the City side were three stone figures—Justice, Mercy, and Truth; and four on Holborn-hill side—Liberty (with Whittington's cat at her feet), Peace, Plenty, and Concord. Some of these statues are placed on the south front of our modern Newgate. According to Stow, the ancient prison was only a tower or appendage to the gate, and was a

place of detention for felons in the reign of King John. It afforded sufficient prison room for the City and county from that period to the age of Charles II., except, of course, that prisoners of rank were confined in the Tower of London. This fact strikingly proves the vast increase of population, for now it would take a long time to enumerate all the prisons needed for the safe custody of criminals in Middlesex alone—not to mention that, while houses of detention for debtors have decreased, owing to the judicious amelioration of the law, asylums for lunatics have fearfully multiplied, one monster madhouse—that at Colney Hatch—actually containing nearly 2,000 patients.

Newgate was rebuilt after the Great Fire by Wren, and when burnt in the Gordon Riots, by George Dance, R.A., who designed the building in 1720, his plan being objected to by Howard. While the work was progressing, it was arrested by the rioters, who, breaking into the completed portion, liberated three hundred prisoners, and left it in flames, so that the prison was not finished until 1782. The external architecture was thought suitable, from its gloomy grandeur and severity, to the proposed object; but the interior was so insufficient for classification or moral discipline, that within the last few years the whole plan has been changed, nothing of Dance's work remaining but the walls, which are remarkable for their thickness and solidity.

Old Surgeons' Hall was close to Newgate, and convicts sentenced to be anatomized had this part of their doom performed there. While executions took place at Tyburn, corpses of murderers or traitors were placed under the operator's knife, as we see in Hogarth's ghastly picture of "The Idle Apprentice's Fate," and as really occurred in the case of Earl Ferrers, and a thousand other criminals.

Our old chroniclers, and especially Maitland, speak with horror of prison discipline. The unfortunate wretches

in confinement were placed in dark dungeons, where the foul air engendered "the gaol distemper," which often led to a fearful mortality, for a dozen or more deaths not unfrequently happened in one day.

In 1750, while the assize was going on, the pestilential effluvia infected the whole court—judges, barristers, witnesses, and spectators—and not less than sixty persons died in consequence. This led to the erection of a ventilating shaft, and ever after the court was strewn with sweet herbs, and bouquets were laid before the presiding judges, though at present an abundant supply of fresh air is a far better preventive.

Lord George Gordon died here of gaol distemper, while in confinement for a libel on the Queen of France. After the riots, if not before, his reason became impaired. He affected to be a convert to Judaism, and was remarkable for his monstrous beard, which would have gained no notice in modern streets, for beards are again fashionable, and our hirsute ancestors are more than rivalled.

Formerly, debtors and criminals were huddled together in Newgate. Even while contagious fever raged, 800 human beings were packed in spaces which made healthy respiration impossible; a breadth of eighteen inches only was allowed for each bed. Mrs. Fry (and this refers to the beginning of the nineteenth century) describes the prisoners as "swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, drinking, and the women dressing up in men's clothes." Even in 1838 gambling and card-playing were common among the males.

The public have lost the privilege, if it was one, of attending the condemned sermons. In the centre of the chapel was placed a chair for the culprit under order for execution, and his coffin was placed before him during the sermon. On one Sunday sixty criminals have been seated in the "condemned" pew, and what moral good they



reaped from it may be gathered from the fact that they often employed the time in carving their names on the wood-work. The place of execution was altered from Tyburn to the front of the prison, at the suggestion of Howard, in 1783.

Of the many awful and disgusting scenes perpetrated within these walls, the "press-yard," perhaps, recalls the most terrible. Our ancient penal law, written in blood rather than ink, prescribed the *peine fort et dure* (the strong and hard pain) as the torture to be exercised on persons refusing to plead; they were stripped, and, their limbs being secured by cords with merciless severity, laid in chambers exceedingly low, and with little air or light; then a weight of iron, "as much as they could bear, and more," being cast upon them, they were there to be fed on black bread and water from the next puddle until they died. We might doubt the reality of so savage a practice were we not supplied with facts which leave no doubt on the subject. Indeed, the custom of pressing to death continued until 1734. The families of prisoners who refused to plead, and died without pleading, escaped the confiscation of their goods.

Contemporary writers describe the Gordon Riots as most terrible, and only rivalled by the horrors of the French Revolution. The mob, breaking into Langdale's distillery, in Holborn, drank themselves mad, and then, firing the premises, proceeded to perpetrate fearful atrocities. Several soldiers were thrown alive into the fire. Lord Mansfield's mansion in Bloomsbury-square, with all its literary treasures, was consigned to the flames. The judge himself narrowly escaped. Another detachment of these drunken fiends threw burning fagots into the new buildings of the prison, and set the culprits free. Near Langdale's cellars the gutters ran with spirits of wine, which, kindling from a falling torch, the inebriated wretches were

scorched as they drank, and in many cases, their clothes igniting, were burnt to death while in a state of drunken frenzy, and unable to raise themselves from the ground.

How often did the awful bell at St. Sepulchre's Church give warning of processions to Tyburn! In 1605 citizen Robert Dowe "gave, for ringing the greatest bell in this church, on the day prisoners are executed, and other services for the condemned (for which the sexton is paid £1 6s. 8d.), the sum of £50." The bellman went under the condemned cell wall, and, ringing his bell, said:—

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,  
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;  
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near  
That you before the Almighty must appear.  
Examine yourselves, in time repent,  
That you may not to eternal flames be sent;  
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,  
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.  
Past twelve o'clock!"

The bellman, also, when the prisoners were in the cart, near the wall of the church, "standeth there with his bell, and rehearseth an appointed prayer, desiring all the people to pray for them." This custom might sometimes prove useful, but it was also common to present nosegays to culprits on their way to Tyburn. The last was presented from the steps of the church to Sixteen-stringed Jack, *alias* John Rann, executed in 1774, for robbing Dr. Bell, of Brentford. In Dugdale we also read that "Duchess Dudley gave a bell to the Church of St. Giles, to be tolled when the condemned from Newgate passed." At Tyburn, the culprit, still in the cart, was pinioned, and the rope adjusted round his neck, and fastened to the beam above; then, upon a signal given, the cart drove off, and the executioner completed his work by hanging on the criminal's legs.

The first prisoner was hung at Newgate on December 9, 1783. The gallows was built with three cross-beams, for as many rows of sufferers (there were frequently from twelve to twenty). From February to December, 1785, ninety-six persons suffered by the "new drop," substituted for the cart. Sometimes the body was burnt after execution; the last instance was in 1786 — a female was suspended from a low gibbet, and, life being extinct, faggots were piled round her, fire was set to them, and the corpse burnt to ashes. The old sentence on treason, fratricide, matricide, and husband-murder, involved burning in the case of offenders not of the nobility.

Picking some of the rue from the bar—"rue is for remembrance"—let us jot down some of the dismal memorabilia of Newgate.

## TRIALS.

- 1657. Major Strangways, the assassin.
- 1660. The Regicides.
- 1663. Colonel Turner and his family, burglary.
- 1678. Green, Berry, and Hill, the murder of Sir Edmonbury Godfrey.
- 1681. Count Koningsmark, assassination.
- 1683. Lord William Russell, treason.
- 1688. Rowland Walters, murder of Sir Charles Pym.
- 1692. Mr. Harrison, murder of Dr. Clenche.
- 1706. Beau Fielding, bigamy.
- 1724. Jack Sheppard, the housebreaker.
- 1725. Jonathan Wild, the thieftaker.
- 1726. Catherine Hayes, murder of her husband.
- 1727. Richard Savage, the poet, murder.
- 1730. Colonel Charteris, the infamous.
- 1733. Sarah Malcolm, murder.
- 1753. Elizabeth Canning, a mystery.
- 1767. Anne Brownrigg, murder.
- 1769. Signor Barretti, stabbing.
- 1776. The two Perreaus, forgery.
- 1777. Dr. Dodd, forgery.
- 1779. Rev. Mr. Hachman, shooting Miss Reay.

- 1783. Mr. Ryland, engraver, forgery.
- 1790. Barrington, the pickpocket.
- 1800. Hatfield, shooting at George III.
- 1802. Governor Wall, murder.
- 1803. Aslett, Bank clerk, forgery on the Bank for £320,000.
- 1806. Patch, murder.
- 1807. Holloway and Haggarty, murder.
- 1812. Bellingham, assassin of Percival.
- 1815. Eliza Fenning, poisoning.
- 1819. Richard Carlisle, blasphemy.
- 1820. Cato-street conspirators.
- 1824. Mr. Fauntleroy, forgery.
- 1830. St. John Long, manslaughter.
- 1831. Bishop and Williams, murder (burking).
- 1840. Oxford, shooting at the Queen.
- 1840. Courvoisier, murder, Lord W. Russell.
- 1842. J. Francis, shooting at the Queen.
- 1844. M'Naughten, assassination, Mr. Drummond.
- 1849. Manning and wife, murder.
- 1858. Palmer, ditto.
- 1859. Smethurst, ditto.

Of the executions in the Old Bailey I have a vivid recollection of the following—not that I was actually present, but from the excitement they caused :—

Governor Wall.—He was tried, and found guilty, for scourging a slave to death when in authority in the West Indies; but the circumstances were doubtful; a great many years had elapsed before the supposed crime was noticed—he, meanwhile, never seeking the least concealment. It was affirmed that the judge doubted the justice of the sentence, and that he would have been pardoned but for the clamours of the public. A vast multitude assembled round the gallows, and the unhappy man died with the execrations of thousands ringing in his ears.

Holloway and Haggarty.—They denied their guilt to the last moment, and the evidence was far from clear. It was supposed that 20,000 persons attended the execution, and thirty of them were trodden to death.

Bellingham, the assassin of Percival.—The trial and execution were most indecently hurried; only six days passed between the crime and punishment. There was strong evidence to prove his insanity, and it would have been placed beyond doubt, had reasonable time been allowed. British justice was sadly disgraced on this occasion.

Eliza Fenning, accused of poisoning by mixing arsenic in a yeast dumpling.—The case was doubtful. She asserted her innocence with unvarying firmness, and was borne to her grave by a large number of young women dressed in white, who carried her coffin between them. It is now generally believed that she was wrongfully executed, though, within a few months, a clergyman in a letter to the *Times* declared she had made a confession.

The Cato-street gang, Thistlewood, Ings, and two others.—They were hanged and then decapitated; cries of horror rang from the crowd. May we hope that such disgusting and unnatural proceedings will not again be sanctioned.

Joseph Hunton, the Quaker, hanged for extensive forgeries, was thought the more culpable on account of his religious profession, the Society of Friends feeling deeply the reproach which thoughtless persons cast upon them.

Bishop and Williams, found guilty of deliberate murder, perpetrated to supply the anatomists with subjects, proved to what an extent human beings may lose all their natural sympathies, under the hardening influence of habitual excess and immoral indulgence.

Courvoisier, the valet who murdered his master, Lord W. Russell, confessed the crime before the verdict of "Guilty" was returned; yet his counsel, knowing the fact, had the audacity to declare, appealing to the Almighty Searcher of hearts, in open Court, that he verily believed his client innocent. Strong but just animadversions were made on this miserable perversion of the supposed licence given to

an advocate ; and we must all feel that a barrister so committing himself should at once and for ever forfeit all claim to be believed among honourable and conscientious men.

There have also been many illustrious and many remarkable men imprisoned in Newgate. It was used as a State prison long previous to the Tower of London. Robert Baldock, Chancellor to Edward III., died there ; Owen Tudor was a prisoner in 1436. 1572, Bradford, Rough, Field, and Wilcox, authors of "Admonition to Parliament for the Reformation of Church Discipline," were incarcerated for a considerable time ; Dr. Leighton was confined for ten years for writing his "Appeal to Parliament ;" George Wither, the poet, for composing his "Vox Vulgis ;" Sackville, Earl of Dorset, tenanted a cell in Newgate. 1672, Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was imprisoned during six months for street preaching. Titus Oates and Dangerfield were prisoners (Dangerfield died in Newgate). Bishops Ellis and Leyburn were shut up here at the Revolution, and were visited by Burnet. Here Defoe wrote his "Ode to the Pillory." Major Bernardi, suspected of plotting against William III., died in this place, after seven years' detention. Sheriffs Scholey and Domville were committed to Newgate, in 1805, by the House of Commons. J. Gale Jones was incarcerated for a political libel in 1810, and Mr. Hobhouse in 1819, "when he foamed himself into a Reformer, and subsided into Newgate."

Since 1820, when a law passed abrogating the sentence of dissection in cases of murder, because it was felt that this indisposed private persons from allowing *post-mortem* examinations, a burial-ground has been formed within the walls. The bodies of Thistlewood and his colleagues were the first deposited there. Corpses are interred without any ceremony at eight in the evening of the day of execution, and at each grave is a headstone, with the culprit's name.

We have spoken of the frightful condition of the prison

early in the present century ; but bad as it was then, it must have been incomparably worse in the days of Fielding, the novelist. For many years he was the chief magistrate at Bow-street, and, of course, had every facility to acquaint himself with the state of the gaols of London. His account of Newgate, in his "Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild," opens out scenes of vice and reckless depravity in prisoners and officials, not excepting the chaplain, which really make the reader shudder. The accuracy of the description has never been questioned. Of the chaplain's religious views, here is a specimen. A prisoner says to him, "I believe a sincere Turk will be saved;" and he replies, "I know not what will become of a sincere Turk ; but if this is your persuasion, it is impossible you can be saved. No, sir, so far from a sincere Turk being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere Presbyterian, Anabaptist, nor Quaker whatever, be saved."

A dispute arose in the prison between Wild and Johnson as to who should be the recognized agent of the criminals : speeches are delivered before all the prisoners, debtors included ; a violent contest ensues ; "some cried 'Johnson!' others, 'Wild, for ever!' the cells resounded with the shouts, and the poor debtors re-echoed 'The liberties of Newgate!' which in the cant language signifies *plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. At length Johnson is rejected, his fine clothes stripped off and appropriated by Wild, who in a few days assumed them himself."

"A warrant arrives for the execution of Heartfree, who wishes to take leave of his wife. In answer to his request, the turnkey says 'he had compassion for him, and would do more than he could answer ; but he supposed Friendly was too much of a gentleman not to know what was done for such civility.' Five guineas are given for a reprieve of ten minutes. The wife faints ; the gaoler asks what

Frendly will give for half-an-hour more; receives a promise of ten guineas for the favour, and then says, 'I don't care if they stay a whole hour together, for what signifies hiding good news?—the gentleman is reprieved.' "

Then, on the condemnation of Wild, come the exhortations of the chaplain to repentance, upon which we have this dialogue :—

*Wild.*—All this is very true, but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

*Ordinary.*—Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirit given to us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch, a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture.

*Wild.*—I ask your pardon, doctor, I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor; I will take a swinging cup to your being made a bishop.

*Ordinary.*—And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught.

I refrain from further extracts,—our altered manners would make them offensive; but could we doubt as to the old abominations tolerated in all our prisons, the tone in which they are dwelt upon by Fielding would convince the most incredulous. The discipline of those dreary but indispensable places of punishment is now much improved, although far from perfect. The sword of justice is no longer wielded by the avenger. The *lex talionis* has fallen into desuetude, and if the sinner must die, it is for example and warning; the sentence is not pronounced in wrath; mercy to the many makes it equitable that the few should suffer, that all may not perish. The judge has learned to discriminate; the homicide's life is forfeit, but minor culprits have time allowed them for penitence. Whether the punishment of death will ever be abrogated I know not; for my part I cannot join the superfine professors of humanity who teach that under no circumstances ought the law's last penalty to be exacted. "Whoso sheddeth man's



blood, by man shall his blood be shed," is an essential part of the Scripture code, and it would be equally rash and sinful to expunge it. Let our prisons be stern but effectual schools of morality and religion; let us never inflict forty stripes where thirty and nine will suffice. Our nature is frail and liable to offend; let us meet its errors with the mildest possible correctives, and while we smite the guilty, remember our common humanity; yet let us always be watchful to punish small faults, that they may not be aggravated into flagitious crimes.

## PETER WAGHORN, THE TINMAN OF HOLYWELL MOUNT.



THERE is no faculty of the human mind more curious than its power of revivifying feelings and remembrances that appeared to be utterly forgotten, when acted upon from without by some seemingly accidental circumstance. Secret depositories of memory, long built up by oblivion, are instantly revealed anew at the *open sesame* of sight, sound, or thought—unexpected, or springing forth without any known cause, a mental condition which affords the strongest possible argument against the indulgence of wicked or lawless ideas, since in so doing we burden ourselves with a load of remorse which will be sure to awake in vengeance when we can least sustain it. Nor are such unaccountable journeyings back into our past life peculiar to the young or middle-aged; on the contrary, they are often most vivid and startling as we approach the end of our career. It seems as if much that is connected with our individual experiences grows more sharply outlined at the season when we are about to forget them for ever, if in our ignorance of our future state we may be permitted to use such language.

Passing through a bye-street in Islington, I came to an old broker's shop—one of those heterogeneous receptacles

for unconsidered odds and ends, the sweepings of decent houses, or the riches of the hiding-places of the poor—when a casual glance led me to stop and notice a soiled and partly tattered engraving which figured between a couple of hideous portraits. It had no pretensions as a work of art, but the subject was interesting. It represented Queen-square, Great Ormond-street, as it appeared when first built, and was “respectfully dedicated to the ladies and gentlemen—the inhabitants.” You all know Queen-square; it is closely built in now, yet in the picture it is absolutely in the country. The chapel, then quite new, and Southampton-row flank it on one side; Ormond-street—then the abode of the nobility—on the other. It consists of long ranges of houses placed right and left, with a rather narrow garden in the centre; and terminating in a pleasant prospect towards Primrose Hill, Hampstead, and Highgate. The patroness of the square was Queen Anne, consequently it must have been built a century and a half; yet what was traced in the engraving resembled so much what I remembered fifty years since, that for a moment I almost forgot the weight of threescore winters and summers. Guildford-street had extinguished the country prospect of Queen-square when I knew it first; but, with few other exceptions, there it was in the print. Where Russell-square, Woburn-place, Tavistock-square, New Pancras Church, and a long catalogue of other buildings now stand, nursery-grounds or green fields might then be found. At present nothing green can be met with nearer than the Regent’s Park, which was at that period a mere range of swampy cow-fields.

But what has all this to do with Peter Waghorn? You shall learn. The print brought vividly to my mind a pleasant walk I often took when a lad. In Tottenham-court-road, not far from my mother’s residence, there was a general shop, where hardware was sold, and somehow I

had got acquainted with the tradesman's son, Timothy Brown, a boy three or four years older than me, but joyous and full of frolic, which made him especially agreeable, as I was unusually grave. Well, every Monday Tim had a long trudge to Holywell Mount, Hoxton, where flourished a sturdy worker in tin—Peter Waghorn. I was often Tim's companion on such occasions, and you shall hear what road we took. Turning out of Bedford-square, we came to the Archery-ground, a fine, broad, well-kept sheet of grass, and passing Bedford House, a few hundred yards brought us to Queen-square; a short length led to Gray's-inn-lane, for the greater part a mere cart-road, beyond Guildford-street. Diving into a narrow path, we went downhill, close to the wooden mains of the New River Company, supported on uprights over the plashy valley of Bagnigge Wells—in frosty weather brilliant with icicles, and in summer dropping perpetually. I have known this valley after a storm of rain to be completely flooded, so that persons going west were glad to get over in a cart. Then we came to Spafields, a quiet upland, with Sadler's Wells on its brow; Merlin's Cave midway, and the New Wells, once a playhouse, but already converted into a chapel by Lady Huntingdon, at the foot of the left-hand slope; on through fields by a narrow path where Spencer-street now is. Towards Islington it was quite open, but where we crossed there was a bow-fronted house, with a stone slab inscribed "Goswell House," and adjoining a still older building, which for many years was occupied by a teacher of dancing. Traversing the City-road, then without canal or bridge, but with an extensive vegetable garden, which looked singularly gay from the Angel, on account of the bell glasses as they glittered in the sun, we just skirted the Shepherd and Shepherdess Fields, absolutely rural at that time, and reached Hoxton and the end of our journey—Holywell Mount—a romantic name, but anything but a

romantic place, and lofty only by comparison. It consisted of some half-dozen one-storied cottages with shops, in front of which there was an open ditch with running water—clear and bright then, but now, should it be still there, which is unlikely, a foul sewer. There was the inevitable chandler's shop, a small coal-shed, a dairy, a depot for old clothes, a cobblery, and the tin manufactory of Peter Waghorn. I see him still, the jolly disciple of Vulcan. How firmly he stands! how manly he looks! He is of middle height, though he appears stunted, for he is broad and fleshy. His head, which is nearly bald, and the reflective face it surmounts, has often been modelled by artists, and Peter figures on many a canvas as a Jove or a Belisarius. His skin is rather bronzed by exposure, but what an eye! How finely the lips and mouth are chiselled; and that nasal promontory of his would not have disgraced "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome." He is at work—his shirt-sleeves are rolled up far above the elbow. Pray note the muscular development of his arms—hammer in hand, he is preparing to smite a sheet of tin. Hark! how cheerily he sings—

"King Stephen was a worthy peer;  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He thought them sixpence all too dear,  
For which he called the tailor lown.

He was the king that wore the crown;  
Thou'rt but a wight of low degree;  
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,  
So take thy old cloak about thee."

Peter was a remarkable man. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." The son of a clergyman, tenderly brought up, and educated at a university, being intended for the Church—he had formed an attachment for a girl in humble life—married her in spite of the parental law—apprenticed

himself to a tinsmith, that he might live by his labour—and just when he had settled down in the enviable peace of a home he loved, lost the young wife who had made it bright. Then followed years of un murmuring despair, then a stern resignation, and at last something like peace; but he never married again. He took his wife's sister, almost a child, into his house, and she became his housekeeper. A stranger might have thought he was her father, he spoke so kindly to her; but he used to say, "I am never tired of looking at that poor girl, for though she is not handsome, I constantly think of Rebecca when she is near me."

Peter was a religious man; his little library contained the works of our best theologians, as well as a Greek Testament and the Latin Vulgate. I never heard what church he frequented, but feel sure he was a Christian and a good man. His kindness of heart was peculiarly evident in his fondness for animals. Often when he was soldering his tins a favourite cat sat on his shoulder, and a mild-tempered Newfoundland dog was his constant companion in the workshop. His little housekeeper had a breeding canary cage in the parlour, and I tried to coax her to give me one of the young birds; but she said, "No, I cannot trust you—boys are so cruel."

Peter manufactured candlesticks, nutmeg-graters, children's tin mugs, tobacco-boxes, and similar articles, and my friend Timothy resorted to him on that account. Nothing could be fairer than his dealings; he carefully examined the wares he was about to sell, and would not allow any to leave his hands with the slightest defect.

Tim once remarked, when Peter rejected a faulty tin-trumpet, "Oh, it will do well enough; only let me have it for a halfpenny less."

"No, sir," was Peter's reply, "it would do for you, or for the child who chose it, but Waghorn's work must not be questioned."

One day, when we were in his house, a decrepid female hawker came in to purchase some toy-boxes for her basket ; she was ragged and ill-fed—"sharp misery had worn her to the bone." He was especially kind to her ; gave her a draught of his home-brewed, and ended by refusing payment for his goods. On another occasion, a well-to-do tradesman made a purchase from him, but wanted a large deduction to be made in the price. "You shall not have them on any terms," said Peter ; "I asked you a fair price, and you insult me by offering less."

His notions of profit were very strict : he only expected for his labour the lowest remunerating sum ; and if he at length grew easy in his pecuniary circumstances, it was owing entirely to the long hours during which he toiled, for his hammer might be heard at early dawn, and seldom ceased till late in the evening. "I am afraid to be idle," he would often say ; "thoughts—thoughts crowd upon me when the hammer is laid by ; dreary fancies terrify me ; sorrows are freshened and sharpened anew. True, I might read, but I find 'thick-coming' griefs in my books, and am never so free from them as when actually at work."

Growing older, I lost sight of the tinman ; indeed I lost sight of Tim Brown too, for he quarrelled with his father and went to sea. Long afterwards, however, I was told that Waghorn died in 1830, leaving his attached house-keeper the means of purchasing a small annuity. He was much honoured by his neighbours, though he sought no acquaintances, never entered a public-house, and appeared on principle to deny himself the smallest indulgence.

I do not think I could find Holywell Mount now ; the whole district has altered for the worse. The poor always dwelt there ; but of late, "Guilt, the child of Woe," has joined company with them, and the simple-heartedness of honest indigence has been exchanged for the low cunning and immoral tact of practised vice. This change is common

to the lower classes of all great cities : when men herd together by thousands, purity of character must not be expected ; while the society of a few unsophisticated families may continue for a very long period without a marked downward tendency. If Peter Waghorn could return to his old workshop, he might find the ditch in front of the house covered, and some of the vulgarities of his neighbours skinned over by a bold pretentious attempt at politeness ; but he would miss the freshness of the healthful running water, the honest bluntness of unaffected manners, and, more than all, the unwavering moral tone which influenced the business and aided the performance of the duties of life.

[Holywell Mount has been revisited, but Waghorn's shop is wholly lost in a gaudy gin-palace. On this spot one of the City monastic establishments had a branch house for devotees, and a fine spring of chalybeate water made it famous as the "Monastery of the Holy Well."]



## SHOE-LANE.



It is not always the pleasantest localities that are remembered longest or most vividly. Disagreeable scenes and places often possess the mind with a force wanting to the sunnier presentments of life. The rich sweep of green hills and vales, embroidered with wildling flowers, sometimes fade from the eye of memory; while the dark, dirty lane or alley, and the tumble-down hovel-refuge of want, remain stereotyped in our recollections. I may probably forget

“Thy hill, delightful Sheen,”

before the dull, heavy outline of the irregular houses of Shoe-lane have lost a single trace from the retina of reflection. My first “fancy sketch” of this uninviting thoroughfare—for it has the repute of being a “short cut,” and consequently is generally crowded—is of an inconveniently narrow, close, neglected-looking lane, full of unsavoury smells, discordant sounds, and repulsive sights. As you entered, the great dead wall of St. Andrew’s graveyard, blank and damp, on your right, quickened your pace to escape its unwholesome shadow. Taking three steps to the left, you came upon the frontage of a copper foundry, from whence the long loud echo of innumerable hammer-

strokes produced such a clangour and deafening noise that you might suppose it to be the smithy

“Where Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,”

and the robust, brawny-armed operatives the favourite functionaries of the limping deity. Not unfrequently you found the scanty pavement in front of the works occupied by a spread of copper sheeting, and prudence led you to the middle of the road, where not improbably your perpendicular was endangered by the uncereemonious transit of a mighty mother sow and her young family; or the “boys and girls” from the pauper school might be just emancipated, and they were more uneasy passengers than the pigs.

Then you saw, or imagined you saw, Stow’s “one old house called Oldborne Hall, now letten out into tenements,” with a company of blear-eyed ghosts scowling from the narrow windows, as if they were in expectation of gossip Pepys’ “21 Dec. 1663,” when he wrote, “To Shoe-lane, to see a cock-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Wildes, that was deputy-governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest ‘prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it.”

Even if Oldborne Hall has left no sign, the lane still boasted a “Ben Jonson Tavern,” the poet’s head doing duty over the door. The house of John Decreetz, sergeant-painter to Charles I., was pointed out, with that of “resolute” John Horn, the dictionary-monger, who doubtless thought it a desirable place, for he mentions it in his will. Or you heard the tradition of Samuel Boyce, poet, who in 1749 died in an obscure lodging hard by, and who yet,

such is the mocking tale, though perishing with hunger, could not eat the roast beef that was brought him, because there was no ketchup.

Perhaps you strolled into Gunpowder-alley, famous for Astrologer William Lilly, soothsayer and almanac-maker, who, while living in this court, was taught by a Welsh parson supernatural secrets ; or you climbed up some tottering staircase, and thought you had found the forlorn attic where Richard Lovelace, a bard of no small fame, died in unfriended indigence ; or you had read old Walton, where he says, "If you will buy choice hooks, I will one day walk with you to Charles Kerbeye's, in Harp-alley, Shoe-lane, who is the most exact hook-maker that the nation affords ;" or you think of Addison's humorous history of signs, and recollect that there was a market for them ready prepared in the same classic spot. We must not undervalue these queer in-and-out holes and corners, up two steps and down three, leading to capital "cellarage," to a *cul-de-sac*, or to nothing, since Pepys and Walton, Steele and Swift, have left footprints in their dust.

What a change a century or two works ! Here a marsh gets smoothed and beautified into a district of palaces,—while a mile or so in another direction, the dwellings of poets and starry philosophers dwindle into squalid dens and hovels, hardly deserving a passing glance. The choice books—the wonderful books of fate, the portraits of court beauties and ministers—where are they now ? Dreams, mere dreams ! Down goes the coppersmith's hammer, and mingles its echoes with a porcine solo.

More to the left, on the site now taken up by that dingy, half-lighted market of Farringdon, provided as an asylum for the sweet smells and pleasant sights of Fleet Market, until 1825 was the pauper burial-ground of St. Andrew's, Holborn. None of our readers can be ignorant of the terribly truthful picture of a City graveyard drawn by

Dickens in "Bleak House." The spot in question might be described in the same words. It had nothing to assimilate it to our modern fancy cemeteries: a few feet of uneven earth, which no careful spade had ever been at the pains to level; no gravestones, not even a single unpainted stake, to indicate the coffin below; but here a brick, covered with green mould, and there a cluster of nettles or rank weeds; and, commonly close under the wall, a deep, open pit, yawning until its full tale of dead was completed. A few handfuls of rubbish cover it from notice.

A sad tragedy was enacted in this neighbourhood; and a suicide's grave, dug amidst the mouldering remains of sin, pain, and want, was to confer a dismal notoriety on this spot which none of its former occupants had given it. The parish register records,—

"Aug. 28, 1770.—William (Thomas) Chatterton [with 'the poet' added afterwards], interred in the graveyard of Shoe-lane Workhouse."

These few words are pregnant with awful interest, and include with bitter brevity the whole biography of a gifted but hapless son of genius, who crowded into an existence of eighteen years more of intellectual promise than ever fell to the lot of one individual in so brief a period.

Of "the wondrous boy who perished in his pride" how many volumes have been written! yet still the heart-rending story finds readers; and every few years a new article in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, a new essay, or a new biography, claims to throw additional light on the obscure but exciting narrative of the boy-poet's life and death. Born in Bristol in 1752—educated far more by his own restless curiosity than by teachers—conceiving while a mere child an intense love for antiquity, especially as he found it displayed in the fine old church of St. Mary Redcliffe—pryingly searching amidst the time-worn stones

of the building, and turning over the moth-eaten volumes of the ancient library with insatiable eagerness—his youthful mind became the storehouse of a past world—of the events, and thoughts, and feeling of past generations. Placed in an attorney's office (how uncongenial!) the law characters he had to acquire struck him chiefly by their resemblance to the characters and monastic writings he had so recently studied. What followed as the result of that similarity? Who can tell? After the almost endless criticism the question has received, the problem is unsolved. Did Chatterton really discover ancient manuscripts, as he alleged, or did he compose the marvellous poems he brought before the public? Certainly Horace Walpole had no right to denounce him as an impudent forger, particularly as he himself had put forth the "Castle of Otranto" as an ancient work; indeed literary custom attributes little wrong to such imaginary parentage of books of genius. Walter Scott for many years positively denied that he was the author of "Waverley," and yet it really constitutes his highest claim to distinction. On what principle, then, should we denounce Chatterton's fraud, if it were such, as unpardonable?

A lawyer's desk could not long bound the ambition of such a spirit; trying his pen in magazines, and succeeding, he quickly conceived the plan of throwing his talents into the arena of London. Still an absolute boy (not above sixteen) he mingled in its maddening whirl. He soon became known to many of the hack writers of the day; but having no means save the scanty pay of an unknown author, even while he yet hoped for ultimate success, he was frequently without a meal. Yet he wrote cheerful letters to his mother and sisters, assuring them that he was prospering, and even sent them presents, which he must have purchased by denying himself daily bread.

After his death, his landlady stated to the coroner that,

knowing him to be actually starving, she had often taken food into his room, but that he would never touch it. He had formed some acquaintance at coffee-houses with hack pamphlet writers, and through them expected patronage from Wilkes, and other pseudo-patriots of that age; but he reaped no pecuniary benefit from their company, and the constant pangs of disappointed hope quickly led to the horrors of unmitigated despair. One night, retiring to his room without speaking to or being seen by the mistress of the house, he formed the dreadful resolution of committing self-destruction. In the words of one of his poetical mourners, he soliloquized thus:—

“Not yet reduced a shameful alms to crave,  
Nor yet with those with whom I lived the sport;  
No great man’s pander, parasite, or slave,  
Oh, death! I seek thy hospitable port!”

During his sojourn in London he had been very industrious. His writings had accumulated to such an extent as almost to fill a small trunk; but smarting with the neglect he had experienced, he resolved that they should not survive him. The greater part of his last night upon earth was spent in destroying them. When he was found dead the following day, the floor was strewn thickly with small fragments of paper closely written over. Who can even guess at the last thoughts of his mighty soul, distracted by such early trials and sorrows? Reason fell blinded from her throne, and, in the awful frenzy of the moment, his wonderful intellect (so far as present existence was concerned) was extinguished for ever!

“No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
There they alike in trembling hope repose—  
The bosom of his Father and his God.”

It is singular, but true, that the ancients, and even the

savages of modern times, paid greater respect to their dead than our countrymen. We know what cost and reverence the old Egyptian bestowed on his departed friends. It was the dying charge of Jacob that his sons should bury him in "the field of Mamre." At the Exodus, the Jews carried with them the bones of Joseph. Barzillai said, "I will be buried with my father and my mother." The red man of North America, when he emigrates, takes with him the ashes of his kindred ; but here in London we not only make a market on the site of a pauper graveyard, but disinter the bones of well-to-do citizens when space is needed for a bank ; and are just now considering how far it may be expedient to remove a whole family of churches, and convert their burial-places into profitable sites for stores and warehouses. Is not this a species of Mammon worship ? and, if not, how do we answer the vexed question, "What's hallowed ground ?"

## THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES CRIPPLEGATE.

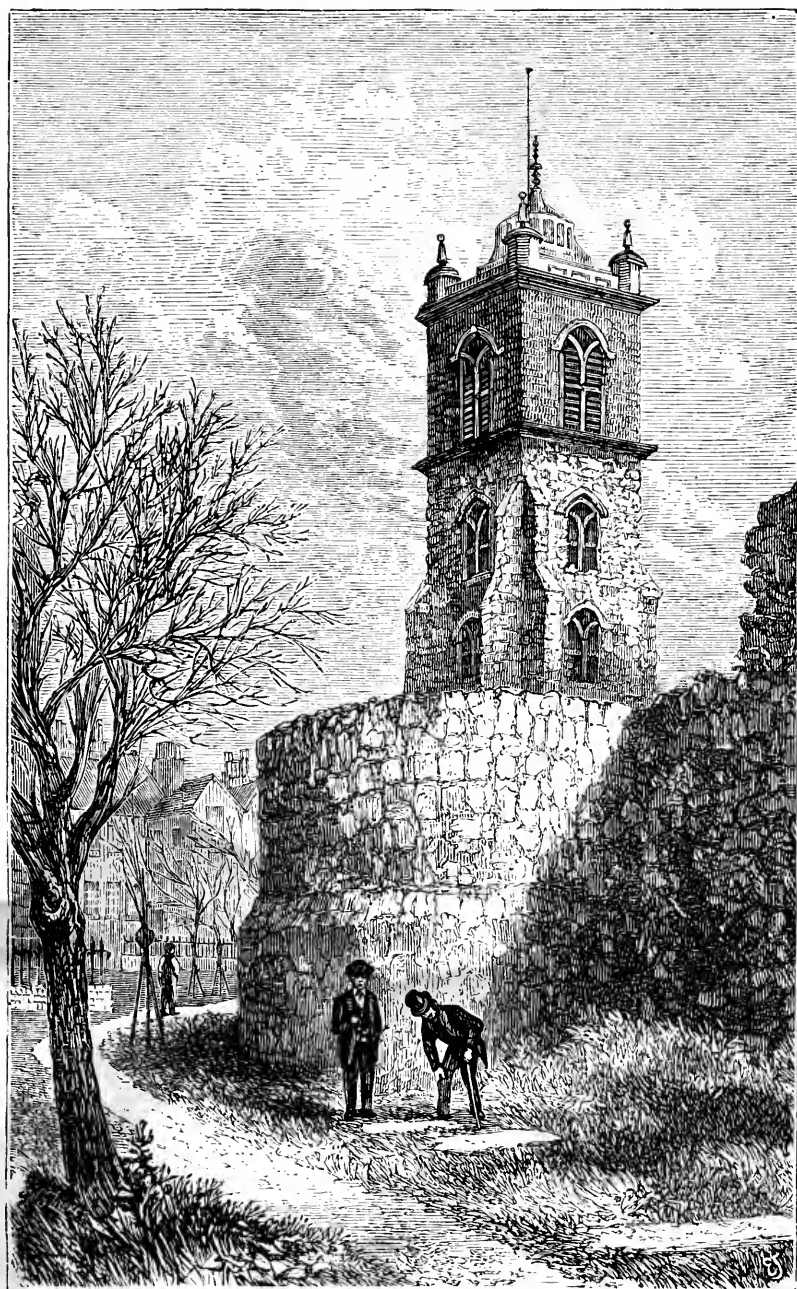
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THIS structure, remarkable for its noble tower and beautiful chimes—perhaps the finest in London, though constructed by a poor working man—possesses much to arrest attention. Its twelve musical bells must always be heard with pleasure. Ordinary bell-ringing—especially to the neighbourhood—is rather an infliction; but when mellowed by distance, or when the several tones melt into each other and freight the air with harmony, has a fascination for the ear which few can resist, particularly when favoured by the quietude of morning or evening.

The entrance into the City called Cripplegate, derived its name from an adjoining hospital for the lame, according to Camden; or, as Stow supposes, from the numerous crippled beggars who solicited alms there. The present building occupies the site of a church erected in 1090, near the Postern, in London-wall. About 1545 the original structure was burnt; it was quickly re-edified, and in 1682 the tower was raised to its present commanding height.

The interior is chiefly noticeable on account of the illustrious dead it contains. John Fox, author of the "Martyrology," who is described in the Register as "Householder and Preacher," is interred here, and might





CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.



well justify a pilgrimage ; for his book, quaint and prolix as it is, has done good service in keeping alive our memories of the enormities once perpetrated by the Romanists. May we take warning, and never again allow them the power they so awfully abused. A bust of John Speed, the chronicler, which was originally painted and gilt, deserves notice. His voluminous snatches of history, though they have little of eloquence, impress the mind by their apparent truthfulness, and will not soon be forgotten.

In the chancel, the Lucies of Charlecote, Warwickshire, are commemorated ; and as everything connected with the life of our greatest dramatist will always be interesting, we gaze on their memorials with deep regard. The monument to Constance Witney Lucy represents her rising from a coffin, and was at one time thought to be intended for a lady, who, having been buried in a trance, was roused from insensibility by the sexton, who disinterred the body to get possession of a valuable ring left on her finger. A similar story has been told regarding monuments in many other churches, but commonly the evidence respecting them is very defective. In the "Ingoldsby Legends," such a tale is made the vehicle of the author's exuberant wit, which, however it may amuse, is hardly suitable in a clergyman. Could his solemn office suggest no better employment for a really superior intellect than the tagging of such unimproving rhymes ?

Many of the old actors who were contemporary with Shakspeare were buried here. Some of the mimists of the Fortune and Globe theatres ended their revels under these stones ; and perhaps the bard of Avon mourned here in the funeral train of some of his lost companions.

Sir Martin Frobisher, a hero among the earliest of the Arctic voyagers, found a grave in this church, where also rests that singular being Henry Welby, the Grub-street hermit, whose exemplary charity more than atoned for his

eccentric habits. The friend of the poor during his protracted life, few men excited more genuine sorrow at his death. The mighty Protector, Oliver Cromwell, has left a memory here, for the register records his marriage with Elizabeth Bouchier, August 20, 1620.

A far more illustrious name than any of these—that of John Milton—is connected with this sanctuary, and with circumstances highly discreditable. According to Todd, the remains of Milton were attended to the grave by all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar. He was buried next his father, in the chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. In August, 1790, the spot where his body had been deposited was opened, and a corpse, hastily supposed to be his, was exposed to public view. There was a tradition in the parish that his remains were laid under the spot where the clerk's desk had formerly stood in the chancel; and curiosity being excited on the subject, the vestry clerk, churchwardens, and others, opened the grave, in which they found a leaden coffin, lying over a wooden one, imagined to be that of Milton's father. The ground was immediately closed, but opened again the next morning, the overseers in the meantime having caroused over the discovery, and resolved to turn it to account. Cutting open the leaden coffin, they found a body in its shroud, and believing it to be that of the poet, they extracted the teeth, cut off the hair, which was six inches long, combed and tied together, and then left the scattered remains to the grave-diggers, who were permitted to exhibit them for money to the public.

Mr. Neve, of Furnival's Inn, who published an account of the transaction, was satisfied that the body was that of Milton, while others contended that it was a female corpse, relying in part as a proof of this on the long hair; yet we know that Milton always wore his hair long. Stevens

particularly lamented the indignity sustained by the venerable relics, though he doubted their identity.

Mr. Lofft, one of Milton's editors, noticing the burial in St. Giles's Church, censures "the sordid mischief allowed there, and the market made of the eagerness with which curiosity or admiration prompted persons to possess themselves of the supposed remains. It were to be wished that neither superstition, affectation, idle curiosity, nor avarice, should so frequently invade the silence of the grave. Far from honouring the illustrious dead, it is outraging the common condition of humanity. Dust and ashes have no intelligence to give whether beauty, genius, or virtue informed the animated clay."

Whether the body thus found was really that of Milton or not, it is impossible to apologize for the scandalous outrage thus committed. It seems wholly inconsistent with the reverence due to the inspired author of "Paradise Lost," or, indeed, with any appreciative knowledge of his excellence. The epitaph on Shakspeare's tomb has hitherto prevented the least disrespect to his ashes:—

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here ;  
Blest be the man who spares these stones,  
And cursed be he who moves my bones."

Cowper felt the indignity offered to his renowned predecessor, and penned the following stanzas, the two first being a translation of some Latin lines written by Milton:—

" ' Me, too, perchance, in future days,  
The sculptured stone shall show,  
With Paphian myrtle, or with bays  
Parnassian on my brow.

But I, or ere that season come,  
Escap'd from every care,  
Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,  
And sleep securely there.'

So sang, in Roman tone and style,  
The youthful bard, ere long  
Ordained to grace his native isle  
With her sublimest song.

Who, then, but must conceive disdain,  
Hearing the deed unblest  
Of wretches who have dared profane  
His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hand that heaved the stones  
Where Milton's ashes lay—  
That trembled not to grasp his bones  
And steal his dust away!

O, ill-requited bard! neglect  
Thy living worth repaid;  
And blind, idolatrous respect  
As much affronts the dead."

The original stone laid on the poet's grave was removed not many years after his interment; nor was any other memorial placed in Cripplegate Church till 1793, when Mr. Whitbread did himself honour by placing a noble bust of Milton (by Bacon), with a tablet recording the dates of his birth and death, in the middle aisle. The bust in Westminster Abbey was erected in 1737, by Mr. Benson.

The English have obtained a sad sort of notoriety by violating the tombs of distinguished persons. The coffin of Edward III., in the Abbey, was, about sixty years ago, opened by Sir Joseph Banks, and other antiquaries, when they found the embalmed remains preserved in a kind of pickle, of which, Peter Pindar pretended, Sir Joseph tasted. Search has more than once been made for the body of Cromwell—though it was believed to have been disinterred at the accession of Charles II., and gibbeted at Tyburn, where it was thought to have been buried. Lord Nugent and his companions also earned unenviable

notoriety by desecrating the remains of Hampden. A still more remarkable invasion of the sacredness of the grave was that permitted by George IV. when Prince Regent. Great doubts were entertained as to the final resting-place of the body of Charles I. The vault of Henry VIII., at Windsor, was indicated by Lord Clarendon, and accordingly it was opened. Several coffins were found and examined. The remains of King Henry and Queen Jane Seymour were easily identified; and on cutting into a leaden coffin, inscribed simply "King Charles," the corpse was exposed, and the face was so well preserved as to be recognizable from the resemblance to Vandyke's portraits. The head, after the execution, had been carefully adjusted to the trunk, but the mode of death was fully ascertained. In this case the examination was carried on with the utmost decorum. The Regent was present. Not a strip of the cerecloth nor a fragment of the remains were suffered to be removed; and the moment Sir Henry Hallford and the other medical men present had completed the inspection, the coffin-lid was replaced, and carefully soldered. More recently still, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the tomb of Dean Swift was opened, the coffin raised, the corpse uncovered, and casts made of the face and head. On the removal, too, of the first Napoleon's body from St. Helena, the coffin was opened to settle the identity; and, probably, should Napoleon III. succeed in his application for the conveyance of the bodies of Charles X. and King Louis Philippe to France, a similar examination will be made.

The ancients were actuated by the same strange curiosity—the mausoleums of Cyrus and Alexander the Great were violated; and the grave of the mythical hero, Achilles, was often sought for. So, in mediæval ages, men often strove to penetrate the mysteries of mortality; thus the illustrious Charlemagne was found in his imperial tomb

dressed in kingly robes, and holding a royal sceptre. The bones of martyrs and holy confessors became a source of lucrative traffic; and so great was the demand for the relics of saints, that the grossest frauds were practised to deceive the faithful, and many a humble churchyard yielded up the remains of the poor and unknown, to simulate the dust of those who were reported to have departed in the odour of sanctity.

The pilgrim who visits St. Giles's, Cripplegate, that he may gaze with reverential awe on the spot of earth made noble by the ashes of Milton, will always feel a malison rising to his lips against the sordid parish officials who did all in their power to mutilate and dishonour the corpse of England's loftiest poet. Even if we believe that this rude desecration was really wrought in ignorance on the remains of the unknown dead, the monstrous character of such conduct is by no means lessened—the crime was committed in the full assurance that they were dealing with all that remained of Milton, the sublime poet, the indomitable patriot.

With feelings somewhat akin we contemplate the plan, now matured into a proposed Act of Parliament, for removing surplus City churches, and the bodies which have so long rested quietly in their graveyards. Has it never occurred to the excellent bishop who advocates this strange breaking up of so many cherished and hallowed associations, to try a different plan—to appoint a really energetic and eloquent preacher to each of the metropolitan sanctuaries said to be deserted? Would it not be possible to fill the empty pews, or rouse those that slumber in them, by saying, with the prophet Ezekiel, "Come, O breath! breathe on these dead"? Surely an awakening would follow. When the Bishop of Oxford preaches at St. Paul's, is there any lack of hearers? Yet the Cathedral is surrounded by little else than places of business.



Where do the hearers come from? If the churches are well filled, does it matter much from whence? Given an earnest and truthful preacher, mighty in his Bible, and zealous to save souls, and where was there ever an empty church? If a law were promulgated that all the glorious dead should be transported from their shrines at Westminster to new resting-places in nameless localities, what should we think of it?—and would it be obeyed? And if an Act should pass to shift Wren's churches to suburban sites, and re-inter the time-honoured dust of grand old citizens coeval with Gresham, and the founders of London's best charities, in the cemeteries of yesterday, what would Mr. John Bull think of it? No doubt, many a pulpit is troubled with a drowsy pastor. The silence of neglect and spiritual deadness, worse far than the rioting at St. George's-in-the-East, may have settled down on many a beautiful house of prayer where once the trumpet voices of our early Reformers were heard. Must the pulpits be removed—must the sounds of prayer and praise echo through those aisles no more? Seek out, rather, some Boanerges—some son of thunder—to dispel the unholy calm; the people will gather at his bidding, our fair sanctuaries may yet be preserved from destruction, and the mouldering remnants of past generations slumber undisturbed.

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*January 9, 1863.*—Being anxious to inspect the restorations as recently made, I visited this ancient structure again, after a considerable lapse of time. Milton's bust, strangely enough, has been removed from the probable locality of the poet's grave to a comparatively obscure corner of the south aisle. The whole of the original monument, as set up by the reverential hands of the late Mr. Whitbread, has been preserved, and a canopy with columns of fancy marble added; but the work,

though elegant, is hardly suited to the grandness of the subject. Bacon's bust is extremely lifelike.

The centre arches on both sides now assume something of their early character, the galleries being removed, and the panelling which has so long obscured them stripped off. They have also been disencumbered of various tablets and monuments, which are now placed on the side walls, many of them at least ten or twelve feet from the ground, so that reading the inscriptions would be impossible without mounting a ladder. Malone, the editor of Shakspeare, on visiting the church many years since, feeling a deep interest in preserving the mural records, several of which were in memory of the great dramatist's age, asked permission to cover them with a coat of varnish, and this being repeated whenever any repairs were made, has given the marble exactly the appearance of old oak. Two of the Lucie family (so memorable for their quarrel with our national playwright) lie buried here (Thomas Lucie died in 1447). There is a tablet at the altar commemorative of John Fox, the martyrologist; and close to it a curious monument with a bust of John Speede, the historian, whose wife and son were buried with him. Sir Martin Frobisher, the great navigator, found his last rest here (1594); and a singular person, a publican, for a long life in the parish—Thomas Busby, who bequeathed all his property, now of considerable value, for charitable uses—has been saved from oblivion by a very singular tablet. It consists of the veritable effigy of the defunct, "in habit as he lived," painted in colours, to resemble the kind-hearted host of Cripplegate. His right hand is placed on a human skull; his left grasps a pair of gloves.

Most of the window-frames have been filled with painted glass, and the effect is tolerably good; but the pale, faded, nondescript yellow vitreous transparency over the communion-table is strangely out of keeping. The arch over

the altar, too, is wholly at variance with the pointed style adopted elsewhere. The complete restoration of the church, however, would include the necessary alteration and a Gothic ceiling.

The organ and loft remain untouched; and the outline of the noble western window, which was bricked up after the fire in the reign of Henry VIII., is entirely lost. Lowering the organ, which has been recommended, would be in doubtful taste, unless the tower could be completely renovated; but to crown the good work, all the oak pewing, comparatively modern in date, should be swept away, and the area chancel restored.

I could not leave the hallowed precincts without a stroll through the churchyard—not that it is now remarkable for any ancient gravestones—though no doubt, the surface having been raised several feet, much precious dust rests beneath. Yet a deeply solemn quietude reigns here. Scarcely a dozen steps from the noise and bustle of one of London's busiest districts, profound silence and retirement may be found. Without tree, or shrub, or tuft of grass, painfully bare and desolate—all the memorial stones being levelled into a sort of pavement, and no break left in the straggling dead earth but a long, narrow strip of gravel. I wonder whether the sun ever shines here. To my right, stern and terrible, rose the old tower, dark with the gloom of seven or eight centuries; and to my left, the most massive fragment of the ancient City wall now remaining, with a bastion in marvellous preservation. How many ages, how many reminiscences of the hoary past speak to us from this tumulus of blackened brick!

The shadows deepen around me—those grey-coated school-girls stare inquiringly. I must escape into Jewin-street, or they may whisper to each other, "The old man is crazed!"

## SIR HARRY DIMSDALE—LAST MAYOR OF GARRATT.

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THERE was formerly, and for a long series of years, a custom of choosing a mock parliamentary representative for the village of Garratt, near Wandsworth, in Surrey, and the individual so appointed was styled Mayor. In 1763, Foote's farce of "The Mayor of Garratt" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre with great success, and the abilities of the two Bannisters, as *Major Sturgeon* and *Sneak*, gave it a firm hold on the stage; nor in our own times were those characters less attractive as performed by Downton and Russell. Few persons have any knowledge of the strange custom alluded to, but as set forth in the dramatic extravaganza; and even Foote's wit is now so little appreciated, that an extract from the farce may be acceptable:—

### SCENE—A STREET.

Enter mob, with *HEEL-TAP* at their head; some with banners inscribed  
"A Goose," "A Mug," "A Primer."

*Heel-Tap*.—Silence, there—silence!

*Mob*.—Ay, hear neighbour *Heel-Tap*.

*Heel-Tap*.—Silence! and let us proceed with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions. Keep the peace! Am not I the returning officer? Stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt,

and make room for your betters. Let us proceed to open the *premunire* of the thing, which I shall do briefly with all the loquacity possible, that is in a medium way. Snuffle, read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves, that we may know what to say of them.

[Secretary Snuffle begins.]

*Snuffle*.—To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garratt. Gentlemen, your votes and interest are humbly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping.

*Heel-Tap*.—A journeyman tailor from Putney—a rascal—has the impudence to transpire to be mayor! Proceed to the next.

*Snuffle*.—Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.

*Mob*.—A Mug! a Mug!

*Heel-Tap*.—What, you are all ready to have a touch at the tankard! but let us taste this Mug before we swallow him, for we may find him a bitter draught. He's a victualler, and has raised his ale from threepence to a groat. The minister has laid a farthing tax on ale, but this scoundrel has raised it a penny. Come, who's next?

*Snuffle*.—Peter Primer, the schoolmaster.

*Heel-Tap*.—Let me tell you, Master Primer is the man for my money; a man of learning that can lay down the law; wise enough to puzzle the parson. Did you not hear his oration at the Adam and Eve about Russia and Prussia? Ecod, the exciseman is nothing at all to un. If folks would but submit to be learned by him, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise. But Mug wishes to address you. Now, Mug.

*Mug*.—The honour I this day solicit will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferred, and you may depend on my utmost efforts to promote the good of the borough. Garratt, it must be owned, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth and Fulham and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what Nature has denied, industry may supply. Cabbages, carrots, and cauliflowers may be deemed at present your staple commodities, but why should not your commerce be extended? I would recommend a new branch of trade—sparagras, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagras, for Battersea just now bears the bell; but let us exert our natural strength, and in a short time a hundred of Garratt grass will be quite equivalent to a Battersea bundle. [*Aside to HEEL-TAP*—And as to the ale, your friends shall have it at threepence.]

*Heel-Tap*.—Here, neighbours, the fellow has offered to bate a penny a quart if I consented to impose upon you.

*Mob.*—No Mug! no Mug! Let us pull his sign down.

*Mug.*—This is the first borough that ever was lost by the returning officer refusing a bribe.

[Exit *Mug.*]

The custom of electing a Mayor of Garratt continued so late as 1804, for in that year a poor drunken cripple, known in and about London as Sir Harry Dimsdale, was chosen to the mock dignity. He was a hawker of laces, thread, tape, and such small wares, which he carried for sale in a kind of writing-desk slung round his neck. Straying to the neighbourhood of Wandsworth, some of the waggish villagers had led him, while more than half drunk, to Garratt, where, at a wayside inn, the jovial company had welcomed him with acclamations, Mayor. The half-witted creature fancied it a great honour, and procured a tin plate with the inscription "Sir Harry Dimsdale, Mayor of Garratt," to be fastened in front of his pack. The prefix "Sir" had been given on some similar occasion, and it would have been only ridiculous had not Harry fancied it really belonged to him, as was apparent from the mixed surprise and anguish depicted in his countenance when his silly pretensions were treated with contempt.

Early in the century, London possessed none of the monster establishments of which the strange congregation of houses in Tottenham Court-road, bearing the name of Shoolbred, may be considered a type, and which have destroyed so many small shops then open for hosiery, woollen-drapery, haberdashery, and cotton goods, as separate trades. These all-engrossing retail leviathans have absorbed into themselves hundreds of such minor marts, and made it impossible to embark in the drapery business without a large capital, or almost unlimited credit. At that time, and for years afterwards, Shoolbred himself kept a small haberdasher's shop in the same street;

and while we willingly praise, as is only just, the indefatigable perseverance and talent which has placed him in so commanding a position, we have great doubt whether the change thus brought about has been beneficial. Thousands of respectable young men who formerly, after a moderate term of servitude, were able to open shops on their own account, are now condemned to a lifelong period of drudgery for mere daily bread, and the public, while they get the articles they need at a marvellously low price, do not always procure the best. Up to about 1810, there were only two large haberdasher's shops in the metropolis, and they both belonged to a Mr. Flint: one was on Fish-street-hill, the other at the top of Greek-street, Soho. The trade carried on at both was immense, and the proprietor was believed to have realized a large fortune; yet they had but little influence on the general mode of conducting the trade, and small shops still flourished where you bought only hosiery, ~~silk~~ or cotton fabrics, pins, needles, threads, and tapes; indeed, even the Flint establishments were by no means such omnigatherums as the modern monster Noah's Arks where you may buy everything wanted in a house, from a coal-scuttle to a bedstead.

Pardon this digression; I was drawn into it by the fact that it was at a humble haberdasher's shop in Tottenham Court-road I first saw Sir Harry Dimsdale. My business there was to buy a bootlace; his, to replenish the box he carried with threads and tapes. Poor creature! he was a pitiable object. His extreme shortness was made more remarkable by his strange deformity. His legs bent outward at the knees, the shin-bones were defaced by irregular bosses, his feet were clubbed; while his trunk, swaying in a contrary direction to the legs, gave to his whole body the figure of the letter Z. His short thick neck supported a large disproportioned head, rough with a

matted growth of ragged hair, the colour of which, though it was nearly black, could hardly be traced from dirt and neglect—for it seemed never to have been combed or trimmed. Beards were not fashionable in those days, and consequently the rough bristles about his mouth and chin looked singularly forbidding. He seemed to have only four or five teeth; they were in front, and resembled tusks from their length and colour. He was rather proud of them on account of their great strength, for he could bend a silver token between them, which he was fond of doing when he could induce anybody to trust him with one. The expression of his face was highly repulsive; it was a mixture of idiocy, physical suffering, and a propensity to mischief. The eyes, dull and fishlike, except when kindled for a moment by an unusually potent dram, followed you about in an inquisitive manner which few persons could long endure. It was his favourite amusement to annoy children, when he could do it stealthily, by pinching them, or even by throwing them down—their cries of alarm or pain appearing to give him a sort of pleasure. He had long been the butt and jest of all the idle boys and men in the Seven Dials, where he lived, or rather had his den, for it was more like the refuge of a wild beast than the home of a human being. A small, airless, and almost dark back attic—for it had only a small bull's-eye in the roof—was his sleeping-place for years. During the day he was always in the streets, except during severe winter weather, when he would remain among his filthy straw for a week or more at a time. In ordinary, almost as soon as it was daylight, he slung his pack over his neck and sallied out, most commonly taking the line of Holborn or Oxford-street. As soon as he could collect a few halfpence from charity, or the sale of his wares, he sought his breakfast in the first public-house, and usually it consisted of a gill of gin and a hard biscuit;



but, if his funds were abundant, he would add to this a second gill of fire-water and a hunch of gingerbread. If his means allowed, he soothed his devouring thirst with many such draughts before noon; and when he took animal food, it was in the form of a saveloy, a sheep's tongue, or a cow-heel, which he ate on a doorstep, without bread. Sometimes, when burning with fever, a kind of instinct led him to the nearest pump, when he would drink greedily of the water, and then, placing his head under the full stream, pass his hands over his face, and so free himself from some of its filth. Long before dusk he became so much inebriated that he could not support his own weight, and managed to crawl to some wretched pothouse, where he would pass several hours in absolute unconsciousness, giving no evidence of life but his stertorous breathing. At night he was joined in his retreat by a swarm of cadgers—sturdy beggars and thieves, whose delight it was to tease Sir Harry into manifestations of wild anger or drunken hilarity. In these moods he would often sing, or rather howl, coarse ballads, which gave a zest to their amusements, and were rewarded by additional drams. During their orgies they would sometimes insist on his becoming the chairman, and address him with much deference as “His Honour the Mayor of Garratt;” and this appeared to give him the highest pleasure he was capable of.

His bodily sufferings when his pack was empty, or the charitable were chary in their offerings, were terrible. The craving for liquor when unsatisfied made him excessively sensitive to cold, and he was not unfrequently seen crouched in a corner—moaning, shivering, and probably pinched with hunger—for hours together. The police would not tolerate such a deplorable exhibition in the public thoroughfares now, but then there were no such guardians of decency—for such they are, however faulty,

—and the most revolting forms of distress and vice might be noticed in every street. It was quite a Saturnalian age for the City Arabs, and up to a certain point each might do what was good in his own eyes.

We could never learn anything of Sir Harry's connexions or antecedents. When we first knew him he must have been over forty, and he had been a street celebrity for many years. He continued his strange perambulations for a very long period after this, helplessly drunk every evening, save when he was sober from necessity—howling in the frenzy produced by his fiery draughts, or uttering the low, dismal plaint caused by hunger or pain. At length he was missed, and seen no more. Some said he had fallen into the Thames at Millbank, and been suffocated in the mud; others, that he had been inveigled by some resurrection-men, who had smothered him in his drunken sleep, and then sold his body to the surgeons. Inquiries were made by the parish authorities at his wretched lodgings, but nothing certain could be discovered, only the mistress of the house said that poor Sir Harry was by no means so wicked as people thought him; for that several times she had heard him praying during the severe nights, and that once she had found him endeavouring to spell over some loose leaves from a Bible; besides which he was a good lodger, for he seldom owed more than eighteenpence, though his room cost him *2d.* a night.

No doubt this miserable creature was an idiot, with only such erring power of choice as led him perpetually into follies or crimes—if, indeed, we can reasonably admit that such a condition of mind implies responsibility at all. Society, if it performed its imperative duty, should remove such unfortunate beings wholly from the public gaze. There are some idiot asylums at present, but they are by no means adequate to the extent of the evil, and are

merely the results of private benevolence. Lunatics, when found among the poorer classes, are maintained at the expense of the community, and who can dispute its propriety? Why should not idiots receive the same succour, since the sufferers in both cases labour under an awful burden of providential calamity?

## CROSBY HALL.

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A FEW particulars as to the founder of this remarkable "remainder" from the "days of old" will not be out of place, and we give them first, that our notice of the structure itself may be unmixed with merely personal matter. Of Sir John Crosby's family we find no record. According to Stow, a tradition existed of his being illegitimate and a foundling—the name Cross-by, it was asserted, having been given from the cross near which his cradle was deposited. The historian treats this as fabulous, and speaks of a John Crosby to whom, in 1406, Henry IV. granted the wardship of Joan, the daughter of one Jordaine, a rich fishmonger of London. He imagines this Crosby was the father or grandfather of the founder of Crosby-place. There can be no certainty on the subject, for Crosby was a common name at the time our Sir John Crosby came first into notice as a zealous partizan of the Yorkists, in 1461—in which year he represented London in Parliament, was an Alderman, Warden of the Grocers' Company, and Mayor of the Calais Staple.

He appears to have acquired great political importance. In 1466 he obtained a lease of the site of Crosby-place, at a ground-rent of £11 6s. 8d. In 1470 he became Sheriff, and next year he was knighted by Edward IV., after his landing at Ravenspur. Hume informs us that several of

the citizens had advanced money to the king; probably Crosby was one of these. In 1472 he was sent as a plenipotentiary to the Duke of Burgundy.

His death happened in 1475, and he was buried in the Church of St. Helen's, under a costly altar tomb. This monument still exists, and is well preserved, considering its antiquity. On the ledges of the tomb recline alabaster figures of Sir John and Agnes his wife. He wears plate armour, his head rests on a helmet, his feet on a griffin; he has a mantle with a collar of roses, and wears a dagger at his right side, but no sword. Dame Crosby is attired in a long gown, covering her feet, with a wide mantle, tight sleeves, and a tasselled girdle; she wears a close cap, with a veil, which falls on the pillow, placed on her head; the hair is turned up under her cap, and a rose ornament encircles her neck. Two couchant dogs supply the place of a footstool. The inscription has long been obliterated, but Weever gives a copy, and it commences, "*Orate pro animabus Johannis Crosbie, militis Ald.*"

He bequeathed his estates to his daughter Johanne Talbot Crosbie, but she probably died before her father, for none of his issue succeeded him; and in 1501, the executor, William Bracebridge, assigned the original lease of Crosby-place to Bartholomew Reed, who was no connexion. He gave by his will a sum of money towards building a steeple for Gernon Church, Essex. There is reason to suppose that, failing heirs, his possessions were appropriated, as his will directed, by members of the Grocers' Company.

Such, and so scanty, are the particulars now to be gathered relative to the large-hearted citizen who built Crosby Hall. The structure would have deserved notice as connected with any period of our history, but it becomes infinitely more remarkable as the work of a single individual in the middle of the fifteenth century. Sir John

Crosby obtained his lease of the ground on which it was built from Dame Alice Ashfelde, "Pryoresse of the House or Convent of St. Helene," for a term of ninety-nine years. The deed grants him "all that great tenement, with the appurtenances formerly in the possession of Catanei Pinelli, merchant of Genoa" (many Genoese resided in London at the period, the velvet of their country being then fashionable). The ground so leased extended from north to south, along the line of the "King's-street" (now Bishopsgate-street), a distance of about 110 feet. Besides this land, however, Sir John possessed the mansion in which he then lived, on the same spot, and there were, no doubt, extensive gardens in the rear. It may be at present impossible to ascertain the exact extent of the property, but the area must have been considerable, and was, with the priory to which it adjoined, in an open country situation.

Of the building itself, as it originally appeared, we have no information, for it was much modified, no doubt, when Stow described it as "built of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London." Quadrangular houses were preferred in the fifteenth century, and they seldom included more than a single court; but Crosby-place was double-courted—a fashion which for grandeur as well as utility was then coming into vogue. Indications of this style are quite evident; a quadrangle may be made out next Bishopsgate-street, having the hall easterly, and a dwelling-house to the north. On the south, the remains of a range of buildings rise above the present level, and the crumbling fragments of an old wall, till within a few years, enclosed the court on the west. The inner court is scarcely traceable, but vaults under the houses of Crosby-square extend about 130 feet in a line with the hall. In most early quadrangular mansions the hall divided the two courts. It

does so at Eltham, Darlington, and Wingfield. About 1814 there was a void space at the back of the hall, which was then used as gardens or yards for the Square houses. Up to 1834, an ancient window remained in a part of the south wall; light had also been gained for the vaults from the same direction. The insulated cellar of a house fronting towards Bishopsgate was also a portion of the original structure. The state apartments enclosed the outer court—an uncommon arrangement, though Mayfield Manor House resembles it. The great hall fronted the entrance, and there were ranges of buildings on each side: the left formed the chief dining chamber, and above it was a room designated the throne-room; afterwards it was called the council-room, probably because it was there that the crown was offered to Richard Duke of Gloucester, in 1483.

The vaults, which formed the foundation of the southern court, are still unimpaired, but differ in structure from the rest, which were much plainer, having only elliptical brick arches, while these are groined and ribbed with stone. It was thought that this vault formed the crypt of a chapel, for painted tiles resembling such as are common in old ecclesiastical buildings had been found there, but other portions of the architecture leave this extremely doubtful. Relics of a staircase and window, with a bay or oriel, were discovered, which seemed to note the position of upper rooms; but these indications, though highly suggestive, must still be regarded as uncertain in character.

On the east of the south range, the south end of the hall abutted, and the arrangement of the entrance was similar to that at Penshurst, the doorway opening upon a passage shut in by a screen, through which access was offered by one or several doors. As to the ground plan, an extract from Hallam may serve to explain it:—"The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance corridor, running through the house, with a hall on one side and a parlour

beyond, one or two chambers above, and on the opposite side a kitchen, a pantry, and other offices."

The bisection of the ground floor by such an entrance passage was almost universal in ancient mansions, and a proof of antiquity. The hall here, as in most grand feudal structures, gave its character to the whole edifice. In this particular instance the arrangements are elaborately imposing. The west front exhibits a handsome range of six windows (I am quoting Blackburn), with a finely proportioned semi-octangular oriel or bay window. The range over the entrance is a double window, each pier presenting a bold mullion. The windows have the arch prevalent *temp.* Edward IV., with a label or hood mould returned square across the piers, and divided by a centre mullion into two lights. Each face of the oriel has similar lights. The extra height is crested with an embattled ornament, each dividing the window into three spaces, and containing two arch-headed lights. The label which surmounts the arch on each face of the oriel is of the same description, and ranges with those over the other windows of the hall, springing from the upper buttresses which ornament the angles of the octagon. These buttresses are of three stages; they are panelled, and are the only ones at present discoverable. A plain parapet completes the elevation, with the addition of a frieze under the moulding. The original doorway is lost; the entrance now used, from Crosby-square, is modern. The east side shows eight windows. The stonework has long been in a state of decay, and much of it has been repaired with bricks. The old flue archway was curiously contrived. Had it ascended in a direct line, it would have obstructed the light from the windows; and to prevent this, at a certain height the tubes shelved or tabled until it could be elevated without blocking them up. The interior has been so frequently altered, in order to fit it for modern uses, that we can



hardly form any idea of its splendour when fresh from the architect's hand.

The roof and lateral enclosures are most perfect, and perhaps are still seen in their original proportions. The northern and southern ends are obliterated; its height is intersected by two modern floors (of course we speak of the hall as it existed previous to its restoration), and the entrance is nineteen feet above the level of the floor as first laid down, and thus a portion of the window against the oriel is cut away. Previous to these barbarous encroachments, the effect obtained by the purity and correctness of its proportions can hardly have been equalled.

The rich flowing line of the roof, and the care taken to harmonize every portion of the building, deserves attentive study, and unmixed commendation. At the south end was a screen running the whole length of the hall, which was 54 feet long by 27 wide, and 40 high. Behind the screen was the passage from which the room was entered, and above was the minstrel's gallery. This stage was about 14 feet from the ancient level. Time has terribly confused the ornamentation, but the following will give some idea of its character. The mouldings of the main ribs crossing the panels consist of two beads and a large hollow, two smaller hollows, and fillets. All the hollows are studded with pateras and knots of foliage; the angles and intersections are enriched in the same style. The hanging arches have their spandrils pierced with trefoil-headed tracery, and the pendants supporting them are pierced in ornamental niches. In the centre bay of the ceiling, though there is a fireplace below, there are outlines of a louvre, which is not usual in ancient halls when the apartment was warmed by a fire kindled against the "rere-dorse" in the middle of the floor, the smoke from which escaped through the louvre opening. Why there should have been two fireplaces in Crosby Hall is quite-inexplicable. The lateral windows at

the roof were embellished by an elegant cornice. It surmounted an open panelled frieze, filled in with flowered quatrefoils, and oaken spandrils gave it an appropriate finish. This is among the oldest existing decorations in wood; such carved ornaments were not common until a much later age.

On the west side, at the top, stands the oriel, the most beautiful specimen of the kind in existence; it is 10 feet 10 inches wide, and 8 feet 5 inches in recessed depth from the wall, rising the whole height of the room. The interior plan shows five sides of an octagon, the angles with clustered shafts and octangular plinths. They are crowned by similar capitals, which diverge into all the ramifications of a richly groined roof, the smaller forming mouldings to the lights. The roof is ornamented at intervals with bosses of sculptured fruit, flowers, and armorial bearings, the centre boss bearing the crest of Sir John Crosby—a ram *trippant, argent*, armed and hoofed, *or*; a smaller boss contains a shield, the charges obliterated, and these are the only heraldic remains. Crosby Hall presents no indication of a raised dais, though probably a state platform was erected, when wanted, at the two end windows of the oriel, which are placed in a greater elevation than the rest. The high table at Crosby-place was of unusual dimensions, and must have extended about twenty feet into the hall from the north end. No doubt Sir John was hospitable in his habits. From the north-west corner, a richly moulded doorway led to the withdrawing-room, which also communicated with the “Pleasaunce.” The fireplaces consist of clustered inner and outer angle-shafts, with two ogees between them. The arch over the opening is remarkably straight. The spandrils are enriched with carved leaves. The chimney stands out from the wall 3 feet 1 inch, and seems to have reached from the floor to the ceiling. Only a portion of the shaft remains. It

is uncertain whether it was used in the hall, though it certainly was in the throne-room.

The deficiency of staircases, or their remains, in this building has been much noticed. Probably they were run up outside the main walls, as was not uncommon in ancient buildings, and have disappeared in the lapse of time. The interior of the throne-room did not essentially differ from that of the hall; but we can well understand that when spread with "fresh rushes," the walls warmly tapestried on all sides, and the bright flame from huge clumps of fir roaring up the lofty chimney—when the guests, in all the splendour of that age, peopled the place with state and beauty, how magnificent Crosby's receptions must have been.

The architect of Crosby Hall, as in many other cases, was much in advance of his age as to the form of his ceilings. In most buildings of that date, the timber roof was only relieved by the introduction of arches or tracery, being otherwise left open to the rafters; on the contrary, here we had a flat panelled ceiling—a singular novelty, of which there was but one earlier example, the flat roof of the painted chamber at Westminster, *temp.* Henry III. This superb room has been sadly desecrated, and for the most part without any real necessity, on account of the uses to which it was put. The hand of restoration—and we are thankful it was put forth—has done something towards preserving what remained of the noble fabric; but it gives an extremely faint idea of the original.

After the death of Crosby, Richard III. (1483) appears to have occupied the mansion. On the 4th of May in that year, Duke Richard, according to Fabian, "lodged himself in Crosbie's-place, in Bishopsgate-street;" and in Holinshed we read, "By little and little all folke withdrew from the Tower, and drew unto Crosbie's, in Bishopsgate-street, where the Protector kept his household." In 1501

it was assigned to Bartholomew Reed, whose wife, Elizabeth, dwelt there until 1507. In 1523 it devolved to John Best, Alderman, and from him, by purchase, to the famous Sir Thomas More, from whom it passed to one Antonio Bonvixi, merchant of Lucca. Soon after 1538, the priory of St. Elyn, in which the freehold was vested, was dissolved, and its possessions, including Crosby-place, became Crown property. For, in 1542, Sir Edward North, king's treasurer, received of Anthony Bonvixi £207 18s. 4d. for the "gift, grant, and clear purchase" of various properties, and the tenement or messuage called "Crosbie's-place, lying and being in the parish of St. Ellen's, London." Bonvixi resided there up to 1447. He then leased the estate to William Rooper and William Rastell, entailing it also on Peter Crowle. He then incurred forfeiture by illegally departing the realm, and the King granted the place to Sir Thomas Darcy, Knt. In 1553, Queen Mary caused Lord Darcy, "for divers good causes," to restore Bonvixi to his estate, who, dying in a few months, left his rights therein to Peter Crowle. In 1560 it was tenanted by Cioll, a German, and Cycilie his wife; from him, in 1566, it passed to William Bonde, citizen and Alderman of London, who, dying in 1576, transferred it to his sons, William, Nicholas, and Martin Bonde. The property was in possession of the same family up to 1594, when it was bought by Sir John Spencer, Knt., Lord Mayor, for £2,560, at whose death, in 1609, it descended to the Right Hon. Sir William Compton. In 1638, his son, Spencer, Earl of Northampton, took the estate; but in 1640 Sir John Langham was in possession, under a lease for ninety-nine years. The fee-simple he retained till 1678, when it vested in the Cranfields. During Sir John Langham's tenancy, Crosby-place was used as a prison for the Royalists, and no doubt suffered great dilapidation. It was injured considerably during the Fire of London, 1666, and still

more from a conflagration in 1674. In 1692, Sir Stephen Langham disposed of his remaining interest in the property to William Freeman, who underlet it to Grenado Chester, grocer. The noble hall was then converted into a kind of commercial store, and is described in the lease as "a great warehouse." At the same period, the upper part of the hall, divided from the lower, served for a meeting-house; a portion of the mansion was also occupied by "the Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies."

In 1722, we find Crosby-square used for stabling and haylofts, while the tenants had a further privilege to lay dung in certain "void places" of the square. Everything connected with the estate fell into decay, and modern erections gave it an entirely new appearance. In 1834, what was left of the hall and mansion was rented by Holmes and Hall, packers, and much of the interior ornament which had been spared till then was irretrievably ruined. A better spirit was then evoked, and efforts were made to preserve one of the last and best specimens of domestic architecture still remaining in the metropolis. A considerable measure of success rewarded the efforts of a few right-minded persons who were interested in preserving and restoring Crosby Hall. At present it forms a very elegant lecture-room, but is, we fear, far from remunerative. Every year a portion of old London is crushed under the ploughshare of time. We coolly contemplate turning churches into warehouses; and even ancient burial-places, where the busy Londoner may still trace the sepulchres of his ancestors, are marked out for more profitable occupation. We can scarcely hope, therefore, that Sir John Crosby's pet hall will be spared much longer. Its princely hospitality, its genial feasts, the proud bevy of lords and ladies who so often danced there to the music of the minstrel's gallery, and the stirring scenes in

the throne-room, where Richard Crookback wore his crown so deftly—all are past and fading out of memory, like the unsubstantial glory of a dream from the “garish light” of the working-day world.

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*January 8, 1863.*—Through the kindness of the present proprietors, I have this day seen all that remains of the ancient building. The account given above is strictly correct. The movement for a restoration of the old hall was so far successful that the hall, the council-chamber, and the throne-room assumed, however faintly, something of their original character; and for several years they were employed for literary and educational purposes. From the first the result was very doubtful; a debt was soon incurred, and a most laudable effort to preserve intact one of the most remarkable of our London antiquities became abortive. Great praise is certainly due to the public-spirited individuals who strove to accomplish this; and even failure in such a cause deserves our gratitude. We cannot too much regret that the Corporation, either then or since, did not extend their protection over this precious waif cast up from the wrecks of a past metropolis.

Escorted by Mr. H. R. Williams through the hall, my olfactories were cheered by a surprising odour of wine, which in all the forms of bottle, bin, and cask, filled the really noble area. Of course the external shell of the structure, the roof excepted, is modern; but the style of restoration is tasteful; and I am happy to say that no portion of the building has been destroyed or disfigured for mere trade purposes. If it could not be kept sacred for antiquarian or literary uses, perhaps appropriating it as a store for the wealth of many a choice vintage is the least objectionable species of desecration. We are still inclined to believe that the main walls of the place were raised by old Crosby; while the beautifully carved oak roof—so

massive, and yet so exquisitely proportioned, richly overlaid as it is with the thronging memories of many centuries—evokes a long spectral array of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

That I might more completely examine the ceiling, I was taken to a special corner on a narrow staircase leading to the music gallery, and every jet of gas on the premises being kindled, sufficient light was afforded for the fullest inspection. The council-chamber has a dull, faded aspect. Where be the pomps of royalty now?—the bannered heraldic show—the statesman in his reflective mood—the warrior in the flush of triumph? All past—the shadow of a dream! Perhaps the throne-room is the most interesting relic of all.

A prayer-meeting was going on there during our visit. It was a week of prayer. Throughout Christendom, east and west, and in the islands of the sea, multitudes knelt in supplication, and a mighty petitionary voice went up from ten thousand lips at the same instant. There were probably only eight or ten worshippers here, but their piety seemed genuine; and I shall not soon forget the tone in which the leader said, as he rose from his knees, “Let us now sing a hymn—

“‘Come ye that love the Lord.’”

There are still some indications of antique splendour in the throne-room; and the ceiling, though not so old as that of the hall, especially deserves notice. The little chamber adjoining, probably not more than twelve feet square, has a pair of folding-doors, evidently of great antiquity, and the fastenings that remain seem of the same age. A heavy, low-placed beam, much worn, but yet solid, was perhaps the work of the same joiner. The floor is uneven, broken in several places, and suggesting ideas of insecurity.

I left Crosby Hall mourning over the bare, naked remnant of mediæval grandeur. A step brought me to No. 1, Great St. Helen's, where, with an introduction to Mr. William Williams, I was permitted to inspect the spacious cellar, or rather crypt, on the arches of which the hall was built. The broad, commanding span of these arches is really wonderful, and the whole arrangement of this well-stored domain of Father Bacchus excellent. A venerable spread of cobweb curtains depends from the roof, and the centre cellar—30 feet wide by 50 in length—is both cheerful and warm, thanks to numerous jets of gas. Tempting depositories of choice wine meet you at every step, the principal bin forming a sort of Gothic preserve for “old, old port” and sherry which would have merited a warm eulogy from Sir John Falstaff. Some smaller divisions of the cellar are remarkable for having a number of iron rings, four or five inches in diameter, fixed in the roof at intervals of about four feet. They have probably been there for several centuries, and no antiquary who has examined them would hazard an opinion as to their original use.

Mr. Williams, who appears to be well versed in City antiquities, allowed me to examine his collections, in two folio volumes, for a history of St. Helen's district. They abound with curious and rare matter—the pictorial illustrations being often all but unique.



## LONDON ILLUMINATIONS.

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THE forty years of peace so happily inaugurated by the crowning victory of Waterloo, were not prolific in public rejoicings of a character which could justify the old imperative cry of "Light up! Light up!" There was a considerable consumption of oil and tallow at the coronation of George IV., and there was a far greater manifestation of fiery enthusiasm on the passing of the Reform Bill. People burnt their gas freely at our good Queen's accession, and pounds innumerable of dips or moulds illustrated the loyalty of her subjects in the minor streets of the metropolis; but there were no "illuminations" from 1815 to the present year at all comparable for splendour or universality to many I even yet remember, a few of which will be here chronicled. Nor let the subject be thought trivial. The songs of nations have been pronounced more important than their histories, and the rejoicings of a great city place in striking relief

"The very shape and body of the times,  
Their form and pressure."

My earliest recollection of London in a fever of excitement and gladness was at the Peace of Amiens, 1802. It was by no means wonderful that the citizens should rejoice at the restoration of so strange a blessing as amity

with France. Most of the existing generation were born to find the country engaged not merely in a most exhausting war, but literally in a death-struggle which threatened the utter destruction of the realm; and now, the First Consul of France, seemingly anxious for more friendly relations with his great enemy, had offered the olive-branch to England, and the deadly struggle was at an end. Reflecting minds, judging of the future from the past, no doubt had serious misgivings as to how long the calm would last, and were looking ahead for breakers, and a still more terrible tempest; but the majority regarded the welcome change with delight, and had no eyes for the black clouds gathering in the distance. All agreed that it was good to manifest both joy and thankfulness. Peace had been proclaimed with unusual pomp at all the great centres of business, especially at Temple Bar, St. Paul's, and the Royal Exchange. The French Ambassador, Count Otto, had arrived; his splendid carriage traversed our streets, followed by shouting crowds; he had been received at court with infinite *éclat*, and George III.—who, on receiving an envoy from the United States after the war which separated England and America, assured him that, as he was the last to sanction the peace, so he would be the last to violate it—welcomed the Gallic messenger of friendship with the same regal frankness.

Of course there would be an illumination, and it must be on the grandest scale, so as equally to prove our liberality and our cordiality. Our ancestors, when they sought to make the public thoroughfares gay with artificial light, did so by a long array of wax candles of immense size, resembling more what are now denominated torches. On one occasion, there was such a light burning at every door, from St. Paul's to Temple Bar, and they were also used in splendid processions, including the nobles, the dignified clergy, military bands, and the laity. The effects thus

produced must have been exceedingly fine, and probably they interested the fancy above any other kind of public illumination. At present, gas is chiefly employed on such occasions, and that pure, vivid, white light, so singularly brilliant that it presents every object to our vision with a clearness only excelled by the Bude-lamp, is in some respects preferable to any other. Yet gas, when burning in the open air unscreened, as it is when emitted in countless jets to form letters and emblems for illuminating purposes, has many disadvantages, particularly if there is much wind. The tiny tongues of flame perpetually flicker backwards and forwards; one moment there is a blaze of light, and the next all is comparative darkness. Not unfrequently, indeed, when a stronger air gust than usual sweeps over the igneous surface, the whole for an instant becomes black. The hero's name or the monarch's crown disappears; and, like the glories of mere ephemeral greatness, seem lost for ever. Besides, as gas while burning will admit of no variation in colour, the eye grows weary of the unmitigated brightness—

“Shining on, shining on, by no shadows made tender.”

We cannot look for any length of time on the midday sun, and we turn away dazzled and pained from walls or windows blazing with gas. Gas was scarcely thought of for the purpose of illumination in 1802; and for many years later, small globular lamps, about the size of a goose egg, and manufactured in all the colours of the rainbow, were employed. Each contained a few spoonsful of sperm oil, in which floated a Lilliputian wick—calculated, on the principle of modern night-lights, to burn for several hours. These arranged in oblong trays, according to their colour—green, red, blue, yellow—were carried by the ingenious operators to the frontages to be illuminated, where the necessary inscriptions and symbols, in skeleton wirework,

furnished with innumerable small hooks, were ready to receive them. The preparations to illuminate any large space took several days, and the final act of kindling the lamps was also a tedious process, occupying three or four hours, so that an illumination could hardly be seen at its best earlier than midnight. These difficulties surmounted, the effect produced was exceedingly gorgeous. Any spacious building thus gemmed with variegated points of light, engaged the gazer's notice agreeably, and pleased without paining the sight. Of course it was only a small proportion of even the largest houses that could be thus expensively decorated; but mingling at short distances with long rows of windows where every pane of glass boasted its candle, these sheets of fairy lanterns, contrasted yet harmonizing in colour, produced a truly charming effect.

Well, the peace-proclaiming heralds had hardly disappeared when the artists in illumination lamps became amazingly busy. From what dark recesses did they extract those thousands of mimic stars? and how could they manage to prepare such elaborate devices in so short a time? All the public offices were to be brilliantly illuminated. The loyal citizens were resolved that no city in the empire should outshine London. The Company Halls were to make a splendid appearance: Wardens, Masters, Liverymen, were all equally liberal. Who could think of a shabby illumination for peace?—peace with France!—peace with the whole world! The Bank, the Mansion House, the Exchange, and the East India House were to be rivals in splendour. The genius of commerce would be ashamed of her favourite sons should they neglect to celebrate, with honour due, an event which promised to extend her rule over the whole world. What a pity that at such grand national fêtes the mighty pillar in Pudding-lane and Wren's vast cathedral cannot be clothed with light, like the comparatively humble buildings

around them. We have heard of an attempt (which failed) to illuminate the Monument, but are not aware that the mighty cupola of St. Paul's was ever arrayed with a mantle of fire. Is it thought impossible? St. Peter's, at Rome, a far larger structure, is brilliantly illuminated every Easter, shining forth like a globe of flame, while the whole city is lit up by the wonderful pyrotechnic display at the Castle of St. Angelo.

If the citizens were on the alert, London without the Bars was not neglected. Theatres, Government offices, especially Somerset House, squares, streets the meanest and narrowest, were alive—the poorest tenement vying, according to its means, with the proudest palatial mansion. Count Otto, the French Ambassador, resided in one of the fashionable squares, and resolved to show the taste and riches of his country by illuminating his house in the grandest possible way. From roof to basement must be a blaze of light; on the first-floor balcony, in gigantic letters, appeared the words "Peace Conquered," an odd announcement, but not meant offensively—"conquered" being used in the sense of "secured." It was an amusement with idlers to notice the preparations, and, among others, some dozen Jack tars, on holiday leave, one of whom spelled out the word "conquered," and criticised it thus: "My eyes, Thomson, do you see what that Mounsheer says? 'Peace Conquered!' We was never conquered, and if he don't take it away, we'll break every window in the place." His comrades warmly approved of the suggestion, and in spite of all the explanations tendered them, the doubtful word had to be changed for "secured."

Many establishments, and some private dwellings, were decorated with transparencies, preferred to lamps, as being more favourable to the wit of the shopocracy. The First Consul was represented under various fantastical figures,

and the nation he ruled was indicated as an immense game-cock fraternising with the British lion. In another, the King of England, preternaturally tall, was delineated as spying through an immense opera-glass at his recent opponent, dwarfed into quite boyish stature, and bowing, not in the most dignified manner. A label issued from his mouth, inscribed, "I'll never do so any more;" while George III. was made to answer, "Well, my little man, I forgive you." Over a mercer's shop on Ludgate-hill, two staring lady figures were displayed—one, the Genius of France, was offering her companion a rich piece of silk, assuring her that it would make her a beautiful gown, and was given "all for love." To which the Genius of England was supposed to reply, "Much obliged, Missus *Parlez Vous*, but I fear my people would not know me in it." On the front of a butcher's house, the proprietor, an exceedingly fat, rubicund fellow, was represented with a cleaver in one hand and a sirloin of beef in the other, offering the meat to a strange, half-starved looking Frenchman in these terms, "Yes, my man, put aside the frogs; you shall have a good meal for once in your life!" While a haberdasher exhibited a meeting of French and English ladies in his own shop, the foreign beauties most liberally fitting the Englishers with *gants de Paris*, warranted genuine.

At length the night for the grand display arrived, while, as is usual on all such occasions, the people themselves made the best part of the show. All the great thoroughfares were filled to repletion with sightseers. Vehicles of all kinds, from the carriage of the peer to the donkey-cart of the costermonger, occupied the entire roadway. There were no cabs in those days, but the lumbering hackney coaches were in great numbers; most of these, as well as the private carriages, were open, presenting an array of fair faces and splendid dresses, not always in the best taste;

while at every window, rejoicing in the light of their own lamps or candles, sate a bevy of laughing children, pretty maids, and comely matrons. At intervals the union jack amicably associated with the banners of France was hung crossways from house to house, while on the densely-crowded pavement, a mixed mass of men and women, mischievous boys and girls, pickpockets, ballad-singers, itinerant musicians, and here and there a few sailors or soldiers, too often the worse for their libations, enjoyed the perilous pleasure of gazing at the illuminations. At midnight, when all the lamps were in full beauty, the scene was strikingly grand. Standing at Temple Bar, and looking along Fleet-street, or at the foot of Ludgate-hill, and tracing the long lines of fire, kindling into strong relief houses, church, and, in dim perspective, Wren's noble cathedral, and the streets painfully packed with thousands of pedestrians, the endless procession of wheels, the jubilant shouts of the spectators, and the angry cry (when any tenement was discovered grim and dark amidst the blaze), "Light up, light up," often succeeded by the startling crash of glass—a spectacle was produced not easily forgotten.

A successful illumination must be regarded as a brilliant whole, and cannot easily be described in detail; yet a few of the more remarkable points deserve notice; but the reader should understand that the scene is given as it struck a boy's eye, since the grey elder who tries to depict it recalls it with undimmed brightness, through the long, dark vista of departed years. Temple Bar was gay in its best festival attire. Both sides were brilliantly illuminated, representing palm trees bearing fruit, the branches hung with crowns in parti-coloured lamps, suspended by laurels. The neighbouring banks—Child's and Hoare's—were not to be eclipsed; both were lustrous with stars, crowns, and appropriate mottoes, and the elegant wreaths of yellow lamps seemed like Brobdignagian guineas rendered trans-

parent for that night only. Passing onward, there was a new sensation for the mob—a van full of sailors drawn by four white horses, dressed with ribands, moved slowly by. The folds of a union jack floated over the jubilant tars, as they sung alternately, “Rule Britannia,” and “God Save the King.” Fleet Market, though only plainly illuminated with a double row of yellow lamps extending down its whole length, had a very striking effect, and as you peered into the almost interminable line of shops and stalls, radiant with similar decorations, the eye was more gratified than with some elaborate device which seemed too exuberant from contrast. There was not a single dark spot in Old Chepe; the clock at Bow Church was encircled with a triple bandeau of emerald-coloured lamps; and, on drawing nigh to the Mansion House, even before seeing it, you were aware that something wonderful was at hand, for the dark thunder-clouds which lowered over it reflected the dazzling brilliancy from beneath, and their deep blackness was inlaid with a thin, gauzy sheet of molten gold. Perhaps the illuminator’s skill was never better shown; the entire front of the building—porch, columns, window-casings—all were glowing in liquid fire, and rich with all the hues of the rainbow. The pillars were thickly wreathed with oak or laurel; on the pediment a brilliant star gave life to the allegorical figures, and at each angle were royal crowns, and the initial letters “G. R.” On the windows of the main floor, in golden characters, might be read, “England,” “France,” “Peace,” “Union.” The crowd at this point was dense and immoveable, except that at times, after a stir of excitement, its ten thousand voices broke into prolonged bursts of cheering. The Bank and Royal Exchange were also grandly decorated, but the Mansion House was quite unequalled.

This proud London holiday was to have a dismal termination. The afternoon had been sultry, and as it began to



grow dark, the heavy atmosphere was streaked with almost continuous flashes of lightning, which, gradually increasing in breadth, took a jagged form, and an intense blue-purple colour, till man's artificial splendours became "pale" and "ineffectual." The street crowds had disregarded these dreary omens of a short peace and the long war to follow, when an awful thunder-burst arrested every ear; another and another followed in rapid succession, the last heralded by that strange meteoric phenomenon, a fire-ball. Then "the windows of heaven were opened," and there fell an absolute deluge of rain, a rapid sheet of water drowning the lamps, and, in some instances, shattering them to fragments. The sightseers were dispersed in a moment, and in an incredibly short space of time the streets were deserted, and darker than usual.

Much might be said respecting the illuminations for the victory of Trafalgar, the Jubilee of George III. (on the completion of the fiftieth year of his reign), and that on the crowning triumph at Waterloo; but the general picture would be the same, though a few of the details might be interesting. We forbear: repetitions are tiresome, and the noblest events often cease to be impressive to the next generation. These are bagatelles at the best, though an old man's memory dwells lovingly on the scenes of boyhood and youth; yet even these fugitive recollections are fast fading out, and as they die away, one by one, I feel that their faint glimmer must soon cease for ever.

## A BANQUET AT IRONMONGERS' HALL.

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THE citizens know well how to spend their money liberally and kindly. They are "given to hospitality," and never seem to enjoy themselves more fully than when they assemble in their noble halls, and receive at their princely boards the guests they desire to welcome and honour.

I was ruminating over many such pleasant receptions, and balancing between the various attractions of Goldsmiths' Hall, Grocers', Fishmongers', and Ironmongers' Hall, when an invitation reached me to pass an evening at the last, as the dinner guest of the Master, Wardens, and Court. Fortunately, parochial politics did not interfere with the offered treat; so I was in Fenchurch-street at half-past five precisely, and if troubled with shamefacedness, should have blushed, as on entering the drawing-room my name was announced, and Master Westwood assured me that he was glad of my company. I certainly was pleased to see him, and I mingled with the expectant guests. I was familiar with some half-a-dozen, but the majority were strangers, and I derived considerable amusement from scanning the oddly contrasted faces around me. Clergymen, the chaplain, and one other, robed; merchants, short, tall, and dumpy; a few specimens of naval and military men; Captain Cole, of iron ship-shield fame; and a Crimean veteran, who carried a recollection of Russian

gunnery in his proper person; several medical doctors, who had ventured to drop their patients for that evening only; and a tolerably fair muster of lawyers, who appeared to scent the expected creature comforts rather impatiently.

Waiting for dinner is never agreeable. We cannot all indulge in authorship, as a famous French writer used, during the heavy half-hours so occupied. Some, nursing the "Pleasures of Hope," have given their stomachs a long holiday, and those inward monitors are growing troublesome; others have ventured on a cab, that they might not be late, and find that they could have walked at the most leisurely pace, without the slightest risk. "How vexing!" mutters a man of business; "I have shirked two of my Manchester correspondents, though there was full time to write them." "I left home without changing my linen," whispers another, "for I fancied 'precisely' meant something; and here we've been waiting full twenty minutes!" Nor does conversation help the sufferers much. Discussions as to the weather soon weary; the price of stocks and raw goods irritates rather than soothes; the visitors (over 100 in number) come to a dead lock, and begin drumming with their heels for very vexation. Many years since, I occasionally dined with an old citizen at Sydenham, while it was yet rural, who prided himself on punctuality; three p.m. was his hour, and woe to the cook if dinner was not on table as the clock struck. Surely this was a wise regulation, and might be followed with advantage on more important occasions.

By six o'clock, however, our trial time was over; the last announcement had been made, the full tale of guests (112) were collected, and the dignitaries preceding, our names being again called, a procession to the hall commenced. There was "neither hurry nor bustle." Every seat was previously appropriated, and we subsided into our chairs in the most orderly manner. The scene was really grand;

a double row of tables, with a cross table at the upper end, where the Master and Wardens and the more distinguished guests were placed, were completely filled. It was still broad daylight, yet the plate and costly ornaments, flowers, vases, glass in beautiful variety, made a goodly show, and the only unpleasant object the eye encountered was the staring trade board (seen through the windows on the front of a public-house), inscribed "Barclay and Company's Entire!" Beer! Who wanted beer at this interesting moment? In spite of Mr. Henley, who told the House of Commons on one occasion that Englishmen could not live without beer, some of us were annoyed at the suggestion, when our thoughts were on far more genial beverages. All being ready, and the uncovering of the tureens inevitable, the chaplain rose, and in a subdued voice said grace, while all the company, as I faithfully believe, gave grateful thanks to Him who opens His hand and feeds every living creature.

Are you fond of turtle soup?—not the mock, though Ring and Brymer's is excellent—but the genuine compound. In my young and inexperienced days I had, or fancied, an antipathy to this triumph of the cook's art. But now, when my plate was empty, and, like the boy in "Oliver Twist," I wished for "more," my good friend desired Mr. Waiter to replenish it, and the fresh supply was thankfully received. Every good citizen should delight in turtle soup. Smooth, appetising, without any over-predominance of flavour, far more nutritive and tasty than any classical dish in Homer. Even the small, square, unctuous floats in your plate, though regarded with suspicion at first, if you will only try them, prove as admirable in their quickly dissolving richness as the semi-liquid delicacy itself. Lambe's encomiums on roast pig may be exaggerations, but who can indulge too enthusiastically in the praises of turtle soup? There was asparagus

soup also, but it was not much in request. Then came the fishy elements—salmon, turbot, fried fish, stewed eels, trout, whitebait: the salmon flaky, delicate, and rich, without coarseness; the turbot worthy of a City feast; the fried fish and stewed eels excellent for those whose taste led them in that direction; the trout and whitebait incomparable. Salmon and whitebait were my choice, and though much may be alleged in favour of turbot and trout, I am prepared to defend the selection,—salmon, the king of the finny tribe; whitebait, its fitting garnish. Certainly, slices of a crisp cucumber are capital with salmon. Would I take some cold punch? By all means. It is an indispensable accompaniment to whitebait. These are the days of progress. Till recently these miniature dainties were only procurable at Blackwall, while now, west, east, south, or north, you are sure to find them at every well-ordered public table. A lull, and knives at rest for a season. Everybody drinks to everybody. “Did I like Madeira?—some old, peculiar, in the Company’s cellars?” What a question! Why, it’s my passion. “Waiter, a decanter of Madeira;” (and in a whisper) “Yes, it’s very superior! Your health, sir.” Here is the printed promise for the second course:—

“Fricassee de supeveau; Vol au vent des Huitres; Ris de beau puree de Champignons; Cotellettes d’Agneau aux coucombres; hams, tongues, pigeon pies, roast fowls, boiled fowls, haunches of mutton, quarters of lamb.”

It was curious to notice how few demands there were on the made-dishes with hard names. Reader, are you fond of the costly *morceaux* of foreign cookery? For my part, I lack faith, and cannot conquer my desire to know what I am going to eat. So the side-dishes found little favour, while, on the contrary, the haunches of mutton and quarters of lamb were quickly diminished in weight.

The fowls, roast and boiled, with the appropriate relish of tongue or ham, and even the pigeon pies, were assailed in all directions. Still, I cannot honestly prescribe the latter for weak stomachs, though I invested in haunch, and can recommend it strongly.

A sharp running report of corks suddenly ejected from bottle necks, is suggestive of champagne—not British, *alias* gooseberry; but the real tongue-loosing, brain-exciting wine. Observe, as it passes round the tables, how talkative folks grow; everybody again drinks to everybody, but more affectionately than before. Parties you never met until this evening, speak of you as their dearest friends. The subtle fluid disposes you to be the sworn allies, or hot enemies, of every individual you address. In the present instance, the harmony was almost too sugary; nobody would offend, nobody could be offended, and “all went merry as a marriage bell.”

The third course (ducklings, guinea-fowls, goslings, ruffs, and sweets in all possible forms) was rather lazily discussed. We dine off haunch, but only play with a gosling or a ruff. True, there was a gourmand here and there who, finding everything to his taste, was resolved to eat and drink of everything. But, in general, the guests were under the most gentlemanly restraint, and never in the slightest degree violated the strictest rules of good breeding. Then (after cheese and port for those who desired them) came dainty liqueurs, in dainty little glasses; and those who tasted them found their contents strong as well as pleasant.

As the dinner concluded, and it grew dusk, there was a sudden burst of light. Up to this moment the gas had twinkled only; now the chandeliers were ablaze with delicate tongues of flame. The hall, as the darkness was dispelled, grew more spacious and splendid; mirrors, plate, glass, became more lustrous in the brilliant illumination;

the lady spectators in the gallery, only faintly obvious till then, became now the most attractive part of the company, and above them the portrait of Izaak Walton (for he was an Ironmonger) looked down in calm benevolence on the joyous scene. In the centre of the hall stood a grand pianoforte; around it were five vocalists—Messrs. Young, Donald King, F. Walker, Winn, and J. L. Hatton. A grace, by Foster—

“For these and all Thy mercies given,  
We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord,”

was performed with admirable effect.

We had previously noticed Mr. Harker, the king of toastmasters, in close attendance on the chair. He is really a remarkable man, always firm and self-possessed, with a voice extremely sonorous, but yet by no means deficient in musical cadence. Standing forward, he said, “Gentlemen at the right-hand table, the Master drinks your health in the loving-cup.” Then the Chairman, standing, drank to his next guest, who, receiving the cup, pledged his friend, and so it passed down the whole line. Of course a similar compliment was paid to the left-handers, and the effect was quite picturesque. The loving-cups are finely wrought in silver, but are modern: all the Company’s ancient plate was parted with in the time of the Commonwealth. And now the business of toast-giving commenced; and first, of course, “The Health of the Queen” was drunk, and was followed by the National Anthem. The Master exerted himself with infinite self-sacrifice, and his observations were marked by great good sense; but as so many toasts had to be proposed, he would more have consulted his own ease and the patience of the guests had he compressed his remarks. “Brevity is the soul of wit.” Mr. Young gave the Irish melody, “And doth not a meeting like this make amends?” with great

sweetness. There are many more powerful voices, but few more winning. A Royalist song, by Mr. Winn, "Ho, fill me a tankard good, mine host," was clever, and quite uproariously applauded. Donald King was tolerably effective in Dibdin's "Tom Bowling;" but a song composed and sung by that very clever musician, Mr. Hatton, carried off the honours, and was encored: it was called "The Christmas Sleigh Ride." Other vocal pieces would have been given had time allowed, but toasts and compliments absorbed it all. None of the numerous pledges elicited such loud applause as that of "Success for ever to the Ironmongers' Company, root and branch"—a sentiment to be cordially echoed by every true civic patriot. The continued vitality of the great City companies is of inestimable importance to London itself. Such wealthy corporate bodies are the best supporters of its privileges, the most liberal contributors to its revenues, the surest safeguards of its stability; and what they thus do for the metropolis exercises a most beneficial influence on the whole nation.

By nine o'clock, signs of languor crept over the guests; the music began to sound drowsily; full decanters stopped in their circuit; and as the indefatigable Chairman fired off new toasts, the interest they excited became small, and the plaudits fainter. Diners-out know that after three hours of revelling the coffee is needed, and then the guests whisper one another, "Homeward, ho!" A little before ten, all the company rose with the Master, and adjourned *en masse* to the drawing-room, where thin bread-and-butter, crisp biscuits, and tea and coffee were served. Several whist tables were in requisition, and when I made my final bow, a dozen or two of gentlemen were engaged in amicable card contests, with a satisfied air, as if they meant to remain at the game until midnight. And thus, thanks to the hospitality of the Worshipful Ironmongers,



I passed some very agreeable hours, carrying home with me recollections of a civic banquet which will not soon be forgotten.

Nor are such receptions desirable merely for the evanescent enjoyment they impart, though to make more than a hundred worthy people innocently happy is highly commendable. But the influence of such friendly meetings is far more lasting. Men of various characters, thus brought together often for the first time, have opportunity afforded to correct misapprehensions and errors of opinion, to cancel prejudices both as to things and persons, founded more on misconception than deliberate intention. Even rivals and antagonists occupying chairs at the same dinner table, softened at first by the courtesies of society, brought into contact unexpectedly with supposed enemies, begin silently to review the points of opposition—the grounds of unfavourable judgment, and to feel that it is possible they may have been wholly wrong. This once admitted, the heart warms under the genial influences of an unsuspecting hour, when petty jealousies are laid aside, when hands rigid and unimpressible for years, gradually warm, and, relenting, slide into opponent hands, giving and receiving hearty shakes where friendship was unknown and positive dislike predominant. In a hard business world, where our constant question in most courses of action is *Cui bono?* it is a good thing to be surprised into kindness, and to feel open or covert enmity fading away before we can logically find a reason for the change. Very frequently, could we bring even the bitterest foes to the same hospitable board for a few hours, a treaty of peace would be signed before they separated. Such meetings can seldom occur in private, but they are common at public banquets. Sometimes coolness is almost as damaging as estrangement; but if you can bring two agreeable persons unexpectedly in contact, their

old affection will often revive after a long season of interruption. All praise, then, to the excellent Masters and Prime Wardens who so liberally open their noble halls to the uninitiated, while the "wine-cup glistens," with music and song to aid its genial influence, smooth off the acerbities and roughnesses of life, and replace coldness or sternness by cordiality and kindness.

## STREET MUSIC OF LONDON FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

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IF we trace back the retreating shadows on Time's dial for half a century, we shall be landed in the Regency, and in a vastly different state of society from that of 1862. Perhaps the difference would be more observable in the musical tastes of the million than in any other particular. At present we are passionate in our loyalty to Mozart and Beethoven, and even Sebastian Bach: no score can be too elaborate or difficult for us. We soar, in our musical enthusiasm, to the highest regions of harmony; and swear, not by Shield, Horace, and Braham, but by Handel, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer. We delight most in songs without words, or, if we tolerate them at all, we choose nonsense verses in preference. Occasionally we give a mite of encouragement to mere English vocalists, but so keen is the fashion for foreign *artistes* that many of our best native-born singers have thought an outlandish prefix advantageous. Our ears have grown too refined for simple ballads. A Scotch or Irish air, or an old English mad-rigal (the older the better) is just endurable. A composition from Bennett or Macfarren may be worth hearing once; but your accomplished lover of sweet sounds is never so happy as when regaled with a piece of forty pages by some great *maestro*, or the marvellous warblings of an

Italian tenor, or the deep tones of a German bass. If this be thought an improvement, supposing the change of taste genuine, we sadly suspect that no small part of the thirst for highly elaborate compositions is mere affectation; and that those who are really pleased when the music paper is black with notes, or almost impossible arias are executed, must be comparatively few. Just notice the faces of our concert-goers during any grand performance, while a favourite scena is sung, or the pianoforte trembles under an inspiration of Hertz or Hummel; how blank and joyless they look! and then wait till Miss Dolby or Miss Pyne sings some tender, natural-toned air, and observe how changed their countenances become; feeling and interest have sprung up, where all was cold and heavy before. Why? Because, in the latter instance, the feelings were addressed; in the former, the judgment only, as deciding from certain scientific deductions. Well, it may be good for us that we are grown a musical people, and, perhaps, the ears of us elders, as they begin to be "stopped with dust," may not be altogether trustworthy; but if the reader spares us a few moments, we will try to give him a sketch of what was called music in London streets from 1805 to 1820.

In those days, for concerts, there was in the whole metropolis only a single large apartment, known as the Hanover-square Rooms. Oratorios, with the meaning we now attach to them, were unknown. The strange miscellaneous music then performed during Lent, at the patent houses, was generally packed into three parts. The first, consisting of choruses (most imperfectly given) and airs from Handel or Haydn; the two last composed of a queer selection of songs, duets, and trios, chiefly English, but occasionally some sparkling air from Mozart or Rossini. Exceedingly gifted singers took part in these *soirées*—as John Braham, Mrs. Billington, Signora Storace, Miss

Stephens, and Miss Paton, with now and then an air from Rubini or Madame Catalini, though this was at the risk of opposition, because they were foreigners. Catalini was hissed on her first appearance in an English theatre, and only became popular when she took to singing "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King," in a travestie of the vernacular tongue. Braham was fond of the higher class of vocal music, and often strove to interpolate some noble piece from a foreign composer. Once he was violently hissed for an attempt of the sort, and, stepping forward to the footlights, said, very coolly, "Ladies and gentlemen, do you know that you have been hissing Mozart?" Still, he was perfectly aware that his stronghold of success with the multitude was in ballad-singing. "Robin Adair," "John Anderson," "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "The Death of Nelson," and "Here's a health to the King, God bless him!" filled his purse to overflowing, while his worship of the classical composers was often but poorly rewarded. None but the wealthy class—the upper ten thousand—ever thought of attending Ancient Concerts or the Italian Opera in those days.

If there were no music halls, and few or no musical public-houses, the want was compensated by the abundance of out-door concerts, which required no licence, and were undisturbed by the ancient race of somnolent watchmen, who were rather glad than otherwise to be sung to sleep. Every open space and convenient corner, from Holborn Bars and Temple Bar to Whitechapel, was occupied by itinerant singers and musicians, at all fitting seasons. They were not fond of daylight, though on festival occasions they would follow their vocation at any hour; but, as a rule, they "loved the shade," and appealed to their public by "the glimpses of the moon," or by the still more "ineffectual" glowwormish light of the street lamps. Saturday and Monday evenings were the favourite times

for street concerts. These peripatetic vocalists, having retentive memories and abundance of assurance, never encumbered themselves with sheet music; they carried a bundle of ballads, printed separately, on slips of dirt-coloured paper, and the type very indistinct—all the letters seeming afflicted with *delirium tremens*. Each slip was about twelve inches long by four wide, embellished at the top with a smudgy ornament, libellously called the “royal arms.” This people’s edition of popular songs was sold by the publisher, who dwelt somewhere in Seven Dials, at threepence per dozen, but the street price was a halfpenny each, though a penny was never refused. The minstrel, if alone, needed nothing else in his business, unless he wanted an accompaniment, and then a cracked fiddle or a disabled guitar fully answered his purpose. When the company was double or treble—a man and a woman, or two men and a woman—there might be a harp which had been in service from the age of Cadwallader, a fife, a flute (suffering from bronchitis), or, if the music was to be martial, a drum. There were no German bands in those days, and the organs were “few and far between.” They hardly dared to try Mr. Bull’s patience then; if they had, it would have been at the risk of stoning, or something worse. A reasonably good livelihood was made by some of these street Apollos; and a few of them, though with little or no musical knowledge, were gifted with really fine voices, and of course their success was in proportion.

The human voice, doubtless, gains volume and beauty from judicious discipline, but even its more spontaneous displays are charming, especially when heard by the uninitiated. Let us take an imaginary walk (time, 8 p.m. on an October Saturday in 1812) from Temple Bar through Fleet Market, Skinner-street, Newgate-street, turning off into St. Paul’s-churchyard, making some back steps into Cheapside, and winding up with the Exchange and Leaden-

hall-street. Yes, there is a great crowd in Salisbury-square, and you may easily recognise the tones of Peter Links, the wonderful London bass, who has a standing engagement from the mobility. What an animated circle of eager listeners, not in full dress, certainly, but well able to contribute their coppers. Notice that slatternly woman, with a child perched on her shoulder, the youngster crowing with delight, and mamma heartily sympathising. Don't get too near; beware of your pockets. Links is beginning, and we are fortunate, for he will give us his favourite song. Links is a broad-shouldered, portly man, rather vulgar, and very dirty; perhaps he sometimes practises as the burglar he is about to describe. He begins, having wisely mounted on a stool, to give his voice more freedom:—

“When the wolf in midnight prowl,  
Bays the moon with hideous howl,  
Howl, howl—”

the last word being indefinitely prolonged, and clouding over the advent of the robbers, up to the climax—

“Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly asunder;  
Then to murder, pillage, plunder;”

and this brilliant passage gradually falling into the original “prowl” and “howl,” which, after vociferous applause, led to a double encore, a liberal shower of pence, and my companion's loss of his bandana. Better move on; Links's friends are not so orderly to-night as might be wished.

A thick gathering in Bridge-street, at Waithman's corner; something good to be heard, no doubt. The guitar notes are preluding a song. The singer is an established favourite—Martha Hart—of whom it was told that she had once trod the boards, but disliking the tyranny of managers, threw herself on the kindness of the Londoners.

She is "fat, fair, and forty," neatly but plainly dressed, wears a grey Quaker bonnet, and has a guitar hanging about her neck, which she touches with considerable skill. Her voice is low, but clear and sweet. You will like to read her song:—

"A knight with a gay and gallant mien,  
On a milk-white courser came;  
In his hat was a fair lady's favour seen,  
For innocence knows no shame.  
He tapped at the fair lady's bower with glee,  
But the lady, impatience to mar,  
When he said 'Fair lady, come ride with me,'  
Only answered him with her guitar,  
Tink-a-ting, tink-a-ting, ting;  
The bee proffers honey, but bears a sting."

Then came a knight on a coal-black steed, scowling at the white knight, and, after assassinating him, stealing the lady's favour, and anxious to steal her, but being rejected, dies smitten with remorse, as he merited—

"While conscience still played the guitar."

A moral ditty highly relished, and applauded as it deserved, for that soft, low voice was very winning. This femal minstrel was heard in London streets till 1830.

Let us cross over to the market, where there seems more bustle than usual—the clamorous "Buy, buy" of the butchers, and the "Fine fresh mackerel" of the costermongers, mingled with the sharps and flats of a dozen oddly-associated ballad-mongers. Here, at the Fleet Prison gate, we have a vocalist, a fiddler, and a woman thumping a tambourine. The song is a patriotic one, and the hearers literally scream their approval:—

"Come, all ye lads of courage bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
While English glory I unfold;  
Hurrah for the Arethusa!



For she's a frigate tight and brave  
 As ever stemmed the dashing wave ;  
 Her men are staunch  
 To the favourite launch ;  
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire  
 On board of the *Arethusa*."

Within a few yards we meet with an opposition crowd, assembled round a youth, gentlemanly in appearance, and with a rich tenor voice, declaiming, in a very stirring way, the "Death of Nelson":—

"Along the line this signal ran,  
 England expects that every man  
 This day will do his duty!  
 For England, home, and beauty!  
 England expects that every man  
 This day will do his duty!"

A comic artist comes next (there were no negro minstrels extant), protesting, amidst roars of laughter—

"I'se a Yorkshireman, just come to town ;  
 And my coming to town was a gay-day,  
 For Fortune has just set me down  
 Waiting gentleman to a fine lady—  
 With my too-ra, loo-ra, loo."

Irish Johnstone was then the chief attraction, as funny man, at the theatres, and many a street comedian strove to imitate his brogue, in such jokes as these :—

"Single misfortunes, they say,  
 To Irishmen ne'er come alone—  
 My father, poor man, was first drowned,  
 Then shipwrecked in coming from Cork ;  
 But my mother she got safe to land,  
 And a whisky-shop set up in York."

At the Skinner-street end of the market, a pale, thin, sickly, consumptive-looking girl, with a harp deplorably out of tune, and which certainly did not discourse "sweet

music," sang in a failing voice, frequently interrupted by a deep, hollow cough—

"My lodging is on the cold ground."

But her poor attempts at pleasing are interrupted by a jovial trio at the opposite corner, who shouted rather than sang to a noisy accompaniment of a fiddle, a drum, and a French horn—

"When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove  
In Etna's roaring glow,  
Neptune petitioned he might prove  
Their use and power below :  
But finding in the boundless deep  
Such thunders would but idly sleep,  
He with them armed Britannia's hand,  
To guard from foes our native land.  
Long may she hold this awful right,  
And when through circling flame  
She darts her vengeance in the fight,  
May Justice guide her aim.  
If foes assail, in future wars,  
Our soldiers brave, and gallant tars,  
Shall hurl their fires from every hand  
On every foe to Britain's land."

We have transcribed the whole of these lines, to show the kind of lyric then popular. Dibdin was the war poet of the age, and well did his honest, downright genius, stir up his countrymen to resist the common enemy, by saying emphatically from their lips—

"We always are ready,  
Steady boys, steady,  
To fight and to conquer, again and again."

At the foot of Holborn-hill a songster revelled in—

"A frog he would a-wooing go,  
Whether his mother would let him or no."

Within a few houses, and apparently watching the pro-

ceedings at a cook's shop, a melancholy specimen of womankind chanted, in a dolorous voice, "Poor Mary Anne!"—though this dismal strain was in some degree qualified by a one-legged individual, in the militia dress, roaring forth his version of the "British Grenadiers."

Let us mount the hill, and take our chance for something fresh at Newgate and Giltspur-street Compter. A pair of masquerading sailors hold those posts, and are violently rendering in harsh accents—which are neither speaking or singing—"The Bay of Biscay," and "The Storm"—then immensely relished by the London operatives, and as often whistled at their work as "Black-eyed Susan" or "Sally in our Alley."

There has been a wedding in Milk-street, and Cheapside is alive with the marrow-bones and cleavers, as they pass in procession to serenade the bride and bridegroom. A slight variety is offered at the Mansion House; a man in a tattered red coat, with a velvet skull-cap, and a hunting-whip, is ruthlessly caricaturing a master of the hounds, as he sings—

"Shrill chanticleer proclaims the morn,  
And spangles deck the thorn;  
The lowing herds now quit the lea,  
The lark springs from the corn.  
The hunt is up, the hounds are nigh;  
The huntsman blows his horn.  
With a heigh ho, tantivy!  
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!  
Awake the burden of my song,  
This day a stag must die!"

As we approach Leadenhall-street, a graver and more instructive line of business is taken up by the City minstrels. A tall lean ancient, who might have done duty for *Justice Shallow's* bull-calf, is singing—

"Behold the man that is unlucky,  
Not by his faults but fate worn poor!"

A tar, with only a left arm, is rehearsing the praises of "Poor Tom Bowling;" while a full and particular account of the "Death of Tom Moody" rises drearily from the depths of St. Mary Axe-lane. And, to conclude, a dense assembly surrounds the pump at Aldgate, while four choristers and three instrumentalists (including a fiddle, two Jews'-harps, and a bassoon) are murdering in the most cold-blooded manner "God save great George our King" and "Rule Britannia."

But the ballads are all sung, and the tunes all played. I shall hear them no more in this fashion; still, there is a chastened pleasure in listening, though only in fancy, to the faint, ghost-like sounds, and the thin, distant voices of fifty years since.

## THE HEART OF LONDON.

---

WHERE does it beat most audibly?—where are its mighty pulsations most felt? The human heart, during its few or many years of activity, can never for a single moment rest from its work; and even so the heart of our City can never subside into peace, nor be tranquillized after its long labours. We hear its thrilling pulses from Temple Bar to St. Paul's—from the great Cathedral to the busy Exchange—from the mart of a world's commerce through the gorged thoroughfares of Thames-street—in the Pool thronged with the ships of all nations—and at the Custom House, with its many-languaged tributaries. Where, indeed, is its incessant motion not distinguishable? In the comparative quiet of suburban streets, where town begins to melt into country, the distant stir of London life is distinctly heard. When the roar of its grand vital current is accelerated by any fresh excitement—a crisis of over-trading, or its necessary sequel a commercial panic—the inmates of countless homes, miles away from the turbid stream of business, listen in alarm or hope to the far-off echoes. Mothers, as they rock their infant charge, unbreeched boys, and girls blushing in early teenhood, pause from their play, or the labour which is dearer than pleasure, to speculate on papa's City doings, his profits and losses, anxiously looking for his return, and praying for his success.

Wonderful London heart! thou wert beating in the ear of old King Lud, and thy loyal vibrations are soothing to Queen Victoria in her sorrow. The ancient Briton in his painted skin—Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman—were all interested in thy endless movements. Caractacus and Boadicea were as intent on thy unceasing activity as the merchants, bankers, and traders of the nineteenth century. Even at deep night, when the footfalls of the police on the deserted pavement may be counted, there is a mysterious undercurrent of sound, awaking a thousand reflections, and suggestive of innumerable visionary forms, all dependent on and proceeding from the throbs of the metropolitan heart. Stealthy night-wanderers call before us the crowds of the day. The squalid female, guilty, and therefore fearful, changes, while we regard her, to the happy maiden

“Who once, perhaps, in village splendour dressed,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;”

and the houseless outcast, of whom we feel that

“The world is not his friend, nor the world’s law,”

changes, under the magic of our thoughts, into the hale, joyous lad, recent from the benediction of country parents, on his undoubting errand to pick precious stones from the gold-paved streets of London.

How drearily the City heart beats to the ears of the unfortunate, and how strangely in contrast with the strong, well-sustained pulse heard in every nook and corner of midday London! How they rush along, ever-advancing moral waves of eager citizens, each on fire with some pet project—some alluring scheme! Each step is made in confidence and hope. No misgivings, no fears of business reverses; all is at a premium, and fancies of coming discounts are dismissed as mere improbabilities.

Good, great, and gracious Providence! nerving us to our work, and steeling us against disappointment, thou makest the City heart to beat thus trustingly, as if there was no Bankruptcy Court in Basinghall-street—no Debtors' Prison in Whitecross-street.

As man's heart makes itself felt to the extremities, so the centre of civic force influences action in the darkest corners and blindest alleys. The moving power at the Bank is perpetuated in all directions—to Holborn Bars, to Mile End, to the Queen's Bench, and the Charterhouse. Is the Poultry astir with some fresh excitement, Houndsditch sympathises. Does Leadenhall grow tremulous with a sudden impulse, Billingsgate will reciprocate, and the dealers in fish find fraternity among the feather-merchants. The stock market is a capital index to the City pulse. At present the slow, sleepy variations from 89 to 92, leave no doubt that the Londoners are vegetating over their drowsy expectances, that the keener speculators are standing at ease, and that monetarian nabobs keep their pockets hermetically buttoned just now. How long will the inertia continue? Perhaps until some Italian "family jars," or Polish access of febricula, or portentous Parisian yawn for change, or a crisis among the Disunited States, and a revived dread of war with Cousin Jonathan. Then what a singular contrast! Consols flashing three per cent. upwards in a moment, and in a few hours declining as rapidly—the syastole and dyastole of the City circulating medium becoming as morbidly abnormal as that of a human heart stricken with carditis. Individuals often suppose they are absolute masters of their own actions at the moment they are running with the herd or swimming with the stream. Here and there a few sturdy opinionative men think and act for the remainder, but of the many we may truly affirm that they are rash or irresolute in company. There might have been brave

Federalists in the flight at Manassas, and folks naturally cowardly have sought

“The bubble, reputation,  
Even in the cannon’s mouth.”

Women grow hysterical for company, and merchants often speculate with no better reason.

One may find an epitome of the London world on a second-floor in Broad-street, and count the City pulse there as correctly as on 'Change. Take an example. Business, not speculation (for I never bought a share in my life), led me to No. — in that much-frequented district. Each side of the entrance was inscribed with the names and avocations of the numerous occupiers of chambers. “Mr. Heintz—Royal Pekin Railway—second-floor” caught my attention; and, mounting up a narrow stair, I found myself in a back room, rich in three chairs, an office table, and its presiding genius, a clerk. Mr. Secretary looked at us (I had a companion) inquiringly. We wanted a remarkable self-made man, a baronet and M.P. He had not arrived; would we wait? Yes. So we filled two of the chairs—resembling, no doubt, two crude figures of Expectation under difficulties. There was a window open to the right, and a pair of doors, leading to the front room, were also open. Mr. Quilldriver looked at us, and we looked at a spacious tin box labelled “Royal Pekin Railway,” wondering what treasures it concealed. There was evidently a meeting of directors to come off. A few were already assembled, for we could hear their wisdom in the shape of such ejaculations as these:—“Deuced hot, Master Guy”—“Good harvest; markets ought to rise”—“Yes, old fellow, but money’s tight.” Every minute or two, visitors dropped in; all scanned us suspiciously; we were plainly thought mere interlopers, wholly deficient in the business air so essential as an *open sesame* in the East.



I knew the directors without difficulty from the extra politeness of Mr. Clerk as they entered. At the advent of strangers he was stiff and sulky, but the officials were welcomed with bows and grimaces. One was a tall, bold, upright, gentlemanly person, with white whiskers, a stumpy beard, and a red face. It must have taken something stronger than Gladstone's claret to make him so rubicund. Then came a short, fat, puffy, apoplectic-looking man, who barked rather than talked, seldom or ever exceeding a monosyllable. An individual with a clerical hat followed; his expression of countenance was peculiarly sinister, and he kept his hands over his pockets, as if in fear of "pickers and stealers." Two roughs in drab overcoats also slid in, and they appeared to complete the party, for the talk soon grew more energetic, and "the secrets of the prison house" might have leaked out; but, after we had been thoroughly inspected, it was deemed expedient to close the doors. Still we heard the smothered tones of folks in earnest debate, and the City heart throbbed audibly at the table of that inner chamber.

What a compliment, so tacitly paid to our national character by the whole of Europe, in the fact that, whenever any great work is to be carried out in foreign countries, English capital and English science are immediately put in requisition. Whenever a new iron road is to be laid down, a London millionaire and a London engineer are indispensable. The sages of Capel-court control the business movements of every great capital, and a rich Hebrew is the omnipresent clerk of the works to them all. But we have seen our great man, who was rather chary of his words to-day; he wanted the directors, and they wanted him. He is the mainspring of their activity; and their scheming, however it ends, is sure to yield him a handsome profit. Excessive profit is commonly the road to ruinous loss; yet the hope of

plucking such golden apples constantly accelerates the agitation of the City heart. The snarling dog-faced guardian of the Hesperides where they ripen is dangerous of approach; yet the saddest, staidest, and most sanctionious suitors imperil their souls and bodies to obtain them.

We are in Broad-street again. There has been a heavy shower; the pavement is muddy, the road is muddy, and the passengers too. We need to be careful of our steps, for the wave of traffic is continually flowing, and "Every man for himself" is the universal motto. Here stood the Excise Offices. How the frontage is changed! The mason and builder have been ceaselessly industrious, and every few tenements have had interpolated, amidst the dingy monotony of bricks, some handsome stone building, for bank or warehouse. A tall, intricate-looking mesh of scaffolding is attached to the Hall of Commerce, and threatens a continuation of its pretentious front. "Over the way, opposite," the Cock, so famous in old time for rich gravy soup, has dwindled to half its original size, and seems likely to be pressed to death between its Portland stone neighbours. The lease of the old tavern had expired, and the ground-rent for a renewal of the moiety of the site was six times as much as that once charged on the whole. What does it matter?—we shall want no more soup there. The Cock, in effigy, has disappeared from the first floor, and a make-believe painted chanticleer crows from the window; but there is a capital eating-house round the corner, and few London hearts will deplore the abdication of the old Cock.

Let us go on 'Change. The ambulatory is crowded. Shall we escape the mobbing? Oh, yes—who will notice such nobodies? How earnest these merchant negotiators are! the creased forehead, the earnest eye, the compressed lip—where prudence sits watching against the escape of

a wrong word—how well they indicate that these people are worshippers of Mammon—perhaps not in a culpable sense, for business must be attended to, and gold is the necessary pabulum even of benevolence. These brightly painted corridors are showy, but not grand, and then how much we miss the family of kings over the ambulatory. What can that odd network of iron across, between the skeleton of a shop-blind and a gigantic gridiron, mean? Oh, that's to be glazed, in order to keep the merchants snug and warm in cold or wet weather. You know what endless talks have been held on the subject, and this is the result. Will it please you?

The new drinking fountain is pretty, but puny; and seems utterly extinguished by the massiveness of surrounding objects. Those silver-seeming gilded cups, too, are not in good taste; especially as they must be unpadlocked and removed for safety at nightfall. Plain porcelain-lined metal cups would be far more suitable. That huge horse with its mighty rider quite overwhelms Mr. Gurney's crouching nymph and Liliputian basin. Let the shoeblacks drink and be thankful; but all our water displays, from Trafalgar-square to Cornhill, are a libel on the modern Babylon. Let us cross the road, and take our stand by the corner house, if an impatient public will permit. Once, when I was a lad, I picked up three sixpences from the mud of that very crossing. The omnibuses give no chance to treasure-seekers now.

Reader, we pause on this spot, that you may learn to estimate correctly London's heart. If it can be localized at all, here we shall certainly find it. As a rule, the fine buildings of the City are so built up that it is quite impossible to get a good point of view. There is no adequate view of St. Paul's except from the river, and then the basement is lost. Goldsmiths' Hall is such a close neighbour to the Post Office that a Patagonian might

shake hands across the road; and most of the City chambers can only be seen by stratagem. Here we have a wide opening, and if not run over, or pushed into the mud, shall find something worth notice. In front we have Tite's noble portico, made sublime by its legend, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." What wise head suggested such an inscription? (Alas! we know now—it was our lost Prince, aided by Dean Milman.) It hallows the building, and atones for more than all its faults. Do those sacred words represent the piety of the citizens? Are they engraven on the heart of London? Listen, and in imagination count the pulsations of that mighty organ. To the right stands the Mansion House, much abused and criticised, but grand and imposing. The many entrances and windows, black and heavy with the soot and dirt of a century, yet strikingly appropriate, in strength and solidity, to the grave reflective character of the citizens. How many Lord Mayors—good men and true—have dispensed the abounding hospitality of London under that roof; and which of them all exceeded, either in liberality or dignified courtesy, Lord Mayor Cubitt? During the past few months the Egyptian Hall has thrown wide its doors, and the Conservative master has found room for all parties—for Cobden as well as for Derby. It was well done, for the palace of the City monarch should afford neutral ground to receive and honour every deserving son of our glorious England. Extending your glance, take in King William-street. We cannot see it in minute detail, for a busy throng crowds its pavements for sixteen hours of the day, and the road is as constantly filled with wheels—often at noon by three ranks, and often quieted by the inevitable dead-lock. The eye, carried over this restless mass, reposes on Wren's magnificent column, "The Monument;" and a little beyond, though not a part of the present view, one of the finest of our bridges spans

the Thames—soon (may we hope) to be embanked, and rendered as beautiful as it is useful. Shifting your gaze, notice some of the buildings on Cornhill—the massive masonry of Sarl’s and Savory’s brightened with broad sheets of plate-glass, and made attractive by a gorgeous display of gold and silver. The old brick houses should vanish from this street for mere shame. Cornhill is most inconveniently narrow. Such a centre of business should have been tripled in width; but our ancestors thought it broad enough; and could the princely Gresham visit the site of his shop, he would scarcely know his old neighbourhood.

Turn now to the left—the Bank. What myriads of associations that one word raises! The kings of the world make it their common treasury, and we have an incarnation of Plutus in its hundred halls. He has deserted his heathen haunts to rear a throne on the gold of the bullion vaults, and make himself a couch of £1,000 notes. The citizens have chosen the Iron Duke to be the guardian of all their rich belongings. There he sits, stern and immoveable—a warrior not to be trifled with—a wise conqueror, who said that “no calamity was so great as a victory, except a defeat.” It is well that our dead yet undying hero should thus keep watch over the heart of London. The moral interests interwoven with the destinies of a great city are so varied and deeply affecting, that the mind, if capable of estimating the grandeur and dignity of the subject, is overwhelmed in the survey. How many millions of anxiously toiling human beings pass by the Exchange during each year! The carriages form a constant procession for at least two-thirds of its whole duration. How much mental anguish tempers the exultant, bounding elasticity of the merchant spirit amidst its struggles for wealth! How many lives are crushed out under the chariot wheels of the Juggernaut of riches!

What aspiring hopes and wishes have been fostered here, and what noble, honest enterprises have been damped or destroyed within sight of this proud building, and within hearing of the throbs of London's heart!

The *Times*, in a recent article, contrasts Paris and London as cities, and celebrates, justly enough, the improvements accomplished under the ædileship of Louis Napoleon. But when the Emperor opened the new Boulevard, he publicly acknowledged that the change had been effected not without losses to individuals. In France the imperial fiat is absolute and final, and no Parisian dares oppose it. A Londoner is loyal to his Queen, but owns no absolute control save that of the law. London improvements are at the cost and by the desire of private citizens. The glories of Paris have sprung up at the arbitrary bidding of one man. We cannot afford to have a beautiful city on such terms. Still, the architectural improvements in the metropolis during the last few years have been many and great. Most of our banking-houses and public establishments have indulged in the luxury of palatial dwellings; many private traders are now occupying magnificent stone buildings second to none in design or stability. Unfortunately, they are badly placed, and are scarcely seen at all by strangers. We look and long for an awakening of public spirit, taste, and liberality such as prevailed at Athens in the age of Pericles, that London's merchant-princes may become jealous for the honour of their illustrious City, and cause its mighty heart to beat with pride over the victories and creations of associated taste and genius.

THE END.

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